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CHAMBERS'S

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OF

USEFUL

AND

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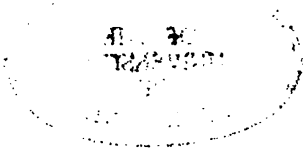

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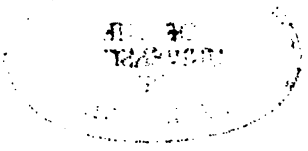

CHAMBERS'S

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v. 10

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

1846

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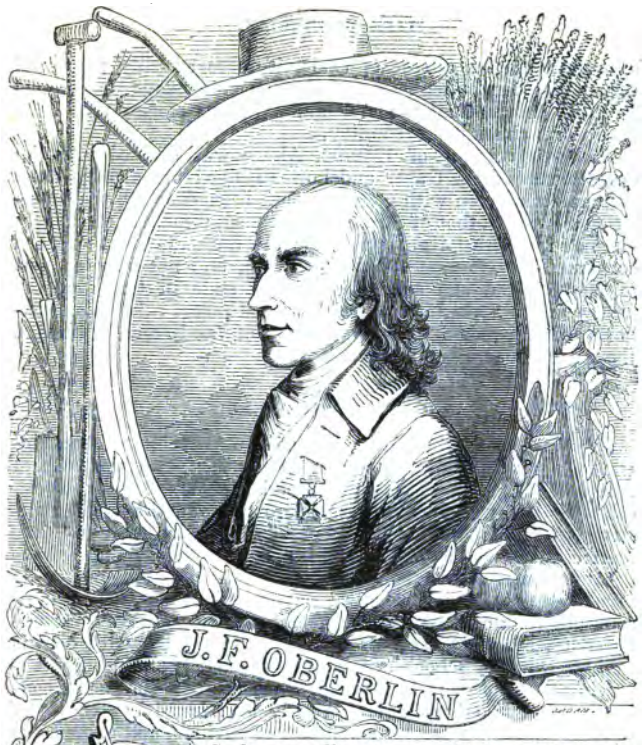
1846.



AS the traveller pursues his way along the upper part of the Rhine towards Switzerland, he observes on his right a long range of lofty mountains overlooking the great plain through which the river winds its way. These mountains are the Vosges, and the plain at their feet is Alsace, a province originally belonging to Germany, but partly wrested from it by France during the famous thirty years' war, which terminated in 1648; and more fully acquired by the wars of Louis XIV., ending in 1697. On each of these occasions Alsace was the scene of dreadful cruelties and sufferings. Towns and villages were universally sacked and destroyed, every article of value was carried off, the country was laid waste, and the distracted people either fled or were murdered. So utterly ruined was the territory, that it long lay without more than a hundred families, who drew a miserable and precarious subsistence from the soil. Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, did not escape these

disasters; but, as a seat of trade, it more speedily recovered them; and, fortunately, its cathedral, a stupendous Gothic edifice, has survived all the civil and religious storms that have blown over the adjacent country.

At the revolution of 1789-92, Alsace was divided into the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine; but although the political connexion with Germany had been dropped, the population generally, that of Strasburg included, remained essentially German in language and manners; the Lutheran form of faith continued also in some parts to prevail, and not only so, but to be protected and supported by the state in terms of the treaty which united the district with France. In this peculiarly privileged and remote-lying part of the French territories, the scene of our present sketch is laid.

EARLY LIFE OF OBERLIN.

John Frederick Oberlin, the son of a respectable teacher, and one of a large family, was born in Strasburg on the 31st of August 1740. Reared with great tenderness and care by his excellent father, who devoted his leisure hours to the familiar instruction of his family, young Frederick (as he seems to have been called), while still in infancy and boyhood, showed the greatest benevolence of disposition; and he never enjoyed so much happiness as when he was relieving distress, or performing some other act of kindness towards his fellow-creatures. Various anecdotes are related of his self-denial in parting with all his savings, when a school-boy, in acts of charity. One day, observing that a poor market-woman was in great distress in consequence of two boys having rudely overturned her basket of eggs, he ran home for his small box of savings, and poured the whole contents into her lap. On another occasion, observing that a poor old woman was unable, for want of two sous, to buy an article of dress which she seemed desirous of possessing, he privately slipped two sous into the hand of the dealer, who forthwith made the woman happy in her purchase. Neither on this nor any similar occasion did he stop to receive any tokens of gratitude. The delight he experienced in doing good, and what was pleasing in the sight of God, was the only reward at which he aimed. Besides this benevolence and piety of disposition, he entertained a horror of injustice, and possessed the courage to defend and succour the oppressed, at the risk of injury to his own person. For these and other excellent qualities, young Oberlin was greatly indebted to the considerate training of his parents; but particularly to the admonitions and guidance of his mother, a woman whose sole happiness lay in forming the minds and habits of her children.

Lively in temperament, and reared amidst a military people, Oberlin inclined at first to the profession of a soldier; but from

this he was dissuaded by his father, and willingly addicted himself to a course of study suitable for a more peaceful pursuit. French, his vernacular tongue, he learned to write with great force and elegance; and besides the German language, he acquired a proficiency in Latin and Greek, with a competent knowledge of general science, and various other accomplishments. Partly from the wishes of his parents, who were of the reformed or Lutheran church, and partly from his own inclinations, he resolved on devoting himself to the duties of a clergyman. For this purpose he attended a course of theological study at the university of Strasburg, and in 1760 was ordained to the sacred ministry.

Being still young, and possessing little experience of the world, Oberlin did not feel warranted in immediately assuming the pastoral office; for the space of seven years he devoted himself to private teaching, and for some time acted as tutor in the family of a distinguished surgeon, where he obtained that knowledge of medicine and surgery which proved so valuable to him in after-life. While thus occupied, he was offered the chaplainship of a regiment, and this he was about to accept, as likely to place him in a sphere of considerable usefulness, when a new field of operation was laid before him by his friend M. Stouber, and the idea of a military chaplaincy was abandoned.

M. Stouber had been, since 1750, the curé or pastor of a wild hilly canton among the Vosges, called by the French the Ban de la Roche, from the castle of La Roche, around which the Ban or district extends; and named by the Germans the Steinthal, or Stoney Valley, from the rocky and generally sterile appearance of its surface. The canton comprised two parishes, Rothau, in which was one church, and another in which were three churches, distributed among the villages of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, and Bellefosse. The principal part of the district was Lutheran, and enjoyed the privileges to which we have already adverted.

As respects its physical features, the Ban de la Roche formed part of the western declivities and ramifications of the Haut Champ, an isolated group of mountains, rising 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and separated by a deep longitudinal valley from the eastern side of the chain of the Vosges. Waldbach, the principal village, is placed on the acclivity of the Haut Champ, at the height of 1800 feet; and Rothau is 1360 feet. The other villages or hamlets already mentioned occupy points more or less elevated. From the great height of the district, it possesses various climates, from that of a southern latitude on the lower slopes, to that of an extreme northern one in the higher parts. Such is the difference between the seasonal influences in the lower and upper tracts, that at Belmont the harvest is a month later than at Foudai. The whole canton contains between eight thousand and nine thousand acres, of which from three thousand

to four thousand were covered with wood, two thousand occupied as pasture, and the remainder was enclosed. At the time to which we refer, sixteen hundred acres were under cultivation, producing principally rye, oats, and potatoes; and fourteen hundred were laid out as meadow and garden ground. To some extent this disposition of the land was an improvement on what had been its condition at the beginning of the reign of Louis XV., when the whole district was in the wildest state, and almost inaccessible, there being no road even from village to village, and scarcely any land under cultivation.

When M. Stouber went to the canton in 1750, cultivation had made some little progress; but the general aspect of affairs was miserable in the extreme. Although situated within a day's journey of Strasburg, the Ban de la Roche was in as primitive and backward a condition as if it had been a hundred miles from any civilised spot. The people, holding little intercourse with the world beyond their mountains, were deplorably ignorant and wretched, and without any wish to be otherwise. Being shocked with their low intellectual condition, one of Stouber's first inquiries was for the principal school-house; and he was shown a miserable hut, crowded with children, without books, and apparently having no instructor. "Where is the master?" he asked. "There he is," said one of the pupils, pointing to an old man lying on a bed in a corner of the cottage. "What do you teach the children, my good man?" asked Stouber. "Nothing, sir." "Nothing!—how is that?" "Because I know nothing myself," answered the old man. "Why, then, have you been appointed schoolmaster?" "Why, you see, sir, I was the pig-keeper of Waldbach for many years, and when I was too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!" Such was the chief educational establishment in the Ban de la Roche, and the others were little better, for they were schools kept by shepherds, and open only at certain seasons of the year.

To remedy this lamentable state of affairs, Stouber set about the institution of proper schoolmasters; but this was attended with great difficulty; for so low had the profession of the teacher sunk in public estimation, that no one would undertake the office. He at length, by an ingenious device, proposed to abolish the name of schoolmaster, and institute that of *regent* in its stead; which was readily assented to, and *Messieurs les regents* were forthwith named. He then drew up a set of alphabet and spelling books for the use of the pupils; but never having seen such works before, the peasantry imagined they concealed some species of heresy or divination. That which chiefly puzzled and alarmed them, were the rows of unconnected syllables, which meant no sort of language; and on this account they long opposed the introduction of the lessons. When they began to perceive that, by conquering the syllables, the children were able to read whole

and connected words, their jealousy of the strange lesson-books gradually gave way; and finally, when they saw that the children could read any book fluently, they not only abandoned all opposition, but begged to be taught to read also. A great victory had now been achieved: a bigotted prejudice, the result of ignorance, had, by kindness and perseverance, been successfully rooted out. Having thus brought the population into a reading humour, M. Stouber procured fifty Bibles from Strasburg, and dividing each into three parts, strongly bound in vellum, he was able to distribute a hundred and fifty books among the families throughout the canton. The taste for reading the Scriptures being by this means created, there soon arose a demand for Bibles, and some hundreds were advantageously disposed of.

In the space of six years, a considerable change for the better was thus made on the social condition of the district, which M. Stouber expected still to improve, when he was appointed pastor of Barr in Lorraine. He was not long in this new situation, when he regretted that he had left the Ban de la Roche; and some time thereafter, when the pastorship of that canton was again vacant, he gladly returned to it, to the great joy of many of his old parishioners. He now remained four years, fulfilling his important duties, and daily improving the minds of the people committed to his charge. Unfortunately, his wife, who was an active co-operator in his plans, died, leaving him forlorn and dispirited; and being offered the situation of pastor to St Thomas's church, in Strasburg, he accepted it, though greatly fearful that, by his departure, the Ban de la Roche would relapse into the condition from which he had been instrumental in raising it. Pondering on this unhappy prospect, it occurred to him that if Oberlin, with whose abilities he was well acquainted, could be prevailed on to accept the vacant charge, no fears need be entertained for the continued wellbeing of the district.

On arriving in Strasburg, M. Stouber hastened to call on his young friend, whom he found in a humble lodging, which contained a small bed, with brown-paper curtains, and a little iron pan, with which Oberlin cooked his supper of brown bread, with a little water and a sprinkling of salt—the whole furniture being such as might be expected in the apartment of a student who preferred independence with narrowness of circumstances, to finery with dependence on others. Stouber observed at a glance that Oberlin was precisely the person he expected to find, and frankly communicated his wishes. Oberlin was charmed with the proposition. He would have declined accepting any rich and easy benefice. A parish in which all the inhabitants were poor and ignorant, was quite the thing he had been waiting for. His hour of usefulness had come. In a short time he was installed in the cure of the Ban de la Roche, and, like a primitive apostle setting out for the wilderness, went to assume the trust committed to his charge.

BEGINS OPERATIONS IN THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

Oberlin arrived at Waldbach, where he was to reside, on the 30th of May 1767, being at the time in his twenty-seventh year. His parsonage-house was a plain building of two storeys, standing on the face of a woody bank near the church, with a garden adjoining, and all around were lofty hills, partly covered with pines, with here and there pieces of pasture and patches of cultivated land. It was a wild rural scene, with a stillness only broken at intervals by the faint sound of the sheep or cow-bells, swept by the breezes along the rugged sides of the mountains.

Notwithstanding the previous efforts of M. Stouber, the united parish seemed to be physically as well as socially in a condition considerably behind that of most other parts of the country. In every population there are two orders of men—one, who with little difficulty are open to a conviction that improvements are desirable, and another, who, either from excess of ignorance or perversity, can tolerate no change whatsoever. On the former of these Stouber had worked with beneficial effect; they appreciated the blessings of the elementary education he had introduced, and were willing to go into the new schemes of melioration which Oberlin proposed to execute. The enemies of innovation, the suspicious, and the prejudiced, who had all along given a grumbling opposition to parochial improvement, of whatever kind, now resolved to adopt active measures to prevent their new pastor from carrying his projects into operation. Their plan, which was quite accordant with the malignity that usually animates such persons, was to waylay their pastor, and inflict on him a severe personal chastisement. Fortunately, Oberlin procured information of their design, and his conduct on this occasion strongly marks the character of this excellent man. A Sunday was fixed on for the execution of the deed. When the day came, he took for his text that fine passage admonitory of meekness, from the fifth chapter of St Matthew: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party, where perhaps the sermon they had just heard might furnish them matter of coarse pleasantry, in reference to the occasion which the preacher would soon find for putting in practice the lessons which he had taught so well. What must have been their astonishment when the door opened, and the pastor presented himself in the midst of them! "Here I am, my friends," said he, with that calmness which strikes respect into the most violent; "your design on me I am acquainted with; you have wished to deal with me in a practical manner, and to chastise me because you deem me culpable. If I have in fact violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I

should deliver myself up to you, and save you the meanness of resorting to an ambuscade." These simple words produced their full effect. The peasants, ashamed of entertaining evil intentions against so good and candid a man, intreated his forgiveness, and promised never again to cherish a doubt of his affection for them.* In this manner Oberlin overcame the stubborn and evil dispositions of his more ignorant parishioners, with the best results; showing in his own conduct an exemplification of the precepts which it was his duty to enjoin. It even happened that those who had formerly been his enemies, or connived at plots against him, being anxious to reinstate themselves in his good opinion, and conscious that they had no better means of succeeding than by warmly seconding his views, were henceforward among the foremost to offer him assistance.

Aided, however, as Oberlin was by many of his parishioners, there were such difficulties to encounter in executing his benevolent plans, that only the most unwearied patience and self-denying virtue could have surmounted them. His idea of the clerical character was not alone that of a minister of the gospel. Suiting himself to the necessities of his position, he perceived that it was his sacred duty to unite, in his own person, the character of religious pastor with that of secular instructor and adviser, physician, and husbandman. To an earnest inculcation of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, he added the principles of philosophy, and the resources of a mind skilled in practical science. One of his earliest schemes required him to combine the functions of a civil engineer with that of a day labourer. The account given of his enterprise on this occasion marks the sagacity of his mind and the humility of his disposition.

Looking around on the general condition of the canton, he observed that one of its chief defects was the want of roads communicating with the lower and more improved parts of the country. The only existing thoroughfares were absolutely impassable during six or eight months of the year; and even in summer they were in so wretched a state, that they were never used except when urgent necessity compelled the natives to repair to the neighbouring towns. So long as this state of things lasted, it was evident that there could be no solid improvement or prosperity in the district. Assured of this fact, Oberlin called together his parishioners, and proposed that they should themselves open a road a mile and a half in length, and build a bridge over the river Bruche, so that they might no longer be imprisoned in their villages three-fourths of the year. The boldness of the proposal filled the assembly with astonishment—the thing appeared to them impossible—and every one found an excuse in his private concerns for not engaging in the undertaking. Some hinted that the roads were well enough as they were; for there is

* Notice of a French Memoir of Oberlin in Eclectic Review, October 1827.

nothing too absurd for the discontented to say on such occasions. Not discouraged, Oberlin pointed out to the meeting the advantage which all would derive from having an outlet for the produce of their fields, and the facility with which they would then be able to procure a multitude of comforts and conveniencies of which they were still destitute. He concluded his address by taking up a pick-axe, exclaiming, "All those who feel the importance of my proposal, come and work with me." At these words his parishioners, ashamed of their pretences, and electrified by his action, hastened to get their tools and to follow him. Oberlin had already, like a good engineer, traced the plan; and when he arrived at the ground, nothing remained but to commence operations. This was done in a style of lively enthusiasm. Each man occupying his assigned post, set to work in earnest, at each stroke making a sensible effect on the soil. The scene of labour attracted all idlers to the spot; and every one, not to be behind in the good work, lent it a helping hand. There was a moral grandeur in the spectacle of so much well-directed industry. It was no small holiday work that was undertaken. To form the required thoroughfare, there was not alone much digging; it was necessary to blast the rocks; to convey down enormous masses, in order to construct a wall to support the road along the banks of the Bruche; to build a bridge in another canton; and to defray all the expenses. Nothing was deemed impossible by Oberlin and his heroic band of improvers. The pastor, who on the Sunday exhorted his auditors never to weary in well-doing, and reminded them of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, was seen on the Monday with a pick-axe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, with an energy that braved danger and despised fatigue. Reversing the ordinary maxim of *enjoying ease with dignity*, he had a firm faith in that more glorious, because more truthful precept, that *labour is in itself worship*. Nor did he alone work with the hands. His head was as constantly scheming ways and means. There were expenses to be met; but he interested his friends in Strasburg and elsewhere, and he did not appeal to them in vain. There are many people who will assist in a good work when their feelings can be interested in its execution. Oberlin, therefore, had the satisfaction of finding many to sympathise in his benevolent projects; and funds were provided. In spite of weather and every obstacle, in two years the work was completed. A good road was made, and a substantial bridge built, affording an easy communication with Strasburg. Roads were then made to connect together the several villages, which had previously been entirely separated from each other during the heavy snows. Walls also were built to prevent the soil on the steep declivities from being washed down by the mountain torrents; and channels were formed to receive or carry off the waters which, after great rains, rushed down with destructive violence.

Roads being now made, the peasantry of the Ban de la Roche might send their produce to market; but what produce had they worth sending? A little corn and some bad potatoes. Oberlin's work was only beginning. The bad potatoes were a sore grievance, even as respected home consumption. Before the introduction of the plant, the inhabitants of the canton had subsisted to a great extent on wild apples and pears, and many were afraid they should have to return to this primitive kind of food. In the course of years the potato had so far degenerated, that fields which had formerly yielded from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now furnished only between thirty and fifty bushels; these were, besides, of a very bad quality. Oberlin, attributing this circumstance to its true cause, procured some fresh seed from Germany, Switzerland, and Lorraine, to renew the species. The plan was successful: in a few years the inhabitants reared the finest potatoes that could be grown, and found in Strasburg an advantageous sale for all they could produce.

Along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes, he considerably improved the means of cultivation. The district was greatly in want of agricultural implements. Oberlin witnessed with great pain the distress of his poor flock when they had the misfortune to break any of their utensils. They were without ready money to purchase them, and they were obliged to lose much time in going to a distance to obtain them. To put an end to this evil, he opened a store of various utensils; sold every article at prime cost; and gave the purchasers credit till their payments came round.

As this may be said to finish Oberlin's preliminary measures for the improvement of his parish, we may here pause to mention a certain event which bore intimately on his own happiness.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When Oberlin accepted the charge of the Ban de la Roche, he was unmarried. Madame Oberlin, his mother, sometimes spoke to him on the subject of matrimony, as she was aware that a country clergyman may be greatly assisted by a wife of congenial temperament; and her son declared that he would not be unwilling to enter the married state, provided she could select an object worthy of his regard. Different young ladies were accordingly proposed; but none was exactly the kind of being on whom he could set his affections. Oberlin departed for his parish still a bachelor.

About a year afterwards, his house, which was under the charge of his younger sister, was visited by Madeleine Salomé Witter, daughter of a professor in the university of Strasburg, who had been dead some years; her mother also was no more. This young lady, who was a friend of the Oberlin family, pos-

sessed a sound understanding, and had a highly cultivated mind, deeply imbued with religious principles.

Oberlin was not a man who could act the part of a dangler in the delicate affair of courtship. He admired Mademoiselle Witter, but he felt diffident as to the propriety of making the young lady his wife, or of even acquainting her with the state of his feelings. On some points they did not agree, and this seemed a fatal objection. Yet, on reflection, he considered that perfect unity of disposition was perhaps not to be obtained, and that in marriage one must always risk a little. The risk, thought he, however, is in this case too great, and he accordingly tried to lay aside the idea. It would not do. A voice seemed continually to whisper in his ear—"Take her for thy partner." What a perplexity!

The day approached when Madeleine was to leave the parsonage, and Oberlin was still in a state of indecision. Next day she was to go, and, like many more in similar circumstances, poor Oberlin lay awake half the night pondering on the difficulties of a situation which his conscientiousness alone rendered difficult. At length he resolved to be guided by the readiness with which Madeleine would listen to his proposals; accepting her cheerful and instantaneous assent as a leading of Providence.

Next morning after breakfast, Oberlin found the object of so much solicitude sitting in a summer-house in the garden. Placing himself beside her, he began the conversation by observing, "You are about to leave us, my young friend. I have, however, had an intimation, which I am inclined to accept as the Divine will, that you are destined to be my partner for life. If you can decide on this step, so important to us both, I hope you will give me your candid opinion of it before your departure." Madeleine, who had probably expected some such disclosure, rose from her seat, and, blushing as she approached Oberlin, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him. He clasped it in his own. The resolution to address her had been happily taken. This important matter being settled, the marriage took place on the 6th of July 1768; and neither party had cause to regret its occurrence. Madeleine's good sense led her to accommodate her views on all subjects to those of her beloved husband, and she became truly devoted to his interests, assisting him in all his labours of benevolence, and tempering his zeal with her prudence.

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

Oberlin's marriage took place while he was occupied with his great engineering plans, and these being completed, along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes and better agricultural implements, a great preliminary step was achieved. There remained much to be done. The people had only been put

in the way of being improved; they were not distinctly improved yet.

Considering what next should be done, Oberlin perceived that the introduction of trades into the canton would contribute essentially to the progress of civilisation. There were no wheelwrights, masons, nor blacksmiths in the district, nor within a considerable distance of it. He therefore selected a certain number of lads, of suitable talents, put upon them decent apparel, and apprenticed them in the adjacent towns: this scheme also was successful. In a few years good workmen were prepared in the above-mentioned trades, as well as joiners and glaziers; and these came and set up establishments in the Ban de la Roche. The consequence was, that the inhabitants got every piece of work done at home, instead of being put to the trouble and expense of having it executed at a distance. Carts, ploughs, and other articles used in husbandry were made and mended, and many comforts introduced which were formerly all but unknown.

Thus prepared with artisans, Oberlin's next solicitude extended to the houses of his poorer parishioners. They were generally cavernous, damp dwellings, partially sunk in the sides of the mountains, and without cellars sufficiently deep to preserve potatoes, the staple winter food of the inhabitants, from the frost. It was evident that the people could neither be cleanly nor healthful, nor even be in a fit frame of mind, religiously speaking, while daily exposed to the humidity and the discomforts of such dens. There can be no expectation of moral improvement while the human being is treated, or treats himself, like a brute. The sagacity of Oberlin detected this important fact in social economics ere he had been long in the Ban de la Roche—a fact only now beginning to dawn on the more intrepid minds of Britain and other countries high in civilisation. To render the dwellings more airy, light, dry, and cheerful, and consequently more healthful both to body and mind, was now Oberlin's self-imposed duty. As in every other effort, there was some degree of opposition; but it all disappeared before the kindly influence of the good pastor. In a short time, neat cottages with glazed windows, chimneys, and dry flooring, were substituted for the old dismal huts; each provided with closets, to contain earthenware and other useful articles; and having a frost-proof cellar, in which potatoes could be safely stored. The improved health and appearance of the people soon justified all his benevolent anticipations of this important measure.

While engaged in these operations, he was also able to push forward the practice of horticulture and other branches of rural economy. His attention was particularly directed to the planting of fruit-trees, the improvement of the breed of cattle, the management and the increase of manure, the growth of natural and artificial grasses, and the more extensive culture of potatoes,

and likewise of flax—the two productions most suitable to the sandy soil of the district.

Little as the people were now inclined to question the propriety of Oberlin's projects, they could not readily enter into his ideas of improving on the growth of fruit-trees; that being a subject on which he, a native of a town, could not be expected to know so much as themselves. As practical proof seemed therefore necessary, he commenced operations on two gardens belonging to his own residence, and so close to a public pathway that all could observe his labours. With the assistance of a favourite and intelligent servant, he dug trenches, four or five feet in depth, and surrounded the young trees that he planted in them with the species of soil which he considered best adapted to promote their growth. He likewise procured slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees, and made a large nursery-ground of one of his gardens, which he prepared for the purpose.

The expectations of the reverend horticulturist were not disappointed. The trees planted with so much care, grew and flourished in a manner never before seen in the canton; and the peasantry, who had frequent occasion to pass the spot, could not help being surprised at the contrast between the scanty supply of their own and the rich produce of their pastor's grounds. Guided by a desire to have equally fine crops of fruit, they now inquired how they should proceed, and Oberlin, with great willingness, not only explained the process for them to adopt in laying out their gardens and in planting them, but gave them young trees and grafts from his nursery. Thus the taste for planting fruit-trees was happily diffused, and became a favourite employment in the canton. The change for the better was very remarkable. Cottages which had been hitherto bare and desolate in their aspect, were surrounded with little orchards and gardens; and in place of indigence and misery, the villages and hamlets gradually assumed an air of rural elegance and felicity.

To stock the gardens with vegetables more suitable to the soil and climate than what had hitherto been cultivated, was also a wish of Oberlin; and he did not rest till he had introduced a variety of herbs serviceable for food, or of value in the arts. The method of obtaining oil from beech-nuts was also one of the useful practices which he at this time extended throughout the district. Both for the sake of rotation in cropping, and for winter fodder for cattle, he introduced the growing of clover from seed imported from Holland; and to give materials for clothing, he encouraged the growth, as well as the dressing of flax.

Having, by his various plans, considerably meliorated the prejudices and enlightened the minds of his parishioners, he now formed an agricultural society, composed of the more intelligent farmers: this association he connected with a society at Strasburg, which, by way of encouragement, placed at his disposal the sum of 2500 francs, to be distributed among the peasants as

prizes in horticultural operations. The beneficial effect of this measure induced Oberlin to institute a prize, to be awarded to those who should rear the finest ox; and he likewise took measures to induce the farmers to convert the least productive grass lands into arable fields, and by means of the clover, already noticed, to feed the beasts in their stalls. By this last mentioned practice he hoped to increase the amount of available manure, for the sake of the arable land; nor were his hopes disappointed. Attention to manures he knew to be one of the primary principles in agriculture, and on this subject he spared no pains to enlighten the people. He induced the practice of gathering together all vegetable refuse, such as the leaves of trees, the stalks of rushes, moss, and fir cones—all which, when fermented in heaps, might be converted into a useful compost. Acting on his favourite maxim, that nothing should be lost, he also, to increase the compost heaps, instructed the children to tear old woollen rags into shreds, and to cut up old shoes; for all which he paid them sixteen sous, or eightpence, for a bushel, and one sou for the smallest quantity they could collect. A short time afterwards, in order to induce the rising generation to persevere in the course of improvement which had been begun in the district, he commenced the plan of lecturing, for two hours every Thursday morning, on agriculture, vegetable physiology, and other useful branches of science.

It will readily be supposed that these various enterprises were interspersed over a pretty long series of years. Unlike an ordinary class of improvers, who act with great zeal for a time, and then, when they have either satisfied a whim, or gained some paltry meed of applause, relax, if not altogether cease their efforts, Oberlin was animated by an unwearying and ever buoyant spirit of social melioration. Nor, while giving so much time and anxiety to the temporal welfare of his flock, did he neglect the more weighty matter of religious instruction. The earnestness of his clerical ministrations was almost unexampled; and this, coupled with the amiableness of his character and his boundless benevolence, gained for him from his parishioners the title of *Papa Oberlin*, or *Cher Papa* (Dear Papa), by which he became universally known.

Hitherto we have said nothing of Papa Oberlin's benevolent and judicious schemes for training the young. These, however, early engaged his attention. He was most solicitous of erecting a school-house in Waldbach, which might answer as a model for one in the other four villages; but the raising of the requisite funds for this undertaking was a matter of some difficulty among a poor population; from his own income, which was never above 1000 francs (L.40) annually, and already burdened with many claims, he could also derive little assistance. There were no landed gentry to whom he could apply; but, as in former cases of urgent necessity, friends at a distance extended a helping

hand; and the school-house was at length erected and furnished. Not only so, but in the course of a few years a similar school-house was erected in each of the other villages; and such was the progress of improved sentiment among the inhabitants, that they came voluntarily forward to second the efforts of their pastor, and to take on themselves the trouble and expense of supporting the establishment. To complete his scheme of education, he instituted arrangements for cultivating young men as teachers: thus providing not only for the present, but the prospective conducting of these useful seminaries.

Having effected these important measures, Oberlin paused for a time to witness their operation, being hopeful that they would realise all he could wish for the secular instruction of the young. The schools answered every expectation; but something else was desirable. He observed with regret, that while parents were engaged in their daily labours, and the elder children at school, the infants were either neglected, or left in the charge of old women, incompetent, from their infirmities and their ignorance, to pay them the attention and give them the instruction they required. Education, as he justly considered, begins in the nursery, and children may be taught right from wrong—to be meek or passionate, cleanly or the reverse, before they are out of their cradle. To see an evil, was with Oberlin only preliminary to providing a remedy. He resolved to institute in his parish a number of *salles d'asile*, or *infant schools*, under properly qualified conductrices.

In commencing operations, he received the assistance of his wife, who sought out and instructed women of mature age, and of a kindly disposition, to act as schoolmistresses. Having hired an apartment in each of the five villages and three hamlets in the canton, Oberlin placed in each one of these women, whom he termed a conductrice. At first, the schools were opened only one day in the week, as the conductrices were obliged to labour during the other days for their subsistence; but afterwards means were found for more frequent instruction. Having been previously initiated in the branches of knowledge best adapted to the purpose, the conductrice taught the children by turns whatever appeared most suited to their infant capacities. In the instructions there was a happy blending of labour with intellectual exertion. Children naturally love to finger or work at something, and, as is observed, if not provided with some kind of trivial but harmless employment, they will almost inevitably work mischief. To amuse their minds—to keep them from meddling with each other—and, in some instances, to keep them from falling asleep, as well as to accustom them to industrious habits, the elder boys were taught to pick or card wool and cotton, and the girls to spin, sew, and knit. Those who were too young for this species of labour, were placed in positions to see the work going on; for, next to working themselves, all children are fond of looking at others at work.

While so employed, their conductrice related and explained little stories from the Bible, or from other sources; also pleasing anecdotes in natural history—the whole of a kind likely to suppress the animal propensities, and cultivate in the minds of the pupils a love of justice, mercy, and peace; likewise to show the wise and superintending care of Providence, and the beauty and harmony which reign throughout creation. She also taught them to sing and repeat hymns; instructed them in some of the leading facts in geography and botany; and trained them to be cleanly in person, and respectful and polite in their general behaviour. Another point in the juvenile education was, the inculcating of a love of what was beautiful in nature. A taste for flowers was in particular cultivated, tending greatly to modify the dispositions, and improve the artistic abilities of the young.

The germs of much useful knowledge and moral excellence were in this manner planted in the minds of the pupils, and proved of incalculable advantage to them as they grew up. So far from being weary of these meetings, the children were delighted to attend, and their parents were equally pleased with their progress. Having been thus prepared by early discipline, they were, at the age of seven years, admitted into the higher schools, where they were carried forward through a sound elementary education. Among other benefits originating in this course of instruction, was a marked improvement in the language of the people. Formerly, the language spoken was a *patois* or jargon, scarcely understood by strangers, and a great impediment to general intercourse. The conductrices in the infant schools, by never allowing a single word of patois, and teaching the pupils to speak pure French, almost entirely banished this unintelligible jargon, and introduced the common language of the country, which is now spoken in the canton.

Oberlin did not set all this mechanism of education in motion, and then leave it to itself. He kept a watchful superintendence over the whole, and reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the appropriate function of religious instructor. He collected all the children, who were not mere infants, once a-week at Waldbach, for general examination in their studies; and every Sunday the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns and recite the lessons of piety they had learned, and to receive fresh religious instruction and admonitions. These assemblages were not, as may be imagined, meetings of gloom and fear, as the method of communicating religious knowledge too often unfortunately is. So universally was Oberlin beloved, so mild, persuasive, and indulgent were his exhortations, that the children were happy in being permitted to attend, and doubly happy when they were rewarded with a smile from the cher Papa.

From the same collected memoir whence we gather some of

these interesting particulars,* we learn that Oberlin, with renewed assistance from Strasburg, was enabled to establish a library for the use of the children in the different schools, and also to furnish an electrical machine and other philosophical instruments. Oberlin likewise has the credit of having at this time struck out an original idea, which has since been perfected in Scotland. This was the establishment of small itinerating libraries. A neat and handy collection of books being put into a case, was left at a village for three months, for the use of the inhabitants. At the end of this time it was removed to another village, and another collection of books, different from the former, took its place. Thus collections of books, some of which were printed at Oberlin's own expense, were made to circulate through the canton, and a continual fund of amusement and instruction kept up.†

The arrangements for the intellectual cultivation of his people were not yet terminated. A crowning point to his labours in the department of literature, was the composing and publishing of an almanac for the use of his parishioners. This interesting annual was divested of all the falsehoods and superstitions with which almanacs are usually filled; and, like that of "Poor Richard," was replete with useful advices, and hints on many subjects of interest.

Here we may again pause in our recital of Oberlin's benevolent enterprises, to notice some matters of a personal nature.

FAMILY HISTORY—PERSONAL TRAITS.

Oberlin had been married sixteen years, during which time he had born to him a family of three sons and four daughters, when his beloved Madeleine was taken from him by death. This sad event, which occurred in 1784, was sudden and unforeseen, and filled the humble parsonage with grief, not however the sorrow of despair. At the period of his marriage he composed a prayer, craving the divine blessing on his union, and concluding with the affecting wish, that it might not be the fate of himself and partner to be long separated from each other, but that the death of one might swiftly follow that of the other. In this his hopes were not realised. For the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he lived for the lengthened period of forty-two years after the death of his wife, and as a widower surrounded by his family.

The loss of Madame Oberlin was in some degree supplied to her children by a young woman, an orphan, named Louisa

* Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin. London: Houldsworth. 1833. Fourth edition—a work drawn up with great taste, by a female writer, to which we would refer for many details too minute for the present biographic sketch.

† An account of the plan of Itinerating Libraries, pursued in some parts of Scotland, will be found in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 17, old series.

Schepler, who had already been eight years in the service of the family. Formerly, she had been a conductrice in one of the infant schools; but this occupation not suiting her health, she became a domestic in the house of Oberlin. Kind attached servants are among the rare things of this world, though less rare in France than in Britain. Louisa Schepler appears to have been singular in her attachment, even in a country where fidelity and long service are far from uncommon. No sooner did she accept the office of housekeeper to the cher Papa, than she resolved to devote the remainder of her existence to his service; not, however, as a paid domestic, but if possible as a friend. She accordingly refused all offers of marriage, and, what was equally remarkable, could with the greatest reluctance be persuaded to accept of any recompense. Her services, she determined, should be entirely given from an affectionate devotion towards her master and his children.

In a world of selfishness and rapacity, how charming to alight on a character so singularly simple and disinterested as that of the humble Louisa Schepler! Louisa was happy in conducting the household of Oberlin, and Oberlin uniformly treated her as a friend. Nine years had thus passed away since Louisa had assumed the domestic management of the family, when, on New-year's Day 1793, she addressed a letter to her benefactor, of which the following is a translation :—

"Dear and Beloved Papa—Permit me, at the commencement of a new year, to request a favour for which I have long been desirous. As I am now in reality independent; that is to say, having now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, my dear papa, not to refuse me the great favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I intreat you, give me any more wages; for as you treat me like one of your children in every other respect, I earnestly hope you will do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my person. My shoes and stockings, and sabots,* will cost something; but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father. I intreat you, dear papa, to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter, Louisa Schepler."

The cher Papa acceded to this request of Louisa, and ever afterwards she was treated by him as one of his own children; sitting at the same table, advising in all family concerns; still aiding, however, as a busy and faithful domestic, who knew her proper duties and place.

A few passages from the journal of a French gentleman who

* Wooden shoes. These are often worn by ladies and domestics in France, as outer shoes or clogs, to keep the feet from feeling cold on the earthen or tile floors.

visited the Ban de la Roche in 1793, will convey a pleasing idea of the personal appearance, habits, and family arrangements of Oberlin. We use the translation of the fair writer of his memoirs.

"His countenance is open, affectionate, and friendly, and bears a strong impress of benevolence. His conversation is easy, flowing, and full of imagination, yet always adapted to the capacity of those to whom he is speaking. In the evening, we accompanied him a league on his way back to Waldbach. We had a wooded hill to ascend; the sun was just setting, and it was a beautiful evening. . . . Sometimes we stood still to admire the beauties of nature, and at others to listen with earnest attention to his impressive discourse. One moment was particularly affecting; when, stopping about half-way up the hill, he answered in the softest tone, 'Yes, I am happy.' These words are seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world, and were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune, to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart, that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness. . . .

"The following morning we set off to return the visit which he had paid us on the preceding day. We found the worthy pastor in his morning-gown; it was plain, but whole and clean. . . . The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view: in every part of it is that kind of elegance which is the result of order and cleanliness. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man. The walls are covered with maps, drawings, and vignettes; and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. . . . His study is a peculiar room, and contains rather a well-chosen than numerous selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings, portraits of eminent characters, plates of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones; it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.

"The dinner commenced with a blessing. His children, two maid-servants, and a girl who receives her instruction there, were at the table: there was a remarkable expression of softness in all their countenances. . . .

"I am writing this at his table, whilst he is preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations; his eldest son, Frederick, is giving a lesson to some little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the cher Papa, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his workshop, where there is a turner's lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter's tools, also a printing-

press, and one for bookbinding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper, which is intended for the covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been in some measure prepared by his own or his children's hands.

"He will never leave this place. A much better living was offered to him. 'No,' said he; 'I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual, and domestic wants; I have laid my plan: I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices.' . . .

"Yesterday I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burned out of their houses: he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he had placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house—children, servants, boarders, are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him; with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the foot of the table. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his."

This letter refers to a period in which the usually quiet district of the Ban de la Roche was disturbed, like other parts of France, by the shock of the Revolution. Owing, however, in a great measure to the tastes and habits implanted in the people by Oberlin, this fearful convulsion passed over the canton with comparatively small effect. Oberlin was himself, in the first instance, exposed to its perils, and the losses it occasioned. Like the rest of the French clergy, he was deprived of his income, and for some years depended on the voluntary but scanty offerings of his parishioners. While public worship was everywhere forbidden as illegal, and many of the clergy imprisoned, Oberlin's accustomed ministrations at Waldbach and the other villages were not interrupted, neither was he exposed to any personal privation. At the commencement of the Revolution he was indeed summoned before the council of Alsace, to clear himself of entertaining views hostile to the movement; but he was not only acquitted of taking any part against the new order of things, but complimented on the excellence of his character, and requested to persevere in his charitable labours.

It would appear from his memoirs, that Oberlin was on the whole favourable to republican principles; and perhaps he gave them the strongest token of his approbation in allowing his eldest son, Frederick, to enter the army as a volunteer; in which situation he was among the first who were killed. His remarkable conduct as respects the famous assignats (paper notes) issued by the French Directory, was, however, as much a matter of benevolence as of political principle. Lamenting the depreciation

of this visionary paper money, on account of the national credit, and feeling for the losses incurred by his poor parishioners in having accepted the assignats as payment, he commenced the practice of buying up every assignat at its nominal value, or, what was nearly the same thing, giving agricultural implements and other articles in exchange. Incredible as the fact may appear, he continued to accept this utterly worthless paper for a space of twenty-five years, and by this means, at a great sacrifice to himself, cleared the Ban de la Roche and its environs of every assignat. The enthusiasm which induced this singular act of patriotism and benevolence, prompted him also to retain the notes he acquired, and to inscribe on them a few words expressive of his thankfulness in being able to withdraw them from circulation. The following sentence is a translation of one of these inscriptions:—"Thus, thanks be to God, my nation is discharged in an honest manner of this obligation for 125 francs."

Fortunately, in carrying out his numerous schemes of piety and benevolence, Oberlin was not interrupted by bad health. He possessed a vigorous constitution, which enabled him to exercise a universal supervision over all the affairs of his parish, to preach at different stations on the same day, to lecture at different times through the week, and to perform innumerable journeys of charity and mercy. He was, like all great men, methodic in all his undertakings, and did not spend needlessly a moment of time. Everything he did was exact, neatly accomplished, and to the point. He considered himself constantly under the eye of God, and that it was incumbent on him to do nothing heedlessly. In writing, for example, he felt it his duty to form every letter with care. Time he justly reckoned to be of the utmost value. On finding himself obliged to go to Strasburg, which was almost always to perform some service for his parishioners, he generally travelled during the whole night, that he might be home to his usual duties with as little delay as possible. No kind of weather deterred him from making visits to his parishioners. As a clergyman to afford religious consolation, or as a physician to render medical assistance, his activity was as astonishing as his zeal. Latterly, he sent a young man to college as a student of medicine, and when he was fully qualified, he relieved him of this onerous branch of duty.

Oberlin, as we have said, belonged to the German Lutheran church; but his tenets did not perhaps correspond precisely with that or any other confession. He took his belief directly from the Bible, particularly the evangelists, and neither plagued himself nor others with theological subtleties. Pure and simple, his Christianity was eminently practical, and in listening to him, one almost felt himself already within the air of paradise. Once a week, on Friday, he conducted a service in German, for the benefit of those inhabitants of the vicinity to whom that lan-

guage was more familiar than French. Nothing could be more primitive or affectionate than these meetings, which resembled the assemblage of a family circle. The women listened to him while going on with their work; and now and then the pastor would break off his discourse, and after taking a pinch from his snuff-box, send it round the congregation. After having pursued his discourse for half an hour, he would stop and say, "Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?" His auditors would generally reply, "No, Papa; go on; we should like to hear a little more;" and the good old man would resume, putting the same question at intervals, till he observed that attention was beginning to flag; or, perceiving that he spoke with less ease, the audience thanked him for what he had said, and begged him to conclude.

It need scarcely be stated of the cher Papa, that he was eminently tolerant of all forms of belief. Among his parishioners there were some Roman Catholics; and many of that persuasion, under their respective priests, bordered on the Ban de la Roche. He was equally kind to all; and on some occasions, at great personal risk, defended Roman Catholics, in the prosecution of their religious observances, from indignity and injury. On one occasion he also manfully interposed to prevent a Jew pedlar from maltreatment. Taking the poor man's packet of goods on his back, he led him from the scene of tumult, and did not quit him till he was placed beyond the reach of danger. At all times his house was open as a place of refuge to the persecuted or distressed; and during the heats of the Revolution, he was known to have thus saved many persons from a cruel and ignominious death.

OBERLIN CONTINUES HIS LABOURS.

Oberlin, as we have seen, began his labours in the Ban de la Roche in 1767, and continued them till the period at which we have now arrived, which was in the early part of the present century. Every year he had been able to make a small but sensible advance in his comprehensive schemes, and now could look around with pleasure on the result. The fame of his astonishing intrepidity and perseverance was also spread abroad over many lands—a fact, however, of which he was unmindful and unconscious—and he was visited by travellers from different countries, curious to see the effects which it was said he had produced.

An English traveller, who visited the canton with a companion, relates a conversation which he had with the driver of his voiture in approaching the residence of Oberlin, which we translate as follows, although losing the vivacity of the original:—

Driver.—You are going to see our good pastor Oberlin, gentlemen?

Traveller.—Yes, we are going to see him. Do you know him?

The Ban de la Roche suffered in common with other districts, but to a less extent, in consequence of Oberlin having introduced a vigorous variety of the potato. From this cause alone the people did not die of famine, as they must otherwise have done.

While thankful for the narrow escape which his parishioners had made on this occasion, the good pastor was the more alarmed for the continued welfare of his flock; and as they did not seem inclined to emigrate, he set about contriving means for introducing employment from without. The plaiting of straw, knitting, and dyeing with the plants of the country, were accordingly introduced. A more successful branch of industry which followed, was the spinning of cotton by the hand, for the manufactories of Alsace. In having women and girls taught the art of spinning, Oberlin was indefatigable; and such was his earnestness, that he gave prizes to the best spinners in addition to their ordinary wages. He had the gratification of seeing his plan succeed. In a short time the spinners became so expert, that in a single year the wages paid by a manufacturer for spinning cotton in the Ban de la Roche amounted to 32,000 francs (L.1280). Weaving by the hand was next introduced, and promised to be equally remunerative, when a stop was put to the whole of this prosperity by the introduction of machinery at Shirmeck. Hand labour could wage no effectual war with this cheaply-wrought and powerful enginery, and the inhabitants sunk to their former state of privation.

At this juncture it is impossible to avoid pitying Oberlin as well as his parishioners, whose duty, however, was clearly before them. The young and more able-bodied amongst them ought to have shifted to localities where their labour in the mechanic arts, or on the soil, would have earned them the bread of which they stood in need. A lucky turn in affairs saved them from the penalty of their neglect. While still smarting under the bereavement of their labour, the Ban de la Roche had the good fortune to be visited by a M. Legrand, a ribbon manufacturer from Basle in Switzerland, and so charmed was he with the character of the cher Papa Oberlin, and the orderly habits of the people, that he forthwith induced his two sons, to whom he relinquished his business, to remove their manufactory to the Steinthal. This proved to be a more permanent and suitable undertaking than that of cotton-spinning. Ribbons are woven by hand-looms, and these being dispersed amongst the cottages of the peasantry, in which also the winding of the silk weft for the weavers is conducted, employment was found for some hundreds of people, old and young, in their own dwellings—a plan everyway more advantageous than that of working in large factories. As in some of the Swiss cantons, the Ban de la Roche now exhibited a happy mixture of agricultural and horticultural labours with mechanical pursuits. From many of the cottages on the hill-sides were heard the sounds of the swift-flying shuttle;

and when these were hushed at an early hour in the evening, the weaver might be seen trimming his garden or digging in the patch of arable land connected with his establishment.

The Messieurs Legrand had no cause to lament their removal to the Steinthal. In a report made to the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture in France, a letter occurs from one of these gentlemen to the Baron de Gerando, from which we draw the following interesting observations. "Conducted by Providence into this remote valley, I was the more struck with the sterility of its soil, its straw-thatched cottages, the apparent poverty of its inhabitants, and the simplicity of their fare, from the contrast which these external appearances formed to the cultivated conversation which I enjoyed with every individual I met whilst visiting its five villages, and the frankness and *naïveté* of the children, who extended to me their little hands. I had often heard of the good pastor Oberlin, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. He gave me the most hospitable reception. . . . It is now four years since I retired here with my family; and the pleasure of residing in the midst of a people whose manners are softened and whose minds are enlightened by the instructions which they receive from their earliest infancy, more than reconciles us to the privations which we must necessarily experience in a valley separated from the rest of the world by a chain of surrounding mountains."

The merits of Oberlin as a great social reformer, would appear to have now become more prominent than they had hitherto been; attracting, in particular, the attention of government—usually the last party to recognise any virtue in anything not connected with fighting. Louis XVIII., at the recommendation of his ministry, presented Oberlin with the decoration of the Legion of Honour—a mark of esteem, however, so exceedingly common, as to form a very insignificant reward for public services of so important a nature. Oberlin, like a true philanthropist, could not see that he had done anything deserving of this mark of royal approbation. The notice which was taken of him by the Count de Neufchateau, in a meeting at Paris of the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture about this period (1818), bore still more satisfactory testimony to his self-devoted labours. On the occasion of voting a tribute of gratitude, along with a gold medal from the society, to Oberlin, the count made the following among other vivid remarks:—

"If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, quit for a moment the banks of the Seine, and ascend one of the steepest summits of the Vosges mountains. Friends of the plough, and of human happiness, come and behold the Ban de la Roche! I have been long acquainted with the valuable services rendered, for more than fifty years, to that district by John Frederick Oberlin. During that time, and to

the advanced age of seventy-eight, he has persevered in carrying forward the interesting reformation first suggested and commenced by his virtue, piety, and zeal. He has refused invitations to more important and more lucrative situations, lest the Ban de la Roche should relapse into its former desolate state; and, by his extraordinary efforts and unabated exertions, he averted from his parishioners, in the years 1812, 1816, and 1817, the horrors of approaching famine. Such a benefactor of mankind deserves the veneration and the gratitude of all good men; and it gives me peculiar pleasure to present you with an opportunity of acknowledging, in the person of M. Oberlin, not a single act, but a whole life devoted to agricultural improvements, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the inhabitants of a wild and uncultivated district. . . . It is already ascertained that there is in France uncultivated land sufficient for the formation of five thousand villages. When we wish to organise these colonies, Waldbach will present a perfect model; and in the rural hamlets which already exist, there is not one, even amongst the most flourishing, in which social economy is carried to a higher degree of perfection, or in which the annals of the Ban de la Roche may not be studied with advantage."

Whatever were the feelings which inspired the venerable Oberlin in receiving the tribute of gratitude and accompanying medal from the society, it will naturally be supposed that these marks of regard to their beloved pastor afforded unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to his numerous parishioners.

One of the public services performed by the cher Papa for the Ban de la Roche, was the settling of a long and ruinous lawsuit which was carrying on between the peasantry and the *seigneurs* of the territory. A seigneur, according to the old French usages, was the feudal lord or superior of a tract of land, from the resident proprietors or cultivators of which he exacted certain annual dues and services; in requital, he gave them legal protection and some other privileges, such as the right of cutting timber from the forests, or fishing in the rivers. At the Revolution, the seigneuries were generally abolished; without, however, as it would appear, quashing any legal disputes which had previously been unsettled between the seigneurs and their vassals. The litigation in the present instance was with regard to the forests which covered a large part of the mountains, and, with varying fortune, the suit had lasted upwards of three quarters of a century, and through all varieties of tribunals. In 1813, the quarrel, handed down from father to son, still raged, and promised to rage for many years longer. Attempts had been made by the seigneurs to compromise the matter, but without avail. This perplexing law-plea had been the plague of Oberlin's life: it was the standing grievance of the canton: now sinking into silence, now reviving, it kept every tongue in exercise.

With some useful advice from his friend the prefect of the

department, Oberlin undertook to convince his parishioners how much more advantageous it would be for them to make certain sacrifices, with a view to settle the dispute, than to protract it even with the ultimate chance of being victorious. He showed them the amount of expenses they had already lost, and which they might still lose; what were the vexations to which they had been exposed; and what pleasure they would have in being no longer subjected to such a torment. Besides offering these reasons, he urged the religious view of the subject, insisting on the duty of living at peace and in friendship with all mankind. The moral power of the good pastor was perhaps in nothing so remarkable as his conquest on this occasion. Melting the obstinacy of his auditors by his arguments and eloquence, they agreed to the terms of a mutual compromise, and the litigation was brought to a close. A few smooth words effected what years of wrangling and battling had failed to accomplish. The day on which the mayors attended to receive the signature of the late belligerents, was one of rejoicing in the Ban de la Roche; and at the suggestion of the prefect, these magistrates presented to Oberlin the pen with which the deed had been signed, requesting him to suspend it in his study as a trophy of the victory which he had achieved over long-cherished animosities. The gift was gratefully accepted; and it was often afterwards declared by Oberlin that the day on which that pen was used had been the happiest of his life.

As early as 1804, and while war still existed between France and England, a friendly communication had been opened between the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London and Oberlin, who entered with his accustomed enthusiasm into the idea of dispersing copies of the Scriptures throughout the districts under the sphere of his influence. Assisted by his son, Henry Gottfried, who, after being educated at Strasburg for the medical profession, was ordained for the church, and also one of the Messieurs Legrand, Oberlin organised an auxiliary society at Waldbach, which henceforth became one of the most important distributaries of the Bible in France. It is mentioned, that so zealous did the good pastor become in this as well as in the cause of Christian missions, that he not only gathered all the funds he could among his parishioners, and exhausted his own slender funds, but sold off many articles of value in his household, including every silver utensil, except a single spoon. Uniting with the cher Papa in these pious efforts, Louisa Schepler became a zealous contributor to the Bible societies; on one occasion giving the entire annual rent of a small field which belonged to her.

In the latter part of his life, Oberlin became also deeply interested in the movements taking place in England and elsewhere for the abolition of negro slavery in the West Indies and America. So shocked was he with the injustice and impiety of the

whole system of slavery, that he determined on relinquishing the use of coffee, the only slave-cultivated product which entered his dwelling; and at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, he never afterwards used this article, substituting milk in its place.

Thus, in acts of piety and self-sacrificing benevolence, conformable to all his previous actions, passed away the latter years of this remarkable man. In 1809, he felt acutely the loss of his daughter Fideleté; and in 1817 met with another severe bereavement in the death of his son, Henry Gottfried, who sunk under an illness aggravated by the severity of his labours among the mountains. These family losses were felt the more acutely, from his remaining children being dispersed and settled in life; his principal domestic stay being now his adopted daughter, Louisa Schepler, who clung to him till his last moments. When no longer able to perform his pastoral functions, they were faithfully discharged by his son-in-law, M. Graff; and he spent the greater part of his time in literary and devotional exercises in his study. All who had the happiness of being introduced to him—and among these were numbered several clergymen from England—were struck with his venerable and dignified appearance, and the singular artlessness of his manners and discourse. His head, which indicated high intellectual and moral faculties,* was thinly covered with finely flowing locks of hair white as snow, while on his countenance shone the calm placidity of one who was at peace with himself and the world. Great as was latterly his infirmity, he was affected with no bodily disease; and he may be said to have died solely from a decline of the natural powers. Dissolution made no sensible approach till Sunday the 28th of May 1826, when he was suddenly seized with shiverings and faintings; and he lingered, suffering from occasional convulsions, till the morning of the 1st of June, when he expired; his last moments being of that peaceful and happy kind which so well befitted his character He died in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry.

The intelligence of the sad event, communicated to the parish by the solemn tolling of the passing bell, was received with the deepest sorrow, every family feeling that it had lost the best of friends and benefactors. Agreeable to a not unusual custom, all were permitted to visit the parsonage, to pay a last tribute of respect to the cher Papa, whose wan and sunken, but venerable features, were exposed beneath a glass in the lid of the coffin. For several days, multitudes from all quarters crowded to Waldbach on this pilgrimage of affection, and many remained in the neighbourhood to attend the approaching funeral.

* Oberlin was a believer in Lavater's opinions respecting physiognomy, and also of the doctrines of Gall on phrenology. His own head, in relation to his character, is said to have afforded strong presumptive proofs of the correctness of Gall's theory.

This last touching ceremony took place on the 5th of June, amidst a large concourse of parishioners and strangers, of every sect and party. When the funeral procession was about to set out, M. Jaeglé, president of the consistory or ecclesiastical body to which Oberlin had belonged, placed on the coffin the pastoral robe of the deceased, the vice-president laid on it the Bible, and the mayor, or civil magistrate of the district, attached to the pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which had been presented by Louis XVIII. The coffin was borne by the elders of the congregation; and in moving along, twelve females sung a hymn in chorus. The front of the procession was led by the oldest inhabitant of the parish, bearing a cross of wood, given him by Louisa Schepler, to plant at the head of the grave, and on which were engraved the words, PAPA OBERLIN.

The funeral procession extended two miles in length, and the foremost had reached the churchyard of Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had set out from the parsonage at Waldbach. When entering Foudai, a new and finely-sounding bell, which M. Legrand had kindly presented to the church, began to toll, and it continued till the ceremonial was concluded. The coffin being deposited in front of the communion table, was hung over by many weeping mourners, while the body of the church was filled by a select number of persons, among whom might be seen several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their ecclesiastical robes. The remainder of the vast crowd, computed to amount to three thousand individuals, took up an orderly position in the churchyard, the spectacle without being heightened by the devout appearance of a body of Roman Catholic women, kneeling in silent prayer around the cemetery. The funeral service was begun by M. Jaeglé, who, while in the pulpit, took occasion to read an affectionate address from Oberlin to his parishioners, which had been found among his papers, and intended to be read to them at his funeral. At the close of the service, and when the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, a friend of the deceased—as is customary at the burial of distinguished individuals in France—delivered a short oration, eulogising the character, and pointing to the useful labours of the good man whose body was now to be consigned to the dust. Well as this was delivered, the tears which plenteously flowed from the eyes of the multitude, the sobs which were heard from the women and children who crowded round the grave, were, it was remarked, the most impressive funeral oration. Oberlin was buried under the shade of a weeping willow, which overhung the tomb of his son Henry Gottfried, and there the body of the cher Papa was left to its repose.

Oberlin was succeeded in the cure of the Ban de la Roche by M. Graff; but that gentleman being soon after compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties from bad health, the cure was committed to another son-in-law of the deceased, M. Rauscher, a

person eminently qualified to continue the career of usefulness which Oberlin had begun. Oberlin had left a letter to his children pointing out the valuable services of Louisa Schepler, and stating that, by the care they took of her, they would show how much attention they paid to the last wish of a father who had always endeavoured to inspire them with feelings of gratitude and benevolence. The appeal was unnecessary. The surviving family of Oberlin, from the affection which they bore Louisa, determined that she should want for nothing till they themselves were destitute. This excellent person, equally esteemed by M. Rauscher, continued to reside in the parsonage of Waldbach, devoting herself as formerly to acts of benevolence. Her many good qualities becoming known to the trustees of the Monthyon institution at Paris for the reward of virtue, she was awarded by them the prize of 5000 francs—a sum which she wholly devoted to deeds of piety.

Influenced by the friendship and exhortations of Oberlin, there were other women in the Ban de la Roche who, though in poor circumstances, were distinguished for their disinterested benevolence. The following* deserve particular notice :—

Sophia Bernard.—This woman, though depending for subsistence on her own labour, and the scanty produce of a morsel of land, resolved in early life to devote herself entirely to the care of orphans; and with this view collected, first under her father's roof, and afterwards in the old parsonage, several children, whose parents were of different denominations, and taught them to spin cotton, in order to assist in their maintenance, which would otherwise have devolved entirely on herself. Before she married, and when her little family already consisted of seven children, she and her sister Madeleine received a letter from a poor tailor, named Thomas, who lived in a neighbouring village, intreating them to take charge of his three little children, all of whom were under four years of age, as his wife was near her confinement, and he was utterly unable to provide for them. This could scarcely be called a justifiable request: following, however, the benevolent impulse of the moment, or rather the dictates of that benevolence by which they were habitually actuated, the two sisters immediately set out, although the evening was already far advanced, and they had dangerous roads to traverse, with their baskets on their backs. At length, regardless of fatigue and exertion, they reached the summit of the mountain upon which Thomas's cottage was situated. Softly approaching it, they peeped in at the window, and were confirmed in the truth of the statement they had received, by the evident marks of wretchedness and poverty that the little apartment exhibited. Upon entering it, they found the little creatures in as forlorn a condition as the poor man had

* Letter from Oberlin in the Appendix to the First Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

described; miserably nursed, and weak and diseased from neglect. They therefore, without further deliberation, wrapped them up in flannel, packed them in the baskets at their backs, and trudged home with them. But, as their father's house would not accommodate so large an accession to the family, Sophia hired a servant girl, and an additional room, where she fed, clothed, and educated them, so that they became strong, healthy, and ultimately enabled to provide for their own maintenance. A young man, of a generous disposition, made Sophia an offer of marriage; and as she appeared unwilling to accept him, he declared that, if necessary, he would wait ten years to gain her hand. She then acknowledged that her motive for refusing him was the grief it would occasion her to part from her little orphans. "He who takes the mother takes the children also," replied the young man. On this condition the marriage took place; and all the children were brought up under their mutual care in the most excellent manner. They afterwards adopted other orphans, whom they are training up in the fear and love of God. Though these excellent people passed for rather rich, yet their income was so limited, and their benevolence so extensive, that they sometimes hardly knew how to furnish themselves with a new suit of clothes.

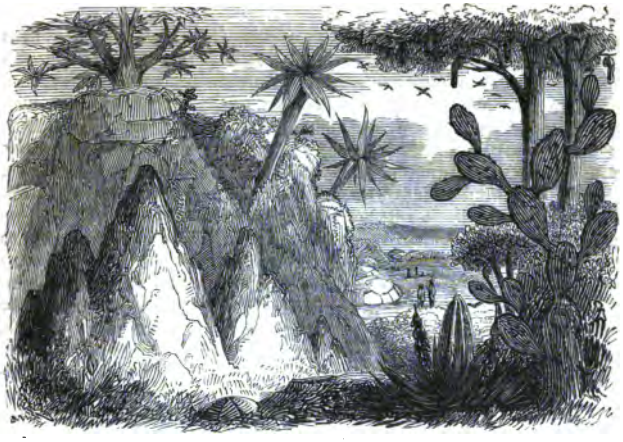
Maria Schepler lived at the remotest part of Oberlin's extensive parish, where the cold was more severe, and the ground unfruitful. Nearly all the householders were so poor, that they lent each other clothes, in order that those who attended the communion might make a decent appearance. Though distressed and afflicted in her own person and circumstances, Maria Schepler was a mother, benefactress, and teacher to the village in which she lived, and to some of the neighbouring districts also; bringing up several orphans without the smallest recompense, and keeping a free school for females.

Catherine Scheidecker, a poor widow, was also a mother to orphans, and kept a free school for the children of the hamlet in which she resided. *Catherine Banzet* was a young woman of a similar character. She voluntarily attended all the neighbouring schools to teach the girls to knit, and, besides, instructed them in other branches of useful knowledge. Who shall estimate the value of the labours of these women, or say how much the poor does for the poor?

CONCLUSION.

It is painful to withdraw ourselves from a contemplation of the character we have been attempting to depict. In laying down the pen, we feel as if a curtain were about to drop between us and the object of our esteem and admiration. But Oberlin, though dead, yet liveth. His person has vanished, but he survives in his actions. How holy, how pure is the remembrance of such a hero! how immeasurably more grand his character

than that of the "great men" who usually fill the world's eye, and command the multitude's gaping applause. His piety, without bigotry; his charity, without ostentation; his self-denial, without penuriousness; his universal loving-kindness; his sincerity, meekness, fortitude, and perseverance; the originality, benevolence, and comprehensiveness of his schemes; not to mention the unusually long and zealous pursuit of his sacred profession—all raise him far above the standard of ordinary men. Devoting himself to labours of the most humble order, he sacrificed a whole lifetime to a sense of public duty. There was in him, as will have been observed, an utter absence of self. He aimed at no personal glory. What he planned and executed was with an ardent desire to do the work of his great Master, and for the pleasure of doing good. And here lay the remarkable distinction between his character and that of the common class of public benefactors. In none of his undertakings did he think of or look for public notice, thanks, or applause. Instead of going about the world announcing his schemes, or parading his deeds, he spent his days within the bosom of a wild mountain-district, going nowhere to seek popularity or reward. Oberlin lived and died a poor man, according to the world's acceptation of poverty. For his wonderful labours he never received the wages of a good mechanic: yet what did he not execute with his scanty resources! what was the satisfaction of his mind! If riches are to be estimated by the degree of happiness they impart, or by the love which they purchase, Oberlin was the richest of mortals. Beloved by all, he enjoyed in his humble mountain-home pleasures which money cannot buy, and was in effect wealthier than the greatest potentate. If kindness be power, and force weakness—as we firmly believe them, in general circumstances, to be—then was Oberlin also powerful; for he effected by kindness that which even the force of law would inevitably have failed to accomplish. At his death three thousand people wept bitter tears. How few monarchs have received such a tribute of veneration! Nor did his name perish, or enjoy but a questionable fame. From a remote nook of continental Europe the name and fame of Oberlin have gone abroad over all lands. The present little tract will, it is hoped, extend and confirm the reputation of a man so worthy of the world's admiration. May it, however, do more. The fame of the truly great can only be of use when stimulating by example. Let every reader of these pages, therefore, humble, powerless, and penniless as he may be, consider what *he* can contribute towards the same great cause—the cause of social melioration: what personal sacrifices he will make to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, cheer the disconsolate; what selfishness and bigotries he will relinquish; what meekness, benevolence, justice, and charity, he will exercise; what, in a word, he will do to imitate the cher Papa, the good pastor OBERLIN.



ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

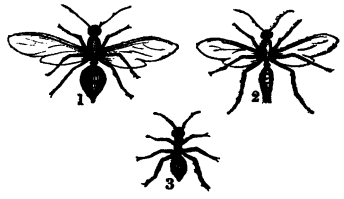
INSIGNIFICANT as the ant may seem, there is no other insect, the honey-bee excepted, whose character and economy have excited so much intelligent curiosity and research. Nor does this arise from any benefit which it confers, or ravage which it commits; for, generally speaking, its effects are unimportant in either respect. It is the ceaseless activity of the little creature, its industry, its care for its young, and, above all, its social economy, which have so long attracted human attention, and made one of the tiniest insects the permanent emblem of some of the highest virtues. The sluggard has been sent to the ant to consider her ways, the prodigal to imitate her thrift; the young are told that she gathereth her meat in summer, and the unruly and turbulent have a powerful monitor in the harmony of her busy communities. It is to the more remarkable of these traits that we intend at present to direct attention.

GENERAL CHARACTER AND ECONOMY.

The form of the ant, or emmet, must be so familiar to every one, that anything like a description seems quite unnecessary. Entomologists arrange it under the order *Hymenoptera*;* that is,

* In systems of natural history, ants form the seventh family of Hymenopterous insects, under the title *Formicidæ*, from the Latin word *formica*, an ant. The genera and species are not well defined, in consequence of the little attention which has as yet been paid to this department of animated nature.

insects having four membranous wings, in which the nervures are small and scarcely conspicuous. This may startle those who are accustomed to consider ants as wingless creatures that burrow in little hillocks and under stones; but the discrepancy will disappear when it is stated that, like some other social insects, ants are of three sexes—males, females, and neuters—and that it is only the perfect sexes which are furnished with wings. The males and females form but a very small portion of established communities, and abound only for a short while before the swarming season in summer. At that time they go forth into the air, for the purposes of reproduction—the males dying in a few days, and the females falling to the ground, where they either return to the original nest, or are surrounded by stray neuters, and become the foundresses of new communities. They then throw off their wings as useless appendages, and become queens and mothers, in which state they never leave the nest, but are tended and fed by the neuters or workers. It is for this reason that the population of an ant-hill is so generally wingless, it being the neuters which form more than nine-tenths of the number, and on whom the labours and economy of the community entirely depend. They not only construct the nest, but most carefully tend the young grubs; supplying them with food, moving them on fine days to the outer surface of the nest, to give them heat, carrying them back again on the approach of night or bad weather, and defending them when attacked by enemies. The sexes are of different sizes, the females being largest, the neuters next, and then the males, which are sometimes of very tiny proportions. Some of the neuters have longer bodies and larger heads than the others; and, as will be afterwards seen, these have peculiar functions assigned them in the labours of the community. Most of the species are stingless, but all of them bite fiercely with their mandibles, and have the property of ejecting a very acrid secretion, which inflames and irritates the skin like the sting of a nettle.



1. Female; 2. Male; 3. Worker.

There are many species of ants, distinguished by their size and colour, but chiefly by their habits—some burrowing in the ground, others piling up little mounds or hillocks; some hewing out their cells and passages in decayed timber, others constructing a nest of great neatness among the boughs and branches of the trees on which they feed. They are omnivorous in their habits—devouring almost any kind of vegetable or animal substance that lies within their reach; but are particularly fond of fruits, gums, and saccharine matter, and not less of

flesh, as may be seen by placing some small animal in their nests, when, after a few days, its skeleton will be found as thoroughly cleaned as it could have been by the most skilful anatomist. It is generally believed, that in summer ants lay up a store of provision for their support during winter: this, however, is not the case in Europe, where they become dormant or torpid, and require no food. So far from their being partial to grain, it is a substance which, after protracted observation, we have seldom seen them touch, and assuredly none of their cells are constructed with the view of holding supplies. They are nurseries and dwelling apartments, not barns and storehouses. Any vegetable matter, therefore, which they may drag to their nest in summer, is either for present use, or to serve as an ingredient in constructing their habitation. In warm countries it is otherwise; the little creatures are ever active gathering their meat at all times, but more especially in summer and in harvest, when they find it most abundant. Paramount with the erection of their habitations, and the procuring of food, is the care which ants bestow on their young. Nor is it the temporary labour and assiduity of a few days, but frequently the toil and endurance of weeks and months.

The eggs produced by the queen-mother are at first so small, that they are hardly discernible to the naked eye; but when viewed through a microscope, they appear smooth, polished, and glossy. These minute granules are objects of great solicitude to the workers, who remove them, as soon as laid, to proper receptacles, and there nurse and tend them, moistening them with a peculiar liquid, and turning them by degrees, till they assume the larva form. In the larva and pupa state * they are nursed with still greater care. In cold weather, they are carried to the lowest retreats of the habitation, to secure them from the cold; and in fine weather, they are exposed to the genial influences of the sun. If an ant-hill be molested, the first care of the workers is to protect the young; and they may be seen running about in a state of distraction, each carrying a young one, frequently as big as itself. After remaining for some weeks as pupæ, the young burst the surrounding integument, and emerge in the adult form, and even then often receiving food from the older workers. The old ones, it is said, generally assist the young animal in freeing itself from confinement, by tearing with their mandibles the covering in which it is wrapped, as without such aid the young would frequently be unable to set itself at liberty. The pupæ are of a yellowish-white, and look like grains of corn, for which they were no doubt mistaken by early observers, who

* The terms *Larvæ* and *Pupæ* are employed by naturalists to designate the intermediate states of existence in the insect, on its passage from the egg to its becoming a perfect animal, endowed with all the powers of its race—the former being commonly known under the appellation of Grub or Caterpillar, the latter of Chrysalis or Aurelia.

attributed to the ant the habit of storing up grain. It has been also gravely told that the insect bites off the growing end of the grain, to prevent it from sprouting—an act quite equal to human intelligence, but which is in reality nothing more than the creature's habit of nibbling the envelope to set free the young. Ants swarm once or twice a-summer, when the young ones build new habitations for themselves, and live together in the same social and orderly manner as their progenitors.

These communities, as already stated, consist of males, females, and neuters. The females are the queen-mothers; but whether there is only one queen, as among bees, or several, is still a matter of doubt. Some naturalists affirm there is only one fertile female, and this may be the case in comparatively young swarms; but in old-established colonies, it is more than likely that there always exist a number of females of various ages. Be this as it may, the queens have not the same omnipotent sway as among bees: ant-hives are strictly republics, in which every member performs with honest cordiality the duty assigned him. The males are found in the nests only previous to swarming in summer, and are then equally, if not more numerous than the neuters. It is the latter which are the true republican workers: on them depend the erection of the habitation and its constant repair, the nursing and rearing of the young, the defence of the hive, and the collection of food. If nature has assigned to them the greater share of labour, she has also bequeathed a longer lease of enjoyment; for, after the winged males and females have left the hive in summer, a few days of aërial dalliance limits their existence. According to Gould, the ant remains in the larva state nearly a twelvemonth, in the state of pupa about six weeks, and as a perfect insect sixteen months. The time, however, they remain as larvæ and pupæ, is no doubt considerably influenced by variations of temperature and other causes. Thus, by exposure to sufficient warmth, the common white butterfly may be disclosed from its chrysalis in June, or it may be retarded till August by merely keeping it in a dark and colder situation. The lengthened period of perfect existence here spoken of refers strictly to the workers; the lives of the parent sexes are of very different duration.

Previous to the swarming season, the nests become crowded with young brood; the whole community is in a state of agitation—the winged males and females running and bustling among the wingless neuters. The wings of the former, which are exceedingly thin and fragile, soon attain their full size; and on the first favourable opportunity they take their departure from the parent hive. They do not seem to swarm simultaneously, but continue to make their egress by degrees, and as sunny weather presents itself. Once in the open air, the males do not return, like the drones or males of the honey-bee; and thus ants are not called upon to act the part of parricides and fratricides like bees,

which invariably destroy their males in autumn. Though rarely or ever seen in the nests, at the swarming season winged ants sometimes appear in incredible numbers :—"In September 1814," says Dr Bromley, "being on the deck of the hulk to the Clorinde (then in the river Medway), my attention was drawn to the water by the first lieutenant observing there was something black floating down with the tide. On looking with a glass, I discovered they were insects. The boat was sent, and brought a bucketful of them on board: they proved to be a large species of ant, and extended from the upper part of Salt-pan Reach out towards the Great Nore, a distance of five or six miles. The column appeared to be in breadth eight or ten feet, and in height about six inches, which, I suppose, must have been from their resting one upon another." Purchas seems to have witnessed a similar phenomenon on shore. "Other sorts of ants," says he, "there are many, of which some become winged, and fill the air with swarms, which sometimes happens in England. On Bartholomew 1613 I was in the island of Foulness, on our Essex shore, where were such clouds of these flying pismires, that we could nowhere flee from them, but they filled our clothes; yea, the floors of some houses where they fell, were in a manner covered with a black carpet of creeping ants; which they say drown themselves about that time of the year in the sea." Many such clouds or swarms are noticed by other writers; and, allowing for a little exaggeration, it is quite impossible to conceive from whence they could have originated. Were all the ants of a district—males, females, and neuters—to be suddenly invested with wings, they could scarcely constitute such numbers; and one is almost tempted to the opinion, that at certain seasons all the sexes do in reality assume the winged form.

Thus much for the general characteristics of the family: we shall now advert to the habits and economy of our native species, borrowing our information chiefly from Gould, the younger Huber, and Latreille—the only authors who have made the ants of Europe objects of special observation.

NATIVE SPECIES.

Our native ants are usually distinguished by their colours and habits. Thus we have red, brown, and black ants; turf ants, hill ants, and wood ants—each species differing somewhat in size, colour, mode of obtaining food, and kind of habitation. The nest of the turf ant, which is one of the most common of our native species, is at once simple and ingenious. Sometimes it is formed under a flat stone, and consists simply of hollow cells and communicating galleries, all of which are excavated with great neatness, care being taken to remove the loose material to a distance from the nest. At other times it takes advantage of a tuft of grass, and piles around and amid the stems a considerable mound, the interior of which serves for a habitation—the stems

giving it strength and coherence. The turf ant also delights in old earthen fences and hedge-banks which have a southern exposure. In these they excavate chamber upon chamber, and gallery after gallery: it is in such situations that we have found the most numerous colonies.

Other species, as the ash-coloured, brown, and yellow ants, construct little conical mounds, generally known as "ant-hills;" and this indeed is the most frequent kind of structure. These mounds are composed of pellets of moist earth found on the spot, and piled together with great architectural ingenuity, so as to form arched galleries, domes, pillars, and partitions, the whole being under one roof of compacted particles of earth and chips of grass and straw. "To form," says M. Huber, "a correct judgment of the interior arrangement or distribution of an ant-hill, it is necessary to select such as have not been accidentally spoiled, or whose form has not been too much altered by local circumstances; a slight attention will then suffice to show that the habitations of the different species are not all constructed after the same system. Thus, the hillock raised by the ash-coloured ants will always present thick walls, fabricated with coarse earth, well-marked storeys, and large chambers, with vaulted ceilings, resting upon a solid base. We never observe roads or galleries, properly so called, but large passages of an oval form, and all around considerable cavities and extensive embankments of earth. We further notice that the little architects observe a certain proportion between the large arched ceilings and the pillars that are to support them."

The brown ant, one of the smallest of our native species, is particularly remarkable for the extreme finish of its work. "It forms its nest of storeys four or five lines in height; the partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely-grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These storeys are not horizontal; they follow the slope of the ant-hill, and lie one upon another to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean lodges. They are not always, however, arranged with the same regularity, for these ants do not follow an invariable plan; it appears, on the contrary, that nature has allowed them a certain latitude in this respect, and that they can, according to circumstances, modify them to their wish; but however fantastical their habitations may appear, we always observe they have been formed by concentrical storeys. On examining each storey separately, we observe a number of cavities or halls, lodges of narrower dimensions, and long galleries, which serve for general communication. The arched ceilings covering the most spacious places, are supported either by little columns, slender walls, or by regular buttresses. We also notice chambers that have but one entrance, communicating with the lower storey, and large open spaces, serving as a kind of cross-road, in which all the streets terminate.

"Such is the manner in which the habitations of these ants are constructed. Upon opening them, we commonly find the apartments, as well as the large open spaces, filled with adult ants; and always observed their pupæ collected in the apartments more or less near the surface. This, however, seems regulated by the hour of the day, and the temperature; for in this respect these ants are endowed with great sensibility, and know the degree of heat best adapted for their young. The ant-hill contains sometimes more than twenty storeys in its upper portion, and at least as many under the surface of the ground. By this arrangement the ants are enabled, with the greatest facility, to regulate the heat. When a too-burning sun overheats their upper apartments, they withdraw their little ones to the bottom of the ant-hill. The ground-floor becoming, in its turn, uninhabitable during the rainy season, the ants of this species transport what most interests them to the higher storeys; and it is there we find them more usually assembled, with their eggs and pupæ, when the subterranean apartments are submerged."

In the laborious duty of rearing a habitation, all the workers take part; and as these nests are liable to be destroyed by rain, by the accidental tread of cattle, and also require to be enlarged as the colony increases, the labour of building can never be said to be at an end. At this species of work they toil by night as well as by day, take advantage of a gentle shower or dewy morning, when the earth is slightly moistened, and are only interrupted by cold weather or heavy rains. Their cells have none of that geometrical regularity so much admired in the combs of the honey-bee; but this is rendered unnecessary by the circumstance, that, unlike the larva of the bee, which is confined to a single cell, the young of the ant is carried hither and thither as its wants may require. Having no symmetrical structure to erect, they do not act in concert like the bee, but are occasionally found working at cross purposes. Such an occurrence does not, however, much embarrass them; for a worker, on discovering his mistake, immediately undoes what he has erected, and follows instinctively that portion of the plan which was more advanced than his own. On this point M. Huber's artificial formicaries enabled him to make the following interesting observations:—"A wall had been erected, with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected towards the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one half of its height; and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon

which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

"When the ants commence any undertaking, one would suppose that they worked after some preconceived idea; which, indeed, would seem verified by the execution. Thus, should any ant discover upon the nest two stalks of plants which lie cross-ways, a disposition favourable to the construction of a lodge, or some little beams that may be useful in forming its angles and sides, it examines the several parts with attention; then distributes, with much sagacity and address, parcels of earth in the spaces, and along the stems, taking from every quarter materials adapted to its object, sometimes not caring to destroy the work that others had commenced; so much are its motions regulated by the idea it has conceived, and upon which it acts, with little attention to all else around it. It goes and returns, until the plan is sufficiently understood by its companions."

The wood-ant, or pismire, constructs a habitation somewhat similar in shape, but differing very widely in its materials, from that of the hill-building species. This nest is usually about the size of a large mole-heap, of a conical form, and composed exteriorly of small twigs, chips of bark and leaves, pieces of straw, grass, and such-like material. The whole is gradually tapered to the summit, so that the rain is carried off as from the roof of a well-thatched cottage. This thatching or coping forms, however, but a small portion of the nest; for all the galleries and cells are either scooped out of the soil beneath, or built in the usual manner with earth and clay by the little architects. The pismire differs in its economy from the other species already noticed, inasmuch as a section of the workers are continually on the outside, enlarging and patching the framework, and do not seek to shun the sun and wind by retreating to the interior. They are also bolder in their manner, and will tug and tumble away with straws and twigs in our presence, turning round with erected head and open jaws if teased with the finger. Their habitation is thus interestingly described by the authority formerly quoted:—"To have an idea how the straw or stubble-roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill at its origin, when it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth, thrown up in hollowing the interior, with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants; and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice, which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities, where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept open during the time of its construction. I soon observed the roof to become convex;

but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or storeys. Having observed the motions of these little builders through a pane of glass, adjusted against one of their habitations, I am thence enabled to speak with some degree of certainty upon the manner in which they are constructed. I ascertained that it is by excavating, or mining the under portion of their edifice, that they form their spacious halls, low indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving, at certain hours of the day, the larvæ and pupæ.

"These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which, afterwards hardened in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances, as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill, without any injury to the rest; it, moreover, strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair, or deserted by its inhabitants.

"The ants are extremely well sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest, and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling: it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence." As to the underground portion, it consists of a range of horizontal apartments, excavated in the usual manner.

Another peculiar feature in the wood-ants is their night operations. These proceedings are detailed by M. Huber, who, transferring a complete nest to one of his glass-cases, had ample opportunities of watching all their movements. Not constructing a covert way or concealed passage to the interior of their nests, but leaving all the avenues open for ready egress and ingress, it is necessary that, during night, when their labour ceases, these avenues should be closed up, not only for protection from enemies, but for shelter from cold. This operation they perform with all the skill and caution of a trusty warder: no cottager ever shut his windows and barred his

Artificial Formicary.

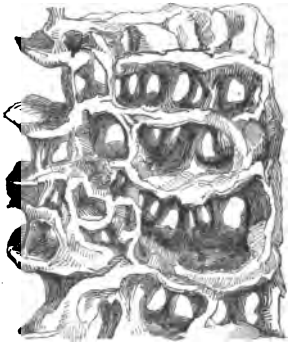
door more effectually. "I remarked," says our historian, "that their habitations changed in appearance hourly, and that the diameter of those spacious avenues, where so many ants could freely pass each other during the day, was, as night approached, gradually lessened. The aperture at length totally disappeared, the dome was closed on all sides, and the ants retired to the bottom of their nest.

"In further noticing the apertures of these ant-hills, I fully ascertained the nature of the labour of its inhabitants, of which I could not before even guess the purport; for the surface of the nest presented such a constant scene of agitation, and so many insects were occupied in carrying materials in every direction, that the movement offered no other image than that of confusion.

"I saw then clearly that they were engaged in stopping up passages; and for this purpose they at first brought forward little pieces of wood, which they deposited near the entrance of those avenues they wished to close; they placed them in the stubble; they then went to seek other twigs and fragments of wood, which they disposed above the first, but in a different direction, and appeared to choose pieces of less size in proportion as the work advanced. They at length brought in a number of dried leaves, and other materials of an enlarged form, with which they covered the roof—an exact miniature of the art of our builders, when they form the covering of any building! Nature, indeed, seems everywhere to have anticipated the inventions of which we boast, and this is doubtless one of the most simple.

"Our little insects, now in safety in their nest, retire gradually to the interior before the last passages are closed; one or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, while the rest either take their repose, or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security. I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them the preceding evening. A few ants were wandering about on the surface of the nest, some others issued from time to time from under the margin of their little roofs formed at the entrance of the galleries: others afterwards came forth, who began removing the wooden bars that blockaded the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill. Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remained closed. When the sky was cloudy in the morning, or rain was indicated, the ants, who seemed to be aware of it, opened but in part their several avenues, and immediately closed them when the rain commenced." Could the most enlightened reason, which ascribes such procedure to mere animal instinct, have done more?

There are some European species, such as the jet-ant, which neither excavate burrows nor build hills, but which hew out chambers and galleries in the trunks of decayed trees. For this purpose their hard mandibles are well adapted, and though the work must be necessarily very tedious, yet their indomitable perseverance and daily increasing numbers soon prepare a suite of apartments of astonishing magnitude. We once discovered such a nest in a prostrate trunk, of which the bark and a few papery floors and partitions were the only portions left—the whole interior having been hewn away by those busy carpenters; and, what was curious, scarcely a handful of fragments could have been gathered in the vicinity. Whether the portions nibbled away may serve as food, be carried to a distance by the ants, anxious to avoid detection, or be borne off by the wind, is yet unknown. The carpenter-ants are perhaps the shyest and most secret of the family; always conducting their operations in the interior of trees, as if desirous of being screened from observation.



Such is the economy of the more remarkable of our native species in the construction and management of their habitations, all of which exhibit the utmost skill and ingenuity. In other respects, as the rearing of their larvæ, their food, hybernation, &c. they present less difference; some species being more active and rambling than others, seeking their subsistence among the boughs and leaves of the highest trees and hedges. None of them bite with great severity; though they are sufficiently troublesome to any one who may thoughtlessly seat himself for half an hour on the little grassy hillock which holds their colony. They are not destructive in any appreciable degree to the products of the farmer or gardener; their only injury, indeed, is to lawns and pastures, in which their nests are numerous; where, besides destroying the turf, cattle have a special aversion to browse in their vicinity.

FOREIGN SPECIES.

The species of ants inhabiting foreign countries differ chiefly from those of Europe in their habits and economy—colour and size being as variable among the latter as among the former. Those of tropical regions never hybernate; theirs is a life of uninterrupted activity—building, feasting, storing. They generally appear in vast numbers, and commit incredible havoc on the surrounding vegetation; nor are some species less formidable

to man from the severity of their stings. Dampier, speaking of the natural productions of the Spanish settlements in South America, mentions several species which infested that country:—"The great black ant stings, or bites, almost as bad as a scorpion; and next to this the small yellow ant's bite is most painful; for their sting is like a spark of fire. They are so thick among the boughs in some places, that the traveller is covered with them before he is aware. They construct their nests between the limbs of great trees; some of these nests being as large as a hogs-head. This is their winter habitation; for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs and larvæ. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the forests; for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and nearly of the same size. I never observed anything besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burthen; yet they would march stoutly; and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them."

The same authority also mentions another species of a black colour, tolerably large, with long legs, and of a rambling habit:—"These would march in troops, as if they were busy in seeking somewhat; they were always in haste, and always followed their leaders, let them go where they would. They had no beaten paths to walk in, but rambled about like hunters. Sometimes a band of these ants would happen to march through our huts, over our beds, or into our pavilions; nay, very often into our chests, and there ransack every part; and wherever the foremost went, the rest all came after. We never disturbed them, but gave them free liberty to search where they pleased; and they would all march off before night. They were so very numerous, that they would sometimes be two or three hours in passing, though they went very fast."

The sugar-ant, which took its name from the ravages that its swarms at one time committed on the sugar-cane, first made its appearance in the West Indies about the middle of last century. This pest was chiefly confined to the island of Grenada, in one district of which, according to an account in the Philosophical Transactions, it continued for several years, laying waste every sugar plantation for a radius of twelve miles, and threatening eventually to overrun the whole island. Every attempt made by the planters to put a stop to these destructive insects proved ineffectual; and such was the general consternation at their ravages, that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by the government to the individual who should discover an effectual remedy for the evil. So liberal an offer induced many to try their utmost to destroy the ants; and though all succeeded par-

tially, yet none gained the prize—since the destruction of a few myriads availed little, their place being immediately supplied by others. Ranges of burning charcoal proved very destructive, as they blindly pressed forward in their march, and were roasted to death; but their numbers were so excessive, that they soon extinguished it, and the rear of the swarms passed scatheless over the obstruction. The roads were literally covered with them for miles together; so that the print of a horse's foot, in passing through them, was covered in an instant by the surrounding multitudes. The inhabitants of the island were ultimately relieved from this calamity by the great hurricane of 1780, which, though it tore up their plantations by the roots, and swept many of their houses to ruin, yet so exposed the ants' nests, that the swarms perished in the deluge of rain which succeeded. The sugar-ant makes its nest at the root of the sugar-cane, thereby preventing the proper circulation of the sap, and rendering the plant sickly and useless. It is also destructive to the lime, lemon, orange, and other species of vegetation. It is of a middle size, and of a dark-red colour, and is one of the most prolific of the race.

In Cape Colony, and in the south of Africa generally, ants are perhaps more numerous, both as regards individuals and species, than they are in any other part of the world. There they are found varying in size, from the red *nigar*, scarcely visible to the naked eye, to the *black ant*, measuring nearly an inch in length. Their habitations are as various as their species. The smaller tribes excavate the ground, removing the particles of soil, and piling them up as a rampart round the entrance, to keep off the water. The large black ants content themselves with enlarging such cavities as they find ready formed under flat stones, thus providing themselves with an impenetrable roof. A smaller species of the same colour constructs its nest on the top of a bush, enclosing such portions of the branches as come within the sphere of the external covering, which is as thin as paper, yet proof against the heaviest rain.

In Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage, there is a description of several species found in New South Wales, the habits of which are very peculiar. We transcribe this account, with some slight abridgment:—"Some are green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure; they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and glueing the points of them together, so as to form a sort of purse. The viscous matter used for this purpose seemed to be of their own secretion, though it is not improbable that it was a gummy matter collected from the bark and leaves of the trees they inhabit. Their method of first bending down the leaves we had no opportunity of observing; but we saw thousands uniting all their

strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their station, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought these insects able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevenged, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of the bee; but except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute.

"Another sort are quite black, and their operations and manner of life are not less extraordinary. Their habitations are the inside of the branches of a tree, which they contrive to excavate by working out the pith almost to the extremity of the slenderest twig; the tree at the same time flourishing as if it had no such inmate. When we first found the tree, we gathered some of the branches, and were scarcely less astonished than we should have been to find that we had profaned a consecrated grove, where every tree, upon being wounded, gave signs of life; for we were instantly covered with legions of these animals, swarming from every bough, and inflicting their stings with incessant violence." One cannot read this account without recalling to mind the *ant-tree* of Guiana, described by Sir Robert Schomburg, and questioning whether the tree here referred to is not naturally hollow; for it is quite impossible that any solid-wooded plant could have survived under such extensive excavation. The trunk and branches of the ant-tree are hollow, like those of the cecropia or trumpet-tree, and provided at intervals with partitions, which answer to the position of the leaves on the outside. These hollows are inhabited by a light-brownish ant (hence the name), about two or three-tenths of an inch long, which inflicts the most painful bites. In biting, these creatures emit a whitish fluid, and the wound swells and itches for several days; when captured, they attack and kill each other like scorpions. Sir Robert's description, and that of Cook's naturalists, are indeed so similar, that we cannot help believing that both refer to the same tree and ant, though found in very distant localities.

A third kind were found by Cook's party nested in the root of a plant which grows on the bark of trees in the manner of mistletoe, and which the insect had perforated for that use. The root is commonly as large as a turnip, and sometimes much larger; when cut, it was found intersected by innumerable winding passages, all filled by these animals; by which, however, the vegetation of the plant did not appear to have suffered

any injury. They never cut one of these roots that was not inhabited, though some were not larger than a hazel-nut. The animals themselves are very small, not more than half as big as the common red ant in England. They were furnished with stings, but had scarcely force enough to produce any effect with them beyond that of an unpleasant titillation.

A very curious, and, so far as man is concerned, a very useful species, is found in Peru, where, at certain seasons, its swarms destroy vast numbers of reptiles and troublesome insects. It is noticed in Dr Poeppig's travels under the native name of *guagnamiagüe;* which signifies, "makes the eyes to water;" from the circumstance of its bite having that effect on the individual who is unfortunate enough to excite the anger of a swarm. "It is not known," says the doctor, "where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm, that takes hours in passing; while on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part, and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ, which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed, or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the hut do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile while basking in the sun, which, on perceiving its enemies, endeavours to escape; but in vain, for a number of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased by a hundredfold. Thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton." This is apparently the same ant which Mr Darwin met in countless swarms at Bahia, and before which he saw spiders, cockroaches, and other insects, and some lizards, rushing in the greatest agitation.

The species of ants found in warm countries are, indeed, so numerous, that volumes might be compiled relative to their character and habits, which in most instances are marked by the

finest displays of instinctive sagacity. Here, however, we must close our list, conveying some idea of their numbers and distribution by the following extract from the same interesting narrative:—"After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where they are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the attention of the most enthusiastic entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish, without any difficulty, seven different species as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man; but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him in his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly-planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a question which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that the estimate is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else." Other travellers fully corroborate this statement; and when we remember that only a small district of South America is here referred to, and that North America, Africa, Asia, and Europe, are respectively peopled with widely different genera and species, we cannot fail to admit that ants are amongst the most numerous forms of existence on the globe.

INSTANCES OF ANT SAGACITY.

With poets and moralists, the ant has long been a standard emblem of foresight, industry, and perseverance. Though this reputed foresight, as far as our European species are concerned, has been shown to be entirely a fiction, yet there is much in the general economy of the insect that might be imitated with advantage. Nothing can exceed the harmony of their social union, the cordial willingness with which they seemingly engage in their labour, the increasing care and fatigue they undergo for their young. It need not in the least affect our admiration, whether these actions be the result of unreasoning instinct or of indubitable sagacity. Both proceed from the same great source; the mechanism is the same in either case, and the laws by which it is governed are decreed by the same authority. It is true that the organisation of insects differs

widely from that of the higher animals, and it would be erring against all sound philosophy to ascribe the same operations to organs so very dissimilar; yet what we call instinct, is as essentially dependent upon organisation as are the highest efforts of reason. We know little of the cause of either; we are yet the imperfect observers of their results.

Notwithstanding this imperfection, many speculations have been recently broached respecting the conditions of insect life. Some appear to regard them as endowed with the attributes of human reason in a modified degree; others admit the perfection of their senses, and ascribe their conduct to instinct; while a third class will allow them neither sense nor feeling, but consider them mere animated machines, as it were, propelled in all their movements by a power they cannot control. With the latter class, the writhings of a trampled emmet are not evidences of pain, any more than the movement of its antennæ or feelers is of touch, or the direction of its eyes of sight. In fact, they deny insects the use of these organs altogether—a doctrine which will receive but few adherents; for however much their organs of sense may differ from those of man, it is clear that they were not given without some function to fulfil. It is absurd, no doubt, to ascribe memory, reflection, and the like, to creatures which have no brain; but it is equally absurd, seeing that these creatures avoid obstacles, evince symptoms of pain, have a choice in food, and so forth, to suppose that their organs are not capable of sight, touch, and taste. Their sensations may be very different from those of higher animals, just as their organisation is different; but whatever they are, there can be no doubt of their perfect aptitude to direct the animal in its manifold and highly curious operations. Leaving, therefore, a subject upon which there is much difference and uncertainty, we shall transcribe some of those instances which have been related as evidences of sagacity, courage, industry, and the like, on the part of ants and ant communities.

Of their ingenuity in removing obstacles, the following anecdote is a very appropriate illustration:—A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along what, with respect to the creature's strength, might be denominated a log of timber. Others were severally employed, each in its own way. Presently the ant in question came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed for a while to overpower him: he did not remain long perplexed with it; for three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work. The piece he was drawing happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other. This soon threw the poor fellow into a fresh difficulty: he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted

the only mode that even a man in similar circumstances would have taken: he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge; when, running again to the other end, it passed through without the least difficulty.

Dr J. R. Johnson relates an equally entertaining anecdote of the strength as well as address occasionally displayed by ants. At the entrance of a nest of red ants he placed a large house-fly; several ants came out from time to time to examine it. To his surprise a solitary ant attempted the removal of so large a body: it caught hold of one of the wings forcibly by its pincers, and exerted all its strength to drag it along. This it did with apparent ease, where the ground was not uneven; but on meeting any obstruction, and finding the dragging system useless, it quitted its post for the opposite station, and overcame the resistance by pushing. In this way it removed the fly to a considerable distance. A difficulty at length presented itself, which seemed insuperable; the ant, however, did not relax in its exertions. After attempting to *drag* it for some time, it endeavoured to *push* it forward, going alternately to the several parts of the body. All these efforts were useless: at last it seized the fly in its mouth, and by a sudden jerk lifted it from the ground, and thus overcame the impediment.

More ingenious still is their mode of forming bridges and rafts of their own bodies, for the purpose of enabling the community to pass over water from one object to another. Ants are not in any degree swimmers, and unless by some contrivance of this kind, the smallest pool would form an impassable barrier. Madame Merian, in speaking of the large-headed ants of Surinam, affirms that if they wish to emigrate, they will construct a living bridge in this manner:—One individual first fixes itself to a piece of wood by means of its jaws, and remains stationary; with this a second connects itself; a third takes hold of the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, till a long connected chain is formed, and fastened at one extremity, which floats exposed to the wind or current, till the other end is wafted over, so as to fix itself to the opposite side of the stream, when the rest of the colony pass over it as over a bridge. Azara also tells us, that in the South American plains, which are exposed to inundations, conical hills of earth may be observed, about three feet high, and very near to each other, which are inhabited by a little black ant. When an inundation takes place, the ants leave the submerged nest, and collect themselves into a circular cluster, about a foot in diameter, and four fingers deep. Thus they remain floating upon the water, until it subsides. One of the sides of the cluster which they form is attached to some sprig of grass or shrub; and when the waters have retired, they return to their habitation. When they wish to pass from one plank to another, they may often be seen formed into a bridge, of two palms' length, and of the breadth of a

finger, which has no other support than that of its two extremities. One would suppose that their own weight would sink them; but it is certain that the masses remain floating during the inundation, which lasts some days.

Some Indian species, according to an anecdote related by Colonel Sykes, exhibit feats of dexterity which one can scarcely ascribe to mere instinctive sagacity. He was accustomed to have his dessert placed on a sideboard near a wall, and left all night, the legs of the sideboard being immersed in water; notwithstanding which precaution, the sideboard was found in the morning covered with ants, and the sweets were plundered most severely. On seeking the mode in which the intrusion was effected, he found that they got one after another into the water, till a floating living bridge was stretched across it, and then the legs were readily mounted. This mode of access was effectually stopped by a rim of turpentine round each of the legs just above where they entered the water; but the evil was not cured; for, on the following morning, the ants were on the table, and the good things plundered as before. He found that the ants had crawled up the wall in great numbers, and crowded to the part level with the edge of the sideboard, which was not more than an inch from the wall, and so stretched across and obtained a footing, thus running the risk of a fall, which many of them received. The sideboard was now moved quite away from the wall, and for a while the sweets remained untouched; but soon the usual visitants were again observed, and for several days it appeared impossible to account for the intrusion; when at last, as the colonel was standing near the table, he observed a solitary ant climbing quietly up the wall of the room: when it had mounted to rather more than a foot above the level of the sideboard, it took a spring, and came down among the sweets. This seemed altogether so extraordinary a proceeding, that he thought it must be the effect of chance; but very soon he saw many other ants make their appearance and mount the wall like their forerunner, until they reached a certain elevation above the sideboard, when they one and all, without exception, leaped from the wall, *seriatim*, and alighted safely among the sweets. Thus their continued appearance was accounted for.

Sagacious as ants generally are, we are not without instances of their folly and want of concert. The following amusing example is given by Dr Badham, who regards insects as endowed with no higher faculties than sensation and impulsive instinct:—"A wise and laborious ant was toiling up the bark of a chestnut-tree, and pulling after him an entire snail-shell, the size of a hazel-nut. He halted occasionally, as well he might, but he never lost hold of the shell, though the mere weight of it, one should have thought, would have pulled his mandibles out of joint. In a few minutes he had raised it upwards of three feet, and all was going on prosperously, when it so chanced that three

or four idlers of the ant kind, and presently as many more, met him on his way. Our labourer had almost done his work; his hind-legs were already within the hole into which it was his plain purpose to introduce the shell, when the new-comers (who, as we have seen, are always ready to help one another) proceeded to do just the reverse! They got upon the shell, they entered it, they persisted in sticking to it: he could not carry it; and then the shell swerved to one side or the other, according to the disposal of his friends within, who had not even the sense to trim the boat; still, by great exertion, he held fast, and might perhaps have accomplished his task, when two more strangers thought proper to contribute their weight, and brought on the catastrophe. The weary but persevering insect was obliged to 'let go,' and the shell, freighted with three 'insides' and half a dozen 'outs,' fell to the ground! They left the conveyance in apparent alarm, and scampered off in all directions, while he remained for some time fixed to the spot of his discomfiture. The shell being subsequently examined, was found exactly to fit the hole in the direction in which the ant was dragging it, and in no other."

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

It would seem that in these exercises of ingenuity they have some mode of communicating their intentions to one another, otherwise it is difficult to perceive how they could act so harmoniously as they generally do. Many animals express their wishes by sounds, which, though unintelligible to us, are perfectly understood by their own kind; some communicate partly by gesture and partly by sound; and others simply by gesture or by contact. The latter appears to be that employed by ants —the antennæ and mandibles being the organs chiefly employed to excite one another to concert in conduct; sometimes persuasively, at others per force. M. Huber relates a very amusing instance, in which gentle persuasion was succeeded by more forcible measures:—The legs of one of his artificial formicaries were plunged into pans of water, to prevent the escape of the ants; this proved a source of great enjoyment to these little beings, as they are fond of water, which they lap after the manner of the dog. One day, when he observed many of them tippling very merrily, he was so cruel as to disturb them, which sent most of the ants in a fright to the nest, but some, more thirsty than the rest, continued their potations. Upon this, one of those that had retreated returns to inform his thoughtless companions of their danger; one he pushes with his jaws; another he strikes first upon the belly, and then upon the breast, and so obliges three of them to leave off their carousing, and march homewards; but the fourth, more resolute to drink it out, is not to be discomfited, and pays not the least regard to the kind blows with which his compeer, solicitous for his safety,

repeatedly belabours him. At length, determined to have his way, he seizes him by one of his hind-legs, and gives him a violent pull: upon this, leaving his liquor, the loiterer turns round, and opening his threatening jaws with every appearance of anger, goes very coolly to drinking again; but his monitor, without further ceremony, rushing before him, seizes him by his jaws, and at last drags him off in triumph to the formicary.

The intercommunication of these little insects, however, is not confined merely to giving notice of the approach of danger; it is commensurate with their whole economy of building, rearing the young, obtaining food, and uniting in force against a common enemy. If you scatter the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with another proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these, in their turn, become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.

It is also well known that they give information to each other when a store of provision or any tid-bit has been discovered. Of this the following is a remarkable instance, related by Dr Franklin:—"Believing that these little creatures had some means of communicating their thoughts or desires to one another, he tried several experiments with them, all of which tended to confirm his opinion; but one seemed more conclusive than the rest. He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, into which a number of ants collected, and devoured the treacle very quickly. But on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a thin string to a nail which he had fastened into the ceiling, so that it hung down by the string. A single ant by chance remained in the pot. This ant ate till it was satisfied; but when it wanted to get off, it could not for some time find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain. At last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling, by going along the string. After it was come there, it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued till the treacle was all eaten; in the meantime one swarm running down the string, and the other up." In such instances, the ants may have been led by the scent or trace of treacle likely to have been left by the solitary prisoner. Bradley relates a case which

seems to favour this opinion:—"A nest of ants in a nobleman's garden discovered a closet, many yards within the house, in which conserves were kept, which they constantly attended till the nest was destroyed. Some, in their rambles, must have first discovered this depôt of sweets, and informed the rest of it. It is remarkable that they always went to it by the same track, scarcely varying an inch from it, though they had to pass through two apartments; nor could the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms discomfit them, or cause them to pursue a different route."—Here the insects perseveringly followed the same track, a fact which leads one to suspect that they leave some scent or trace perceptible to one another.

This idea is in part supported by the fact, that roadways are found diverging from their nests, which they invariably adhere to, so that they are in a short time beaten smooth by their incessant marchings. From these roads they carefully remove chips and leaves, and even nibble off blades of grass which may happen to spring across. In this feature they remind one of hares, beavers, sheep, and other higher quadrupeds, which instinctively follow a beaten track, even when their safety would lie in departing from it. Nor are these roads formed merely by the tread of these creatures; they are often hollowed out and smoothened by the greatest labour. One of the first things which strikes a traveller on entering a tropical forest, is these well-beaten paths, branching off in every direction, and on which armies of never-failing foragers are seen, some going forth, and others returning, burdened with pieces of leaves often larger than their own bodies.

The ingenuity and sagacity displayed in all their actions, whether single or combined, are indeed so surprising, that the Mahommedans have even assigned them a place in their heaven. On the relation of Thevenot (as mentioned by Kirby and Spence), one of the animals in Paradise is Solomon's ant, which, when all the creatures, in obedience to him, brought him presents, dragged before him a locust, and was therefore preferred before all others, because it had brought a creature so much bigger than itself. The tradition is exceedingly appropriate, as illustrating the contrast between the tiny insect and the feats which it can accomplish. Size for size of agency, the Pyramids are insignificant compared with the ant-hills of Africa; and the ant presenting a locust, is as if a child would drag an elephant.

THEIR SPORTS AND ATTACHMENTS.

We have described ants as ceaselessly active—labouring in constructing their nests, and toiling for the young, which they nurse long after they have arrived at maturity; but it must not be imagined that their life is one wholly of toil, and no amusement. On a fine sunny day they may often be seen basking outside their hills in dreamy listlessness; at other times they frisk about in wanton enjoyment. "You may frequently per-

ceive," says Gould, "an ant run to and fro with a fellow-labourer in his forceps, of the same species and colony. It appeared first in the light of provisions; but I was soon undeceived by observing that, after being carried for some time, it was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement, or whatever title you please to give it, is often repeated, particularly amongst the hill-ants, which are very fond of this sportive exercise." A nest of ants which Bonnet found in the head of a teazle, when enjoying the full sun, which seems the acme of formic felicity, amused themselves with carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his horse, and embracing it closely with his legs. But the most circumstantial account of their sports is given by Huber. "I approached one day," says he, "one of their formicaries (he is speaking of the brown ant), exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped together in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the temperature which they experienced at the surface of the nest. None of them were working: this multitude of accumulated insects exhibited the appearance of a boiling fluid, upon which at first the eye could scarce fix itself without difficulty. But when I set myself to follow each ant separately, I saw them approach each other, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity: with their fore-feet they patted lightly the cheeks of other ants: after these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they reared upon their hind-legs by pairs, they wrestled together, they seized one another by a mandible, by a leg or antennæ, they then let go their hold to renew the attack; they fixed themselves to each other's trunk or abdomen, they embraced, they turned each other over, or lifted each other up by turns: they soon quitted the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some which engaged in these exercises with such eagerness, as to pursue successively several workers; and the combat did not terminate till the least animated, having thrown his antagonist, accomplished his escape by concealing himself in some gallery."

The idea of amusement carries along with it a sense of affection and attachment. It has been said that no man is hopelessly bad who can laugh; the proposition may be farther generalised by affirming that no creature capable of indulging in harmless sport can be wanting in love towards others of its kind. We may therefore expect among ants not only expressions of affection, but acts of generosity, if we may be allowed thus far to humanise their conduct. "Whether ants," says Mr Kirby, "with man and some of the larger animals, experience anything like attachment to individuals, is not easily ascertained; but that they feel the full force of the sentiment which we term patriotism, or the love of the community to which they belong, is evident from the whole series of their proceedings, which all tend to promote the general good. Distress or difficulty falling

upon any member of their society generally excites their sympathy, and they do their utmost to relieve it. M. Latreille once cut off the antennæ of an ant; and its companions, evidently pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from their mouth: and whoever attends to what is going forward in the neighbourhood of one of their nests, will be pleased to observe the readiness with which they seem disposed to assist each other in difficulties. When a burden is too heavy for one, another will soon come to ease it of part of the weight; and if one is threatened with an attack, all hasten to the spot to join in repelling it.

"The satisfaction they express at meeting after absence is very striking, and gives some degree of individuality to their attachment. M. Huber witnessed the gesticulations of some ants, originally belonging to the same nest, that, having been entirely separated from each other four months, were afterwards brought together. Though this was equal to one-fourth of their existence as perfect insects, they immediately recognised each other, saluted mutually with their antennæ, and united once more to form one family."

They are also ever intent to promote each other's welfare, and ready to share with their absent companions any good thing they may meet with. Those that go abroad feed those which remain in the nest; and if they discover any stock of favourite food, they inform the whole community, as we have seen above, and teach them the way to it. Huber, for a particular reason, having produced heat, by means of a flambeau, in a certain part of an artificial formicary, the ants which happened to be in that quarter, after enjoying it for a time, hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their compatriots, whom they even carried suspended upon their jaws (their usual mode of transporting each other) to the spot, till hundreds might be seen thus laden with their friends. "These observations," he continues, "and many others, which I shall not now mention, by showing what interest the ants take in the welfare of their companions, bring to mind those ideal republics in which all wealth should be general, public interest serving as a rule of conduct for the citizens. It belonged only to Nature to realise this chimera, and it is only among insects, exempt from our passions, that she thought she could establish this order of things."

THEIR WARS AND SLAVERY.

But if they warmly love, so can they fiercely hate: their hatred generally terminating in the death of either combatant. The members of different communities often fall out and attack each other, tearing off legs and antennæ with their powerful jaws, and ejecting their poison, which seems to be as painful to their own kind as to other animals. A combat between two hostile communities is thus graphically described by the same authority:

—"Figure to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space, which separates them for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind-legs, mutually spirt their acid, then closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored."

After such combats, the slain are generally devoured, just as the strong often devour the sickly and dying of their own community. As to their taking captives for the purpose of enslaving them, we greatly doubt; indeed, from what we ourselves have witnessed, the captives are merely dragged away like any other insect of which they intend to make a meal. To the subject of ant slavery M. Huber devotes a considerable portion of his treatise, agreeing with us that adult ants are never made slaves of, but that the slaves are the produce of larvæ which have been pilfered from other nests. As he is the only author who has made this subject his special care, we are not in a position to contravert his statements; though we have reason to believe that, when the ants of one nest carry off the larvæ of another, it is not for the object of securing a stock of slaves, but merely for the present gratification of that instinct which teaches them to bear uncon-

querable love to their young. That in this manner mixed communities of ants arise, there can be no doubt; but whether the black ants, for example, found in the nests of the Amazons, act as the slaves of the latter—building, nursing, and foraging for them—rests entirely upon Huber's assertion. We are inclined to regard such mixed communities as accidental; he considers them as the result of design on the part of one class to enslave another. "The ash-coloured and mining ants," says he, "are to be considered, then, as the negroes of the Amazons: it is from among them the latter procure slaves; they kidnap them at an age when their instinct is not developed; and these insects, on being brought up by the Amazons, divide with them the fruit of their industry. Can we sufficiently admire the prudence and wisdom these insects display in the establishment of such an institution! We here trace neither servitude nor oppression; nor do the ants themselves, taken from perhaps twenty different dwellings, entertain the slightest suspicion of their being in a foreign nest: they live under the same roof in brotherly and sisterly union, and if they regard the Amazons, it is but to show them greater attention. Nature, profound in her combinations, seems fully aware that old ants would never live sociably with those of another species; but that young ants may, especially if they have been accustomed in early life to see and receive from them some attention. She seems also aware that no aversion is excited in the breasts of those which witness their birth. It is in this way she has instituted mixed or compound ant-hills; it is on this account the Amazons in their expeditions never carry off adult ants, only larvæ and pupæ; for the same reason they never seek the destruction of their enemies, their only aim being to steal from them their little ones." If this be true, the most practised slave-dealer could not do more: it is instinct as acute as human intelligence.

Equally wonderful with their slave-making propensities is the statement, that they make milk-kine, as it were, of the aphides—those little insects which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn. Ants are, it is true, excessively fond of sweets, and the honey-dew on the thorn, beech, and other trees, is greedily sought after. But for the assertion that they guard, or enclose, or tend the aphides as kine, we have never been able to find the slightest foundation. If a leaf be covered with plenty of honey-dew, an ant will regale itself without the least notice of the passing aphides; it will even walk over them in search of the delicious morsel. If, on the other hand, the honey-dew be scanty, and a stray aphis come in the way of an ant, the latter will touch it with its antennæ; and the former, on being disturbed, generally drops some of its liquid. This, however, it does as readily when touched with a piece of twig; so that when it drops its sweets on being palped by the ant, it is merely following a natural habit.

Huber, on the contrary, is of opinion that the aphides understand the wishes of the ants, dropping their fluid, in fact, as a cow yields the contents of her udder to the milkmaid. More than this: he maintains that they guard and enclose them on certain plants; that they collect them as their domestic animals in their nests; and that they even cherish their eggs as they would their own larvæ. All this is so incredible, so human-like in conduct, that we believe Huber's enthusiasm has led him to give a wrong interpretation to a very common phenomenon. Here, however, are some of his singular statements:—"The ants know full well the value of these little animals, which, it would appear, had been created for them; they constitute their sole wealth, an ant-hill being more or less rich as it is more or less provided with aphides; they are, in fact, their cattle, their cows, their goats, &c. Who could have imagined that the ants were a pastoral tribe! But a question here presents itself of some interest. Do the pucerons (aphides), which I have constantly found in nests of this species, come of their own free will to reside there, or are they brought thither by the ants? The latter appears to me most probable; for the ants are in the habit of carrying them continually from place to place, and are the individuals which receive all the advantages attending this relation. I am strongly inclined to believe that the yellow ants, and all those which are endowed with the same industry, go in search of these insects through the subterranean galleries they have formed between the roots; that they find them scattered among the grass, and bring them to the nest. I cannot conceive, if this be not the case, why there should be so many of these insects in ant-hills, for they are not equally common elsewhere. I have seldom discovered them under the grass but they were surrounded by yellow ants, which arrive at their haunts by subterranean passages, and which probably convey them to their nest in the autumn. They often seized upon them in my presence, and withdrew with them by some obscure path, which proves that these insects are at their complete disposal.

"Four or five species of ants keep pucerons in their abode; but less constantly, and in much smaller number, than the yellow ants, as they obtain a portion of their subsistence from those inhabiting trees. There are some which reach the branches, loaded with these insects, under a covered way of earth, leading directly from their nest. Here the ants are as well furnished with food as if they kept the pucerons in their own dwelling; and as often as they wish to bring these insects to their nest, they can accomplish it without the knowledge of other ants, and without incurring any risk. The red, the brown, the turf ant, and another species, excessively small, are always, during autumn, winter, and spring, in the possession of pucerons. The pucerons, then, are the domestic animals of the ants; the latter collect these

insects around them, as we collect those animals which administer to our wants near the habitation in which we reside. The animals which are subject to our control know the voice of man; the pucerons understand, as it should seem, the language of ants, and furnish them with their aliment unconstrained." Nay, what is even more startling, it is affirmed that the ants construct paddocks for these insects, to which they convey them when the weather is favourable!

Such is a hasty picture of ant life in all its phases of toil, industry, perseverance, sagacity, courage, love, hatred, harmony, and amusement.

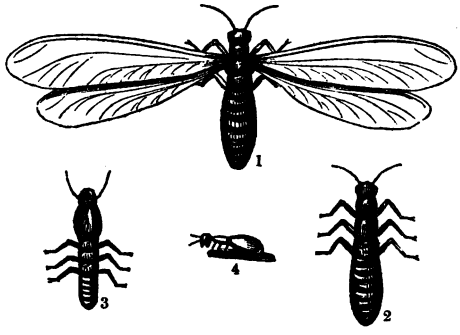
TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

Though vulgarly known by the title of "ants," these insects belong to an entirely different family.* They are *neuropterous* insects; that is, have four wings, in which the nervures or veins are boldly marked, giving to them, when viewed under the microscope, the appearance of the most beautiful network. They have received their common appellation from the similarity which exists between their economy and that of the true ants, or *Formicidæ;* namely, their living in communities, constructing hills or turrets, carefully tending their young, and being composed of males, females, and neuters. We have various passing notices by travellers of these insects, but none so complete as that of Smeathman's, of which our account may be considered as an abridgment. The termites are found in both the Indies, in Africa, and in South America, where they do vast damage, in consequence of their eating and perforating wooden buildings, utensils, furniture, and indeed all kinds of household stuff, which are utterly destroyed by them if not timely prevented. Though thus partial to vegetable food, they are, like the ants, omnivorous; and are equally capable of inflicting with their jaws very painful wounds. With the exception of their head and pincers, the termites are soft, and covered with a thin delicate skin; and in this respect also they differ from ants, which have a tough and strong integument throughout.

The termite communities consist of three orders: first, the working neuters or young; secondly, the soldiers or full-grown neuters; and thirdly, the perfect males and females, which at certain seasons are furnished with wings. The workers are by far the most numerous; and, in their perfect state, are about a

* The *Termitidæ* constitute the third family of the *Neuroptera*, and only resemble the *Formicidæ* in their habit of living in societies. The species, which are very numerous, chiefly inhabit tropical countries, there being only one or two small tree species found in the south of Europe, under the name of wood-lice. The death-watch (*Termes pulsatorius*), an insect which inhabits the wood-work of old apartments, and whose regular beatings (like those of a watch) have given rise to a very common superstition, belongs also to this family.

quarter of an inch in length. On them depends the labours of the community, the building, foraging, and nursing. The soldiers, or fighters, are few in comparison, perhaps as one to a hundred of the labourers; but they are many times larger, and armed with sharper and more formidable jaws. Their duties are confined chiefly to watching the approaches of the hill, and defending them against the approach of insect enemies. The perfect sexes are much larger than either, and are furnished with four large brown transparent wings, by which they are enabled, at the proper season, to engage on those aërial excursions necessary to the propagation of their kind. They are described as being about three quarters of an inch in length, and bulky in proportion. Instead of active, industrious, and rapacious little animals, the perfect sexes are innocent, helpless, and dastardly. At the breeding season their numbers are sometimes prodigious; but their enemies are still more numerous. They are devoured by birds, by reptiles, by the ant-eaters, and even by the inhabitants of many parts of Africa. None, perhaps, of the males survive their aërial life, and few comparatively of the females, which, on falling to the ground, are found by some of the labouring insects that are continually running about, and thus made queens and mothers of new communities. Before laying her eggs, which amount to some hundred thousands, the queen-mother becomes enormously distended, and is sometimes found to measure three or four inches in length, the abdomen being then of an oblong irregular form. In times of scarcity the Hottentots feast upon these eggs, which they call Rice, on account of their resemblance to that grain. They usually wash them, and cook them with a small quantity of water, declaring that they are savoury and nourishing. "If the people," says Mr Backhouse in his recent travels, "find out a place where the nests are numerous, they soon become fat upon the eggs, even when previously much reduced by hunger. Sometimes they will get half a bushel out of a single nest."



1. and 2. Perfect termites; 3. Soldier; 4. Worker.

There are many known species of termite, differing from each other as widely as the ants do, both in their natures and habits.

Some build irregular conical hills of eight, ten, or twelve feet in height; others erect a sort of cylindrical turret with a pointed roof; and many live on trees, in the clefts of which they construct habitations as large as a hogshead. One of the best known species is the warlike termite (*Termes bellicosus*), found all over Africa, whose economy may be taken as a type of that of the whole family. The hills of this species are composed of an exterior and an interior part. The exterior cover is a large clay shell, shaped like a dome, of strength and magnitude sufficient to enclose and protect the interior building from the injuries of the weather, and to defend its numerous inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. These hills make their first appearance in the form of conical turrets about a foot high. In a short time the insects erect at a little distance other turrets, and go on increasing their number and widening their bases, till their underworks are entirely covered with these turrets, which the animals always raise highest in the middle of the hill; and, by filling up the intervals between each, they collect them at last into one great dome. (See cut at the head of the present article.)

The royal chamber, as Mr Smeathman calls it, is always situated as near the centre of the building as possible, and is generally on a level with the common surface of the ground. It is nearly in the shape of half an egg, or an obtuse oval within, and may be supposed to represent a long oven. In the infant state of the colony, it is not above an inch in length; but in time it becomes increased to six or eight inches, or more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions.

As the entrances into this royal chamber admit no animals larger than the labourers or soldiers, of course the king and queen can never possibly get out. This chamber is surrounded by an innumerable quantity of others, of different sizes, figures, and dimensions; all of them arched either in a circular or an elliptical form. These chambers either open into each other, or have communicating passages, which, being always clear, are evidently intended for the convenience of the soldiers and attendants, of whom great numbers are necessary. The latter apartments are joined by the magazines and nurseries.

The magazines are chambers of clay, and are at all times well stored with provisions, which, to the naked eye, seem to consist of the raspings of wood and plants; but, when examined by the microscope, they are found to consist chiefly of the gums or inspissated juices of plants, thrown together in small irregular masses. The nurseries are always intermixed with the magazines, and are buildings totally different from the rest of the apartment. These are composed entirely of wooden materials, which seem to be cemented with gums. They are invariably occupied by the

eggs, and the young, which first appear in the shape of labourers. These buildings are exceedingly compact, and are divided into a number of small irregular-shaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. They are placed all round, and as near as possible to the royal apartments. When a nest is in an infant state, the nurseries are close to the royal apartment. But as in process of time the body of the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary, for her accommodation, to augment the dimensions of her chamber. She then likewise lays a greater number of eggs, and requires more attendants; of course it is necessary that both the number and dimensions of the adjacent apartments should be augmented. For this purpose the small first-built nurseries are taken to pieces, rebuilt a little farther off, and made a size larger, and their number at the same time is increased. Thus the animals are continually employed in pulling down, repairing, or rebuilding their apartments; and these operations they perform with wonderful sagacity, regularity, and foresight.

In and around these habitations the workers and soldiers are continually bustling; but, what is remarkable, they seldom expose themselves to the open air, but travel under-ground, or within such trees or substances as they destroy. It is this habit which renders them so destructive in any inhabited district, as they eat their way into every post, pillar, and rafter, leaving nothing but a frail film outside, which in time breaks down under the slightest pressure. They are not less expeditious in destroying the shelves, wainscoting, and other fixtures of a house, than the house itself. They are ever piercing and boring in all directions, and sometimes go out of the broadside of one post into that of another joining to it; but they prefer, and always destroy, the softer substances first, and are particularly fond of pine and fir boards, which they excavate, and carry away with wonderful despatch and cunning. When they attack trees and branches in the open air, they sometimes vary their manner of doing it. If a stake in a hedge has not taken root and vegetated, it becomes their business to destroy it; if it has a good sound bark round it, they will enter at the bottom, and eat all but the bark, which will remain, and exhibit the appearance of a solid post; but if they cannot trust the bark, they cover the whole stick with their mortar, to give it stability. Under this covering they work, leaving no more of the stick and bark than is barely sufficient to support it, and frequently not the smallest particle; so that, upon a very small tap with your walking-stick, the whole stake, though it looked sound and strong, will crumble into a thousand fragments.

Unlike the ants, they do not wage war upon each other; but they are frequently, if found above ground, engaged in combats with these insects. Though possessing very powerful mandibles, they are not a match for the ants, which soon pierce their soft

and partaking the admiration, which was felt in Italy and Germany much more intensely than in Britain, for the poems of that noble personage, he translated into Italian prose the poetical drama of Manfred. Upon presenting it to Byron, the latter expressed his surprise that he should have turned a poem into prose; and as Pellico maintained it was impossible to translate it properly into poetry, Byron presented to him, upon a subsequent meeting, his own tragedy in an English poetical dress, as a practical refutation of his opinion.

The great acquirements of Pellico, and his amiable and pleasing manners, rendered his society much sought after in Milan. The Count Briche committed to his care one of his sons, and subsequently he became tutor to the sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, one of the wealthiest of the Lombardian nobility, in whose house he associated with persons of the first distinction. With the Count Porro himself he was united in the closest friendship.

Distressed with the general want of enlightenment among the people, and conceiving that the establishment of a literary and scientific journal might improve the public mind, Silvio, in 1819, broached the idea to Porro and some of his literary companions. All were delighted with it; Count Porro advanced the funds necessary for the purpose, and the plan was put in execution. The journal was called *The Conciliator*, and had for contributors men of the greatest eminence in Italy. Besides those resident in Milan, were Romagnosi of Venice, a celebrated jurisconsult; Melchior Gioja, a political economist; Manzoni, at once a poet and prose writer of the first order; Grossi, the author of *Ildegonda;* and Brechet. Maroncelli, fated to be Pellico's future companion in captivity, was also one of the contributors.

The press was under the strictest censorship. The Austrian government seemed to tremble at the least symptom of liberality of opinion. *The Conciliator* was soon exposed to the corrections of the censor. Though politics were not discussed, the liberal tone of some of its articles on literature was offensive. They were erased, and the journal went forth with half its columns blank. It was therefore given up.

In 1820 the unfortunate revolution of Naples took place. The jealous government of Austria had its fears more than ever excited. A proclamation was issued, attaching the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. The party in Italy, whose object it was to cast off the galling yoke of foreigners, was styled that of the *Carbonari*, for the suppression of whom every Italian government diligently laboured. The emperor of Austria was not in the rear: numberless arrests were made, upon the merest suspicion of disaffection, throughout what he designated "The Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom." Two distinguished citizens of Milan were exposed to the jealousy of the government, from the enlightened efforts they had made for the improvement

of their country. These were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who appropriated a great part of their possessions to the truly patriotic designs of founding infant and other schools, of promoting the arts, and of introducing into Italy the great discoveries of modern times. Confalonieri visited Paris and London to study the modes of instruction in the schools of France and England, in order to institute them in Italy. He also sent from London the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of gas, for lighting the streets of Milan, the expense of which he and Porro bore jointly. They also, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, constructed the first steamboat which appeared in Italy. These were the exertions that rendered them objects of hatred and suspicion to the Austrians. The contributors to *The Conciliator*, established at the expense of Porro, were also looked upon with an evil eye. Orders for the arrest of them all were issued. Porro was the only person who escaped, by a timely flight into a foreign country. Confalonieri was taken from a sick-bed, and the arms of an affectionate wife. Pellico and the others were all arrested. Alas! poor Pellico. Let us follow him to prison, and hear him tell the story of his sufferings.*

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

On Friday the 13th of October 1820 I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita—formerly a convent, and now the head office of the extensive police establishment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, after an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the jailer, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, politely invited me to deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets; which having obtained, he with some ceremony wished me good evening.

In less than half an hour my dinner arrived; I ate a few mouthfuls, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened on a courtyard, with cells all around, cells on the right and on the left, opposite and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood some time listening to the tramp of the jailers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs of some of the prisoners.

I fell into reflection: a century ago, this prison was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would come when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable ribaldry, and would hold within them the refuse of society—wretches destined to the hulks or the

* What follows is an abridgment of Pellico's narrative, translated from the original Italian.

gallows? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time, and the instability of things! Should any one complain that fortune ceases to smile upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. I leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb in all the grandeur of funereal pomp.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable sweep of time; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, came to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Tenderer thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night I slept a little. I became gradually resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I yet thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved; but I no longer despaired of their strength of mind: the recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on their behalf.

In the course of the day which followed I was again called to an examination; and it was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the process thus continued, the days passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in reflecting upon all those things upon which I would probably be next interrogated.

At the end of the first week a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero, equally eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino* (officer of the prison), but by an unfortunate prisoner who was employed in performing services in our rooms. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment. With a needle which I had, I pricked my finger and wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

Called to the bar, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter covered with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it

contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked with what I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was dissolved in tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the jailer and his *secondini* after him. They shook their heads, and said, "He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now somewhat more quiet." And they refused to give any further explanation. Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the blows inflicted upon him, or from the consequences of those blows?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath the portico with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of answering interrogatories, and there was nothing to occupy the day, I found in all its bitterness the weight of solitude.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; the jailer placed his whole library at my disposition, which contained some romances by Scuderi, Piazzi, and others worse than they; but my mind was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except at certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To live free is a thing infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one reflects that God is present, that the joys of this world are transitory, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in exterior objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing impunity by the destruction of others, my lot could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It behoved me, therefore, to conform to destiny: I will breathe, said I, as long as they grant me a puff of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last gasp—I will die.

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have all possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence: an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, such and such for

friends, a good education, a love of letters, &c.; who had had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune! Sometimes, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned.

During the first days I had made a friend: it was not the jailer, nor any of his *secondini*, nor any of those conducting my process. I speak, nevertheless, of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, and they came out to take the air in the court-yard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and made some gesticulations. I threw to him a lump of bread; he took it up, made a few gambols from joy, ran to his companions, gave some to all, and came afterwards to eat his small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but durst not approach. The deaf and dumb one had a great sympathy for me, which was sufficiently disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could not swallow any more. If he saw a *secondino* going into my room, he gave him the bread that he might restore it to me.

Yet although he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, placing his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a *secondino* permitted him to enter my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran to me to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and I cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me. How much love was there in that dear little breast! How I should have wished to educate him, and to have saved him from his abject state!

I never knew his name; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not wherefore, by the jailer. Strange! we look upon it as the height of misfortune to live in such places, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness there, as could the son of a prince at his age.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a yearning desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my intercourse with the poor child; but I was doomed to disappointment. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the

courtyard, but, alas! no longer on the ground-floor, no longer in a place where it was possible for me to converse with my little mute. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He had comprehended he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me: the *secondini* wished to remove him: I took him in my arms, and, dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, so gloomy and so unclean, deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person highly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that they had given him writing materials, and then he remained all the day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his chamber in company with the jailer, and went to the examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an amiable man, and the most profound thinker that the economical sciences have had in Italy in these latter times. My heart was seized with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, art here!

After spending some time in looking at him, in speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented with myself. This shows that the appearance even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from a poor dumb boy; at present I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit.

Some *secondini* told him, doubtless, where I was. One morning, in opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation to me; I used the same signal to reply to him. Oh! what joy filled my bosom at that moment! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together: my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress; we gesticulated without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we were perfectly conscious of each other's meaning. In reality we did understand one another; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

Oh what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future! The future came; but our signals were not repeated! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my kerchief, but in vain! The *secondino* told me that he had been commanded not to provoke my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him; and we thus knew how to say a good many

things to each other. In a few weeks I was consoled in knowing that the worthy man had been set at liberty. [He is since dead.]

One morning an official who had taken down my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I should prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said, "It is your father; be good enough to follow me." I followed him into the office, agitated with joy and tenderness, and striving to preserve a serene air, to tranquillise my father.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it had taken place from suspicions of little importance, and that I should soon regain my liberty; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The short conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, so much the more, that I compelled myself to repress every symptom of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from a father, to flatter him with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, my brothers, my sisters, whom I thought at least I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able. Oh never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, almost consoled, and I returned to my prison with my heart torn. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I endeavoured to ease my emotions by abandoning myself to tears: this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear. Not being able to weep in excessive grief is the most deplorable of misfortunes, and it is what I have often suffered.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a horrible headache. I could not swallow during the whole day a mouthful of soup. Next day I had recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's Day 1821, the Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the obstacle which the presence of an officer presented to the overflowing of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me,

the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to raise in my heart a terrible tempest. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

IMPRISONMENT AT VENICE.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night between the 18th and 19th of February, when I was awakened by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B——, who politely requested me to take the trouble of dressing myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that they were going to conduct me to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be dissipated?—that I should again enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such delusions agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my companions. "Where are we going?" said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an officer of gendarmerie.

"I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan," he replied. I did not speak. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone serenely. I looked upon those well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand sweet recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we went out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I allowed more than a mile to be passed, when I said to the Count B——, "I suppose we are going to Verona?" "A good deal farther," answered he; "we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission."

We travelled without stopping, and on the 20th of February we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel "della Luna." It was strange enough that the count and the gendarme conducted me to that very same hotel.

A servant of the hotel trembled when he recognised me, and

made the least movement, and disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means to lessen the infliction, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more an inclination for suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The misfortune was, that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from the excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a biographical form. I composed the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil within me since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertained, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read, I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to scratch out with the glass what I had written, so as to render the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I recommenced reading, re-reading, and then effacing.

In order to avoid any impediment to my justly and freely

accounting with myself for the facts which I recollected, and for my opinions, as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon; that is to say, with transpositions of letters, and abbreviations, which were quite familiar to myself. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legalised* quire of paper.

This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I cast my first ideas in composition upon the table or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the *secondini*, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at amusement the summer vanished. In the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But one morning the jailer came, and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I, first of all, had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider which had become familiarised with me departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and return? And now that I am going away, if it return, it will find the prison empty; or if it meet with a new host, he will be, perchance, an enemy to spiders, who will sweep away with his slipper this goodly web, and crush the poor animal.

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chillness in the winter months.

The window fronting the west was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were near mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It

was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, and we communicated to each other our names.

I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and hearing the door open, I did not stir. It was the jailer, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

"Do you not see," said I, "most stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here through curiosity?"

"I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape." So I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six others detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more perfect than the past, I found myself in a sort of world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility and compassion.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. I had been arrested on the 13th of that month the preceding year. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a man of merit, whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself involuntarily. In my early youth, in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concourse of bitter recollections springing from this month weighed upon my spirits.

I took up the pen to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible force seemed to compel me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tenderness, of my recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my indulgent and affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them, inspired me with a thousand impassioned sentiments. And after writing hours and hours, there were always thoughts which remained for expression.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother,

or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted.

Sometimes, during these short hallucinations, I thought I heard my mother consoling the others, coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how, at such times, my heart was lacerated.

At night, my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light, with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed, to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into this, because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, sometimes that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; sometimes that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I started to my feet with precipitation, I looked around me, I trod with apprehension, and I asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them.

In the morning they always vanished; and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors, that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning, after coffee, I was seized with diarrhœa and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The jailer, his wife, and the *secondini*, were in terror, but none of them would explain to me the mystery. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to the criminal prisons. The reader may imagine the agitation I was in all that day and the following night, and during several days, that I could learn no further intelligence.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of

a number of persons were made public; but no names were as yet given. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others were to be imprisoned for fifteen (and in both cases they had to undergo their sentence in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia), and some for ten years at the least (these last in the fortress of Lubiana). Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is come, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my conscience by repentance? Judging with the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of the wise, is not this death preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside petty thoughts?

The justice of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind, that the horror of death, and of this mode of death, was entirely dissipated. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid affection for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel; could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I were then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me (they were the voices of the jailer, his wife, his sons, and the *secondini*) exclaimed, "Fire! fire!—we are lost!" The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the *secondini* shouted out, "But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?" The jailer answered, "I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the commission. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave." "I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!"

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing, whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burned alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire? I made this reflection, and was ashamed at my

terror. I was about to cry to the jailer to open the door for the love of God, but I checked myself. Nevertheless I was in fear.

After a lengthened disturbance the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning I learned from one of the jailers the particulars of this fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice; but for what purpose was not mentioned. A moment after the jailer entered, accompanied by the *secondini*, and a man whom I had never seen before. The jailer appeared confused, and the new-comer took the word: "Signor, the commission orders you to follow me." "I am ready," I answered; "and you, who are you?" "I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, where you are about to be transferred."

The jailer of the Leads handed over to the latter my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the *secondini*; I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two *secondini* of the new jailer, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand inconsistent feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at seeing the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the joyous gondola which in a more happy time bore me on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone! Oh smiling years, for ever gone! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife, and the four *secondini*. But they made me only short visits, and, full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of February. On that day the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the morning; he led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found upon their seats the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose.

The president, with a tone of dignified commiseration, told me that the sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence—Condemned to death. Then he read the imperial rescript—The penalty is commuted to fifteen

years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg. I replied—"God's will be done!"

I had, in truth, the disposition to receive, like a Christian, this horrible annunciation, and neither to testify nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president applauded my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope. "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality."

"Be it so," I replied.

"From this moment," he resumed, "we allow you the society of your friend."

And having called the jailer, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions! The ecstacies of friendship made us almost forget, for the moment, our condemnation.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, to take the pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my sad lot should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the pious calmness of my language. The judges promised to expedite my letter without delay.

Maroncelli talked to me afterwards of his process, and I of mine. We related, by turns, our prison adventures; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together, each condemned to imprisonment, the first to six years, and the second to three. The third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who, during the previous months, had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was not long in being liberated as guiltless.

We conversed together all the day and all the evening; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune! Would their other sons suffice to console them? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so; but do a father and a mother ever find, in the children who are spared to them, a compensation for those who are lost?

At nine in the morning Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped

at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. We waited a long time. It was already noon when the inquisitor came to announce that we had to proceed. The physician came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention, as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. His name was Doctor Dosmo. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted.

The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence, until the expression—*condemned to death.* Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words—*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*

The captain made us a sign to descend: we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to Saint Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the conduct of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being intrusted also with the duty of convoying us to our destination. We waited for him a month.

When he arrived, and visited us, "I have the pleasure," said he, "of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his imperial majesty, the emperor, at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half."

This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us; but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I

could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest, attended with coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. I ate very little, and that little was indigestible.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

Our departure from Venice took place in the night of the 25th and 26th March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Doctor Armari. Then an officer fastened on us a chain, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We entered a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards completed the convoy, armed with sabres and muskets; some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a horrible climate, there to languish for years, surrounded by jailers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which everywhere the persons we met expressed for us. In every town, in every village, in every solitary hamlet, we were looked for, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we reached the place of our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen to decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill on which is erected that fatal fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but they have contented themselves with rebuilding a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down.

About three hundred condemned persons, chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there; some subjected to hard labour *(carcere duro)*, others to the hardest labour *(carcere durissimo)*.

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained, in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely affording scope to turn round on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. We, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us out. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to tranquillise my mind; the reasonings of philosophy were insufficient.

Having left Venice in bad health, the journey had been attended with wretched fatigue; my head, my whole body, was distracted with pain—and I burned with fever. Physical distemper contributed to the irritation of my mind, which in its turn doubtless aggravated my bodily ills.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names amongst those of the malefactors. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection. "I recommend you to be docile," said he to us; "the least infraction of discipline will receive from the superintendent a severe punishment." The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. Each was locked up in his den.

The bitterest of all calamities surely occurs when, after bidding adieu to so many objects, and two friends equally unfortunate are left alone, these friends are forcibly separated. Such a separation is the bitterest of calamities. Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a man whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health, torn, perhaps for ever, from the refreshing light of the sun. And, like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he in reality drooped and faded! He has again emerged into light, but alas! in what a state.

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

Half an hour afterwards I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened. A jailer, whose name was Schiller, entered, and delivered me a pitcher of water. He was an old man, and I could observe that he felt compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me, and report on my case. Doctor Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the storey above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been addressed to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, the count replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed.

Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight penetrated; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view enchanted me. Oh how I should have rejoiced to partake it with Maroncelli!

They were preparing, in the meantime, our prison dresses, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side gray and the left side a brown colour; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the gray colour being to the left and the capuchin to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of unwoven flax, stinging to the skin like a true haircloth; for the neck was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the wardrobe.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails rivetted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had gone, I heard the hammer upon the anvil sounding from below—doubtless they were rivetting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became united in a tender friendship. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. Oh how greatly we comforted

each other!—how many times, after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! Each of us felt himself indispensable to the other, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that delicious feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which they gave us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called "*a quarter portion*"—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very light soups each day, a very small morsel of roast lamb, which could be swallowed at a bite, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite kept increasing, and I felt this *quarter* verily too little. I tried to return to the allowance of those who were in health, but I took nothing by the attempt: it disgusted me so effectually, that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the "quarter." For more than a year I learnt what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being of robuster constitutions than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, whose kind-heartedness was remarkable, though he had a rough exterior.

Several times this good man brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner—that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have flown to devour it; but if I had taken it, would not Schiller desire to bring me something every day?

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these fruits was irresistible. I repented of having accepted them, because he did not cease to offer me more.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have, twice a-week, an hour's walking; afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day; and at last every day, except festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished beneath.

"A pleasant walk!" murmured each of them through the loophole of his door; but I was not permitted to stop to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brünn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak was always a great number of

ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Amongst them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves, "This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours." They had, in fact, much more liberty than I. These words, and many others, I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of the physician to cause their removal.

For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep.

The physician answered that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was vexed with having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards wished to advance a pace to close the door; but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried, "Oh, my God! show mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!"

The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!" I did not know what to reply: I was beside myself with joy and emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out, "Shall we never see each other again in this world?"

We did not see each other again. Some months after, his cell was vacant, and Oroboni lay in the cemetery which I had before my eyes.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint. My limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.

They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. The sentinel of the corridor

looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few moments after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot upside down lying near me, he judged me dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also; the physician was likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some sort of a cordial, but my stomach would retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and he despatched a courier to Vienna to ask how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to cause me to be attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Further, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and pottages from his own kitchen as long as the malady should continue serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I got worse and worse; I was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me as attendants, and they served me with affection. Each time that I resumed a little consciousness Kral repeated to me, "Have confidence in God, sir; God alone is good."

"Pray to Him for me," said I to him; "not that he will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins."

He suggested to me the idea of calling for the sacraments.

"If I have not demanded them already," I answered, "attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them."

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. I was pleased with this priest; his name was Sturm. The reflections which he delivered to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of all the things of this world, were not commonplaces. They bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments, seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life; but it afterwards served to assist me, by plunging me into a lethargy, which produced some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician, entered with

smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said, "We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents." Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

Oh what a moment was that! "Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!" we each exclaimed. "How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!"

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was necessarily less struck at finding me so wasted, knowing from how severe an illness I had just escaped. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before —I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered from grief, from hunger, from the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to see and hear each other, to be assured we should not again be separated. It was likewise consolatory to write to my parents, which I now did, and the letter was duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. A smile generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual excitation to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, the greatest part of the day, and we gave to conversation the times of dinner and of the promenade, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others; while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824 a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased. How did we pass all the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827! We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally. The prison became for us a real tomb,

in which, however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a severe inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened our mattresses to search the insides. Although it was impossible they could find anything clandestine with us, this visit, made in so hostile a manner, so suddenly, and so often repeated, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now*, I looked back with regret upon those years, as to a time of enjoyment!

By making the punishment commence not at the epoch of my arrest, but at that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time, Maroncelli and I sometimes imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us a subject of conversation replete with anxiety, emotion, and love.

But when we saw August pass, then September, then that whole year, we accustomed ourselves to hope nothing more on this earth except the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits! They embellish even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love him!

The first day of August 1830 appeared. It was not far from ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

This day, after returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell. "I am very sorry to disturb your dinner," said he, "but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here."

As this latter personage never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the room of audience.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in disconnected words, as if he were afraid of producing upon us too great a sensation of surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure—I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy——"

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as exempting us from the tiresomeness of labour, permitting us some more books, or granting us less disgusting food. "Do you not understand?" added the director.

"No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant."

"It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace."

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilee. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had had no intelligence for so long a time. Should we still find them on earth? This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

"You remain mute," said the police-director. "I expected to have seen you jump for joy."

"I beseech you," answered I, "to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, it is impossible not to fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that redoubled my fear that some misfortune had happened.

"Return into your chamber," resumed the director, "and before long I will show you the other prisoner who has also received pardon."

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be the poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner. We conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were lacerated as we passed before the cells of so many beloved beings, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still languish there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and thus, in the clothing of galley-

slaves, with the exception of chains, we descended that disastrous hill, and were conducted into the city to the prisons of the police. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene!

We waited in the prisons of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was spared. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna, I was in a fever; for eight days I was under medical treatment, and at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day that revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it; but it was very probable that, as the crisis was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a moment allow us to return to our country. We were well convinced they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be suggested to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Brash. There I again became ill; but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, there came a counter order. We were commanded to halt in this place until further directions.

I leave to be imagined how disagreeable this event was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My fatal malady was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me with joy, as well as my companions; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the hour of a fatal discovery —the hour which would unfold to me that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connexions, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our language, affected me much; but the emotion produced tears rather than smiles. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; sometimes tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary ills; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me such proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. It was a parting of the most tender kind, not unaccompanied with tears. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. On the 9th of September, two days after, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! and much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

I was still not free. The brigadier, on leaving me, handed me over to the Piedmontese carabineers. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine; he was much obliged that I allowed him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabineer was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabineers, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went

to bed, and after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning, immediately arose, and got through some very long hours. I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last a letter arrived from my father.

Oh what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers, and my eldest sister, were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, the Marietta, who had entered the convent of the Visitation, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to breathe nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Days passed, and permission to leave Novara did not come. On the morning of the 16th September this permission was at last given me, and then I was freed from the tutelage of the carabineers. Oh how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without the incumbrance of guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few persons, acquaintances of my father, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The fortunate sun of the 17th of September arose. We continued our journey, and did not reach Turin until the evening.

Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so endeared to me, when I beheld, when I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am, the most enviable of mortals!

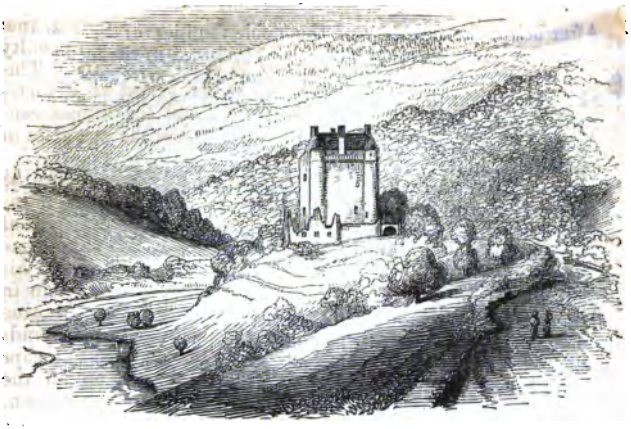
CONCLUSION.

After his restoration to his native country, Silvio Pellico has remained in tranquillity and retirement, surrounded by his family, the recollection of which forms so frequent a source of inspiration to him in the memoir of his imprisonment. Expectations are still formed of his reappearance in the field of literature, in which he early gained so brilliant a renown. But the captious censorship which weighs upon the Italian press, must be a serious impediment to the effusions of his genius. One of the works he composed beneath the Leads of Venice, *Ester d'Engaddi*, which was considered, even by the commission appointed by the emperor of Austria to conduct the process against him, as unobjectionable, was acted at Turin in 1831, the year after his liberation, with the highest applause, as well as another piece entitled *Gismonda*. Both were immediately interdicted by the jealousy

of Italian despotism. It has been stated in the introduction, that the Austrian government published a decree annexing the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. This extreme sentence, however, at least up to the period of Pellico's sufferings, was not carried into execution; and the utmost vengeance of the government went no further than the severities of long and ignominious confinement.

The Count Arrivabene, who is mentioned by Silvio Pellico as having been discharged from the prison of Saint Michael as innocent, found himself, shortly after, exposed to the suspicions of the government, and judged it expedient to fly. His only crime was having received Porro, Pellico, and some others at his country-house near Mantua, as they returned from a trip in Porro's steamboat from Pavia to Venice. He fled from Mantua to Brescia, where he imparted his and their danger to his friends Ugoni and Scalvini, who joined him in his endeavour to escape into Switzerland. Gendarmes had been despatched on all the routes to arrest Arrivabene as soon as his departure was known. He and his friends effected their retreat into Switzerland, disguised as cattle-drovers, but were very nearly caught. They had to pass an inn in which three gendarmes, lying in wait for them, were asleep; and at the moment they reached the Swiss frontier, they were so exhausted, from having had no interval of repose for sixty hours, that they fell upon the ground in the presence of the Austrian soldiers, who were close upon their heels when they crossed the line which separated tyranny from freedom. They were, however, safe. Count Porro also effected his escape from Italy. The gendarmes entered his house at one door as he left it by another. Confalonieri was prevented from executing the same manœuvre by finding a door locked, the key of which had been altered by his intendant without his knowledge.

Francis I., emperor of Austria, in whose reign these arrests and barbarities were perpetrated, died in 1835, and was succeeded by his eldest son Ferdinand, whose mind and body are both in a very enfeebled condition. It is a somewhat fortunate circumstance that his weak understanding takes a childish delight in pomp and ceremony; and having already undergone the pageantry of two coronations in Austria and Hungary, he some time ago favoured his Italian dominions with a third, and had himself crowned as king of Lombardy at Milan. This event had the auspicious consequence of re-opening their country to the political exiles, who had, since 1820, been suffering their voluntary banishment. The occurrence of the coronation was taken hold of as a fitting period for grace, and pardon was extended, without, as it is believed, any exceptions, to all the Italians expatriated on political grounds. It is to be hoped a more merciful policy will illustrate the reign of Ferdinand than that which blackened the age of Francis.



TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk, and in sight of Peebles, one of the most picturesquely-situated towns in Scotland. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands projects into the centre of the vale, here remarkably narrow, and around the southern base of the knoll winds the clear and sparkling Tweed. Immediately below, on the east, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A kind of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with Neidpath, like a gray-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, partially ruinous though it now be. It is an old baronial tower, of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is approached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gateway of which still bears a deer's head couped, and bunch of strawberries, the cognizance of the Frasers, once lords of the fortlet castle, and probably its founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a bartisan or terrace, passing between two corner turrets, and affording a splendid view of the adjacent country.

being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased in the latter part of the seventeenth century by William, Duke of Queensberry, for his second son the Earl of March, in whose hands an event occurred which forms one of the traditionary tales of the district.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of March, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the Countess of March, whose pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shown by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to a union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was therefore summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without their consent. So far, she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The earl and countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected in haughty terms the proposal of Tushielaw; while they gave a deathblow to his hopes, by informing him that Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love

for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features. The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude, to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary, beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy which resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still, hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the intreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was, in the meantime, merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers; for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate, than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her de-

solate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footstep, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hill-sides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland. The winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the wo-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude; but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with despatches for Tushielaw, informing him of his

daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement Lady Mary was cautiously informed by her mother, and she listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the continent, and she who had courted death was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived; and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal gateway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety her sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear,

which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air; yet no one but herself distinguished that sound of horses' feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised to fling back from the keenly-hearing ear, and the sharply-searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark-brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth—"It is he!" Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest object, came on, and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who, with a trembling intensity of feeling, watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

This melancholy event, it will be recollected, forms the theme of one of Campbell's most beautiful lyrics:—

> But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
> Though her smile on him was dwelling.
> And am I then forgot—forgot?—
> It broke the heart of Ellen.
>
> In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs—
> Her cheek is cold as ashes;
> Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
> To lift their silken lashes.

BURNET OF CASTLEHILL.

In consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire for a time to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he

occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable, by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly-cultivated field and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild-boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only "the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy."

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of multure is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples; but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of "a jolly miller." Andrew bore a high character for honesty; a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family, for three generations, had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early

in life, but for many years had been unblessed with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoilt child; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoilt child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V., the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted; and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favourite pupil of the refugee; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care, as betokened some pur-

pose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryste* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone—though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip—before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting. "Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?" said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; "they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryste to meet you a second time." "And so you do like me weel, Mary?" said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; "at least you should do so, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply I like you." "It does not seem sae, Edward," replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader that the miller had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm

which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we have said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. "He's a roving kind o' chield," thought Andrew Tod; "but Mary wad mak onybody into a gude husband."

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her, with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. "Oh, Mary," said the lover, "I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs alang wi' riches. But you must promise me," continued he, speaking with great earnestness—"you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours." Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness, "Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think of him." Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still; but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness, "Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then," said she with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview, it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated; Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us request the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared particularly to be the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half a dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them. "Ha, my lads," said

Elliot, "is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?" "I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost, wasna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter." "Confound the brat," said Elliot; "I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?" Some of the men said No, and others Yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. "Never mind," said he at last; "I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling of them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?" "I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting dress," replied the man who spoke before, "but there was a servant wi' him." "He is oftener alone though," said Elliot, "and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield castle, for I saw him pay a boy for pointing out his road out of a large purse filled with the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours. Drink to our success, lads." More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw —for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting coat, was passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall, and finely-formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood when a man sprang from its cover, and seizing the stranger's arm with a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and, exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding farther, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck.

He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter; for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one; but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. "It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him as weel as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can." The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two quickly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learnt on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. "It maun hae been some of the same forest gang that cleared the Dawick barn the other night," said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack: "within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: deil be in their skins." Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but he declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dig-

nity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an undefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shown enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance; but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. "It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himsel', who was attacked yestreen; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield castle, that it was Will Elliot who played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary; and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them." And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found; for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great

suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom; and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had, in the course of several years, annoyed and alarmed the country-side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had sheltered a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

Amidst the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the sky-lark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen

years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in

her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they 'took sweet counsel,' and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of

'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear—'Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent intreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending

the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the

deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God

to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day for a single instant the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

NEIL MACLAREN.

The little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure nearly a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. "Confoun' these mists!" muttered he; "they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing," continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—"no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily taen by the sodgers." The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very

persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high-treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely-formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was "in the king's name." This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it "in the king's name."

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the "puir chield" who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to show, exclaimed, "Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been." The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black,

the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. "Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman," said he when alone with his wife; "whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we haena heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!" To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of, "My puir dochter—my puir Ailie!" The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind; for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn *at last* from his home by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hill-sides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely-pyramidal height (for so it is shown to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errick-Stane-Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-Tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnstone used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size

of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-Tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath, "Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!" while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king nor kaisar. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-Tub without the slightest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the bloodhound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house,

following, not the road by which he had come, but the hill-sides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie, with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire from the peat-stalk. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and finding, by the terrified "Gudesake! what's that!" that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then, having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached the Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted; and the servants of the household being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept "tumbling and rolling" down the Devil's Beef-Tub, though called upon to halt "in the king's name." The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a dunie-

wassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered (chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-saved *pose*) the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

THE FIRST EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

In the lower part of Peeblesshire, on the south bank of the Tweed, stands Traquair House, the seat of the Earls of Traquair, of one of whom tradition has preserved some particulars which throw a light on the manners of a bygone age.

Sir John Stewart, created Earl of Traquair by Charles I. in 1628, was also raised by that monarch to the dignity of Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, in which office he acted a conspicuous part in the history of that stirring period. Circumstances having on one occasion led the earl to visit Jedburgh, he there learned that a person of whom he had some knowledge, Willie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, was in confinement for cattle-stealing—an offence far from uncommon in these times. Interested in the fate of the Borderer, the earl exerted his influence, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage.

Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his services to kidnap the president.

On due inquiry, the unscrupulous Borderer found that it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the

Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea: his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office.

Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Madge* the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set his prisoner at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up.

The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when the president appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary; until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, who died in July 1646.

Lord Traquair does not appear to have been benefited by the unlawful exploit of the Border freebooter. From a high position in the state, he made a fall as great as was ever known in the vicissitudes of court favour: from being a wealthy and influential nobleman, he actually sunk to the condition of a beggar in the street. The cause of this extraordinary decline of fortune is to be found partly in the political troubles and changes in the reign of Charles I., and partly in private misfortune. For some reason, now unknown, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and like most others who, during their lives, have abandoned their entire means to their children, he was left by his ungrateful descendant to pine and die in misery, an object of commiseration to strangers. In a history of the Family of Fraser, by the Rev. James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill, on the Beauly Firth, the writer mentions the following circumstances of this unfortunate earl, under the date 1668:—

"A remarkable death this year was that of John Stewart, the old Earl of Traquair, time, place, and manner considered. This

man was King James VI.'s cousin and courtier. Charles I. sent him as High Commissioner down to Scotland, and he sat as viceroy in the parliament, June 1639. He was early at court, the haven of happiness for all aspiring spirits; and this broke him at last—he became the tennis-ball of fortune. What power and sway, place and preferment, he had then, I need not mention; only this, keeping then with the revered bishops, and tampering under board with the Covenanters, he acknowledged to be his bane; but whether then by his own misconduct, or by paction and resignation of his interest to his son, or the immediate hand of God upon him, I search not, but he proved a true emblem of the vanity of the world—a very meteor. I saw him, in 1661, begging in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and pannier breeches; and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Calbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself, were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said that at a time he had not [wherewithal] to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house."

ALLAN SCOTT.

On the bank of a small mountain rivulet which dashes down towards the Tweed, about the centre of the county, stands a neat though humble cot, the residence not many years ago of Allan Scott, a youth whose early fate excited considerable interest in the district.

The father of Allan was an exemplification of a truth most honourable to human nature. He evinced in his own person how much respect and esteem can be attained by sobriety and good conduct, even in the midst of poverty and distress. Everybody loved the old man, who was a hard-working tradesman, and when sorrow fell upon him, there was no one in our little town who did not sympathise with him. Allan was an only son, and was about thirteen years of age when his mother died, and the first blow was given to his father's happiness. The old man's health became broken, and it was only at intervals that he was able to work, and to teach his son his own trade. Hence, willing and diligent as Allan was, his want of skill rendered him barely able to maintain his father and himself during those attacks of illness which fell more severely upon the old man the oftener they were repeated. It was an affecting sight at these times to see the son, in the short moments of evening relaxation, supporting and tending his infirm parent, as they crept slowly along the river-bank—the walk which the old man loved most, having been that which he had often trod with his departed partner

by his side, and that dutiful son, then a playful child, gambolling around them. Allan, too, loved the Tweed, in whose clear pools he had learned, in his happy schooldays, to be a bold and adroit swimmer. But little leisure was now left him for such amusements. His nights, after returning from the customary walk, were spent in the same incessant watching over his father's comforts. Their solitary little dwelling was seldom intruded upon, except by the kind inquiries, and sometimes kinder offers, of a friendly neighbour. For the former the inmates were always grateful, and the latter were always civilly declined. In truth, Allan struggled to do all and everything that was necessary. The old man had through life preserved a manly spirit of independence in his bosom, and the son strove, with perhaps an overnice filial tenderness, that his father should in his weakness and age feel dependence on none but him. But for some consciousness of this, many might have offered a little assistance; for many pitied, and all respected the humble pair. This very respect, however, rendered it a delicate matter to obtrude charity on those who, if they did feel pinching poverty, bore it meekly and uncomplainingly.

And in reality Allan and his father were in distress, which was put beyond a doubt by the step taken by them to relieve it. We say *them*, because, though the son was the true and only actor in the matter, yet the consent and blessing of the old man went with him in his honest endeavour. After a severe and protracted attack of his father's complaint, during which Allan's attendance had been so much required as to trench deeply on his earnings, the humble pair found that they would be totally unable to meet the approaching rent-day. This was a source of grievous anxiety to them; for though they had often met the same demand with difficulty, they never before had been so totally unprovided. The old man had recovered so far as to resume his work, and the first idea of a remedy for their need suggested itself to him. How reluctantly this idea was admitted into his mind, may be conceived when we inform the reader that the plan was, to permit his son to offer himself as a militia substitute, the bounty for which would relieve them altogether. The country was at this period at war, and the demand for substitutes was so considerable, that there would be no difficulty in putting the plan in execution. Yet, even with the prospect of losing his son only for a short time, strong must have been the honourable determination to owe no man anything, which could bring over the feelings of a father to the adoption of a scheme like this. Well did the old man know the dutiful character of him on whom he depended. Allan had long meditated upon the plan in question, and had only refrained from stating it, from the disinclination to leave his father for the time which it would render imperative. And now that he saw his father, with health for the time re-established, turn to the scheme with some degree of cheerfulness and hope, he con-

sented to embrace it at once. Being now a firmly-knit, though slender lad of nineteen, his offer of himself speedily found an acceptor in a wealthy merchant who had had the bad luck to be selected to serve his majesty by the indiscriminating ballot, which has no regard of persons. The bounty which Allan received was not only sufficient to discharge the rent of their humble dwelling, but was also large enough to support his father during his expected absence.

On the morning of the day preceding that fixed for his departure with his fellow-substitutes for Dumfries, the head-quarters of the corps to which he was to be attached, Allan went to make some necessary preparations with his comrades. After these were accomplished—having all, like himself, given up their occupations for the time—they took a short walk together to chat over their coming campaign. They were all light-hearted lads; and many of their parents, on hearing of Allan Scott's engagement, had recommended them to follow his conduct as a model. On this occasion they turned their stroll, at his request, to the side of the river, that they might take leave, as he said, of its clear stream for a time. The day was warm and fine, being in the beginning of summer, and on arriving in their walk at the pool where they had all dipped when schoolboys, the fatal proposition to bathe was made by one of them. Allan, who was fond of the exercise, and a good swimmer, was not the last to consent. Not one of them, as it unhappily fell out, was so fearless and practised as he, and the most of them contented themselves with bathing in the shallower water. Allan plunged at once into the deepest quarter, and two of his companions, who did not join in the amusement, sat upon the rocky bank, gazing upon his free movements with pleasure. Suddenly they heard him give an agonized cry, and saw him attempt to make for the bank. The attention of all was now drawn to him, and they beheld him, after two or three severe struggles, sink below the surface, and in a moment the waters closed above him!

His companions looked on for an instant in stupefaction and dismay. But the boldest of them—for the cry made them aware that something was wrong—speedily came to the spot, and attempted to dive into the depths of the pool. None of them was capable of it, and the most forward got into serious danger himself. At last one of those who had not bathed cried, "We are losing time; I will run for assistance." This he accordingly did on the instant; but he had to go to the town before he got what he sought. When he returned, several men were with him, one of whom, an experienced diver, brought up the body of poor Allan Scott. A surgeon whom they had warned was not long in following them, and by him several unsuccessful endeavours were made on the spot to restore the breath which had departed. On seeing the fruitlessness of this, he ordered them to convey the body as fast as possible to the town, where warmth

and other remedies might be applied; and the men, for this purpose, took up their melancholy burden.

The church and its session-house stands in the centre of the town, and to the latter building they conveyed the body of Allan, as all decided that it would be exceedingly improper to take it to the old man's house. In the session-house, warmth, friction, and every means was used that the surgeon could suggest or apply for the recovery of the young man; but all was in vain; and at the end of more than an hour, actively employed, all hope was given up, with pain and reluctance, by those around. And now arose a thought of deeper sorrow and anxiety, if deeper there could be, than that excited by the fate of a youth so beloved and respected. Who could tell the tale to him who, all unconscious of his bereavement, sat in his lonely dwelling, waiting for that beloved and dutiful son's return? The task, melancholy as it was, behoved to be discharged; and the surgeon, seeing that the undertaking of this sad duty was expected from him, prepared to execute it. Unwilling to leave the body of the unfortunate youth exposed to the gaze of the crowd now attracted to the place, before departing, he desired all present to leave the apartment. The people at once complied with the request, one only of them remaining, at the wish of the surgeon, beside the corpse. The medical man then slowly and sadly turned towards the old man's abode, where we cannot follow him; for we should consider it as little less than sacrilegious to attempt to describe the effect of the awful tidings which he bore.

Is not this, reader, a melancholy event, and one likely to be long remembered by one who knew the history, and saw the bier-borne body, of that unhappy youth? Yet the tale is not done—the catastrophe is not unfolded—the harrowing circumstance which interwove Allan Scott's name and fate with the deepest tendrils of memory is yet, strange as it may appear, to be narrated; and were it not a truth to which many yet can bear witness, we should think it too sad a one for these pages. But it is a truth, and from it a lesson of deep warning may be drawn.

When the surgeon, after being absent for a considerable time, returned to the session-house to make arrangements for bearing the unfortunate Allan's body to the home of his father, he found the person whom he had left behind standing outside the door of the chamber where the body lay. The truth was, the man had begun to feel disagreeably lonely and "eerie" in the room, and, unconscious of any bad result being possible from the step, had risen and taken his station outside, locking the door behind him. But a circumstance had occurred while he was in this position which imprinted alarm and anxiety so visibly on his features, that the surgeon, on coming up to him, observed his discomposure at once; and before turning the key in the lock, the medical gentleman inquired if anything had happened. The answer made

his own heart flutter with deep emotion. The man said that, while standing alone, a strange and momentary noise had struck upon his ear, coming as if from the apartment within. A suspicion of the truth crossing his mind on the instant, the surgeon opened the door hurriedly, exclaiming, "Why did you not open it?—why did you not send for me?"

On entering the chamber, the suspicion of the anxious surgeon was verified. The body, which had been left with the face upwards, was found turned upon one side, and blood had issued from the mouth! The exertions which at the time had seemed utterly unavailing, had in reality produced an effect upon the body, evidenced, unhappily, when all had retired from the attempt. The spark of life had actually reanimated for an instant the cold frame, while there was none by to nurse and cherish its glimmering ray into vigorous and enduring flame. The renewed endeavours made no impression. The moment of hope had passed, unseen and unprofited, by. What a solemn lesson is this, never, while the shadow of a possibility remains, to cease the endeavour to relight the lamp that has been quenched, for a time only it may be, in the deep waters!

THE BORDER WIDOW.

In the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, when James V. proceeded with an army along the Borders in order to quell the numerous freebooters who kept the country in fear, an incident occurred which forms the subject of traditionary story in Tweeddale. The king, after visiting Polmood and Oliver Castle, on the upper part of the Tweed, crossed the mountain tract on the south, into the vale of the Meggat, and there suddenly environed the castle of Henderland.

This solitary tower was at the time inhabited by Piers Cockburn, one of the most noted marauders in this wild district of country. According to tradition, Piers was sitting at dinner when he was surprised by the king, and without ceremony led out and hanged over the gate of his own castle. While the execution was going forward, his unhappy wife is said to have taken refuge in the recesses of the Dow-glen—a dell formed by a mountain torrent, called the Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the tower. A place, termed the Lady's Seat, is still shown where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence.

In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn is still shown. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced; and the following inscription is still legible, though greatly defaced by time—"Here lyes Perys of Cokburne

and his wyfe Marjory." Latterly, the tomb has been preserved from obliteration by the good taste of the proprietor, Mr Murray of Henderland.

On the melancholy incident above related, the following simple and affecting ballad, the Lament of the Border Widow, was afterwards written :—

"My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair."

MADAME ROLAND AND THE GIRONDINS.

EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.

JEANNE MANON PHLIPON was born in Paris, in the year 1756, of obscure but respectable parents. Her father, who was an engraver of some talent, was an active and industrious man; and her mother was a woman of a superior mind, and endowed with most amiable qualities. Manon was, even when a mere child, distinguished for a lively and gentle disposition, great quickness of apprehension, and diligence in her studies. She was not four years of age when she knew how to read; and from that moment, to supply her with a sufficient quantity of books, was the only necessary care of her parents for the earlier part of her education. Everything which she could lay hold of she read, and that, too, with singular advantage. So absorbed was she when reading, that the only successful method which was found of withdrawing her attention from her books, was by offering her flowers, of which she was passionately fond: indeed, books and flowers continued to the end of her life, even under the most trying circumstances, to afford her exquisite pleasure.

Her great intelligence, and her desire for study, inspired one of her uncles, the Abbé Bimont, with the idea of teaching her Latin. She eagerly embraced the proposal; but the abbé not having much time to spare, it appears that she did not make great progress in this language. As she grew up, her parents, who were resolved to let her have as good an education as their limited means would permit, had her taught writing, geography, music, and dancing. She also learned drawing; and such was her ardour for study, that she would often rise at five o'clock in the morning, and, although only half-dressed, prepare her lessons and exercises. It may easily be imagined that the progress which she made was astonishing; and it need hardly be remarked, that she became a great favourite with her teachers, who found almost as much pleasure in imparting knowledge to her, as she did in receiving it from them. But her

passion for study is well exemplified by the following anecdote. Happening to find an old treatise on heraldry, and doubtless pleased with the coloured engravings, she mastered its contents in an extremely short time; and one day she surprised her father, who was wholly unconscious of her newly-acquired knowledge, by telling him that a seal, which he was then engraving, was executed in violation of heraldry. On consideration, he found she was correct, and from that moment she became his guide on this subject.

After finishing these preliminary studies, she was placed in a convent for twelve months; and in the quietness of this retreat, her mind was matured by the care and kind attentions of the instructors with whom she daily associated. The succeeding twelve months she spent with her grandmother; after which she returned to the parental home. Her time was now divided between reading and superintending some of the household concerns. Her favourite authors appear to have been Tasso, Thomson, Fenelon, and Plutarch. Of the last, which she read when only eight years of age, she confesses that she was passionately fond; and it was doubtless from the glorious examples of ancient patriotism and virtue recorded by that writer, that she imbibed many of the feelings and opinions which she afterwards possessed. The education which she received was, upon the whole, far more solid than brilliant; and if Manon was somewhat deficient in frivolous talents, she was well-versed in ancient and modern history, astronomy, metaphysics, mathematics, and philosophy. She was as remarkable for modesty and an amiable disposition as for learning: hence she endeared herself to all who knew her. Her personal appearance was prepossessing. She was tall in figure, but with a countenance more fascinating than beautiful.

Several years of her life passed thus away in peace and happiness. Her chief recreation was going out with her parents on pleasure excursions in the beautiful vicinity of Meudon, a small village near Paris; but, with the exception of this relaxation, she lived in complete retirement. She received several advantageous offers of marriage, but refused them all. The impaired health of her mother was the only cause of grief which disturbed her happiness: this gave her serious uneasiness; and although there seemed no immediate cause for fear, she always felt unwilling to leave her alone. One day this beloved parent, who was then to all appearance well, persuaded her to go and see her old friend, Sister Sainte-Agathe. Manon reluctantly complied: on her return, she found her mother dying. She had been suddenly struck with paralysis, was already speechless, and almost unconscious. In a few hours she breathed her last.

The shock was so severe, that Manon was thrown into a violent fever, which for a long time threatened to terminate fatally; and though eventually she recovered, an extreme languor afflicted

her for several months. However, she continued her studies; and she even wrote a few philosophical treatises, but merely for her own amusement, and without any intention of ever publishing them. The unsettled state of her father's affairs induced her to leave his house, and to reside in the convent of which she had formerly been an inmate, and where she found her old friend Sister Sainte-Agathe. This was almost her only comfort; for her reduced means did not allow her to board in the convent, and the privations which she was called to endure were severe. About this time Monsieur Roland de la Platière, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, in easy though not affluent circumstances, and with whom she had been acquainted for some years, renewed an offer of marriage which he had formerly made to her, and to which, without giving him a positive refusal, she had delayed returning an answer. A correspondence existed between them, but had been discontinued by the desire of her father. Monsieur Roland was twenty years her senior; his manners were austere; but, being a man of rigid honesty and principle, he was fully able to appreciate Manon's merit. She was now twenty-five years of age, and had long felt an esteem for him, which his disinterested offer in her straitened circumstances only increased; she consequently consented, and in a short time became Madame Roland. This union, which took place in 1781, proved happy. She was much beloved by her husband, and ever testified for him the most tender regard and affection.

Monsieur Roland was inspector of several important manufactories, notwithstanding which he spent the first year of his married life in Paris, engaged in the publication of different commercial works. It was then that Madame Roland began—what she ever afterwards continued to do—to work with him, and assist him in his literary compositions. Her only relaxation from what proved a laborious task, was attending lectures upon natural history and botany. Four years she also spent with her husband at Amiens, where she gave birth to her only child, a daughter, whom she refused to give out to nurse, according to the general custom, but insisted on bringing her up herself. It was, indeed, a great characteristic of Madame Roland, that neither her literary nor political occupations made her forget her domestic duties. From Amiens they went to Lyons, in the neighbourhood of which they settled, at Ville Franche, in the family mansion of Monsieur Roland, where his aged mother and elder brother already resided. On the death of the former, they removed to Thezée, where Madame Roland spent many happy hours, being perfectly idolised by the inhabitants, to whose wants and illnesses she assiduously administered. Her mode of life she playfully describes in a letter to a friend, written by the fireside during a heavy fall of snow. Her husband is writing, her daughter knitting, and she occasionally pausing in her epistle to speak to the

one and superintend the work of the other. But this happy period of her life was not to be of long duration. The Revolution of 1789 broke out, and with it both the elevation and misfortunes of that celebrated woman, who, after spending so many years of her life in obscurity, was destined to enact a striking part in the leading events of the day.

MINISTRY OF ROLAND.

Louis XVI., a benevolent but somewhat weak-minded man, was the reigning monarch of France, and though he at first showed himself favourable to the principles of the Revolution, he possessed neither the firmness nor courage necessary to control its excesses. The Legislative Assembly, which consisted of the representatives of the people, and sent to act for them from every part of France, was divided into three distinct parties—the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and the *Plaine*. The first took their name from the department of the Gironde, whence most of them came: they professed an ardent love of freedom, tempered by a noble, generous feeling of humanity. They were young; for the greater part clever, heroic, and eloquent; but rash, inexperienced, and too confident in the justice of their cause. Brissot, of whom it was recorded that, after having lived like Aristides, he died like Sidney; the handsome and noble-minded Barbaroux; the eloquent Vergniaud, Valazé, Louvet, Gensonné, were the principal men amongst them. The Montagnards, or Mountaineers—so named from the elevated benches on which they sat in the Assembly—were undisguised republicans, proclaiming the absolute sovereignty of the people, and asserting that all restraint was but slavery. Marat, Robespierre, Danton—all the fiercest democrats of France—were its firm supporters. The Plaine, or Plain—thus termed in opposition to the Mountaineers, and on account of its occupying the floor of the place of Assembly—was a moderate but weak party, of little influence.

Monsieur Roland and his wife showed themselves, from the commencement, ardent partisans of the changes introduced. Roland was one of the first members elected for the new municipality of Lyons; and his wife, in her letters to a friend in Paris, recalling those days of her youth when she often wept at not having been born a Spartan or Roman maiden, enthusiastically added, that now, her country had nothing to envy in the republics of antiquity. In another letter she alludes, with equal ardour, to the dawn of freedom; and although conscious that she could never behold its great and real blessings, she rejoices in them for the sake of future generations. This enthusiastic mood soon gave way to gloomy and well-founded apprehensions. In the early part of 1791 she accompanied her husband to Paris, whither he had been sent to the National Assembly by the city of Lyons. She became an auditor of the legislative meetings, and from what she saw there, her fears only increased. She left Paris in Sep-

tember for Ville Franche, impressed with a deep sense of coming evil. Both she and Roland, however, soon returned to Paris, which they found in the greatest imaginable confusion.

It was in this state of things, towards the beginning of 1792, that thoughts began to be entertained of choosing Roland for one of a new ministry, which was to consist chiefly of men belonging to the Girondin party. Roland had the deserved reputation of being strictly honest, and he was known by several clever works on political economy, which showed him to be perfectly qualified for the post to which he was destined. All these considerations, without any solicitation on his part, influenced those in power to bestow on him the post of Minister of the Interior. Most people, notwithstanding Roland's well-acknowledged merit, were astonished at this nomination; for the simplicity of his manners and appearance offered a striking contrast with that of the courtiers of the still gay and punctilious court of Louis XVI.; and Madame Roland relates how her husband, on his first presentation at court, threw the master of the ceremonies into the greatest consternation by appearing with a round hat, and strings instead of buckles to his shoes.

Roland conducted himself with great prudence and integrity in his new situation; but notwithstanding his many eminent qualities, it must be confessed that his wife—so far his superior in mental qualifications—had an equal share with him in government. Her influence extended from that which she exercised over her husband's mind, to the entire Girondin party. She had selected for her own use, in the vast hotel then inhabited by Roland, the smallest drawing-room: it was very simply furnished—books, a scrutoire, and a few chairs, were almost all that it contained. The greater number of those persons who came to converse with Roland on affairs of state, and who had any intimacy with him, chose to speak to him there, and in Madame Roland's presence, rather than in his own study. She was thus not only made conversant with the most important occurrences of the times, but was also well acquainted with the persons of the actors in them. The ministry of Roland was short; and, singularly enough, his wife was the instrument, though not the cause, of his dismissal. The Girondins, who foresaw the dangers which threatened Louis XVI., were anxious to see him abandon his mistaken policy of endeavouring to conciliate all parties for firmer and more direct principles of action. Roland, from his situation, was the fittest person to intrust with this delicate office of expostulation and advice, and it was resolved that he should write to the king. Madame Roland was the author of the letter, which was couched in bold, but firm and respectful language. Had the hapless monarch known how to profit by the advice it contained, many misfortunes might have been avoided. It was sent on the 11th of June (1792), and on the same day Roland was dismissed.

A few weeks after, on the 10th of August, the first step to anarchy was taken. A violent outbreak took place; the king was, with his family, imprisoned in the Temple, and deposed. Monarchy was declared to exist no longer in France, which now took the name of a Republic; whilst the Legislative Assembly, though consisting of the same members, received the appellation of National Convention. The Girondin ministry was recalled, and Roland resumed his post. For once the two opposite parties of the Mountain and the Gironde were united in acts and principles; and the names of Brissot, Barbaroux, Robespierre, and Danton, were amongst the most popular of the day. But whilst the Girondins thus indulged, with Madame Roland, in fancied security and dreams of national freedom, the Mountaineers met at the club of the Jacobins, and there organised one of the most dreadful plots which ever disgraced humanity: we allude to the massacres of September. These massacres, in which the unfortunate beings then shut up in the different prisons of Paris were literally butchered, and also the slaughter of the king, whom the Girondins vainly endeavoured to save by proposing an appeal to the people, effectually, and for ever, separated the two parties. The Girondins indignantly declared that they would never again act in concert with men capable of approving of such atrocities; and two days after the king's execution, Roland resigned his post of minister. The death of Louis XVI. (21st January 1793) was, for the Girondins, the forerunner of their fall. They felt this to be the case; and from that moment the struggle between them and the Mountaineers became incessant and desperate. Madame Roland saw that the cause of freedom was lost. "We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat," said she to a friend, in one of her letters bearing date 5th September 1792. In another letter of the 9th of the same month, and addressing the same person, she expresses herself thus: "You knew my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am now ashamed of it. It has been sullied by monsters; it is hideous."

THE MOUNTAINEERS AND THE GIRONDINS.

The Mountaineers, or Jacobins, as they were now more generally called, who aimed at supreme power, determined first to get rid of all their antagonists, and began with the Girondins. As the mass of the people still looked upon their representatives with much respect, and as at that time any attempt made on their safety would have assuredly failed, the Jacobins did not resort to the plan of openly accusing them of treason, so as to procure their arrest, but came to the horrible resolve of murdering them while assembled in the Convention. The night of the 10th of March was fixed for executing this plan; but the Assembly, though ignorant of the precise nature of the danger by which it was threatened, got some intimation of the plot, and held permanent sittings. On the evening of the 10th of March, the wife of

Louvet, a Girondin, who resided in the Rue St Honoré, near to the meeting-house of the Jacobins, heard a tumult in the club, and, anxious for her husband's safety, she penetrated into the hall, and thus became a witness of the fearful scenes which nightly took place in that sanguinary assembly. Horrible threats and calumnies against the Girondins now formed the theme of their vociferations; and it was at length unanimously decided to sound the tocsin (the alarm-bell of Notre Dame), to rouse the people, close the city gates, and march in two divisions on the Convention and the houses of the ministers. This much having, after a stormy discussion, been agreed upon, the lights were extinguished, swords were drawn, and the Jacobins rushed forth to find the *Cordeliers* (members of another club), to proceed with them in a body towards the Convention.

Warned by his wife, Louvet hastened to seek the Girondins at the house of a colleague named Pétion. He found them calmly conversing together of their danger, and little disposed to believe it. All that he could do was to prevent them from going to the Convention that evening. As he urged Pétion to seek some safer place of refuge, the latter opened the window, put out his hand, and coolly replied, "It rains; there will be nothing done to-night."

Pétion was right. The absence of the twenty-two members from the Convention, the troops headed by Beurnonville, minister of war, and perhaps the rain, rendered the attempt of the Jacobins abortive; and the 10th of March, which was to have seen the Girondins overthrown, passed off harmlessly.

The indignation of the members of the Convention, on learning this intended assault, was proportionate to the greatness of the offence; but no vigorous measures were taken. The Girondins injudiciously forbore to follow up this manifest advantage. It was in vain that the committee, who had projected these murders, was denounced as guilty of insurrection. "It is to be feared," said Vergniaud, a leading Girondin, at the conclusion of an eloquent speech on the growing tyranny of the Jacobins, "that the Revolution, like Saturn, may devour its own children, and engender despotism, with all its attendant calamities." These prophetic words produced some effect on the Assembly, and they finally agreed to form a commission of twelve persons to examine into the plots and machinations of the Jacobins. This commission made several important discoveries, laying open to the public view some of the projected atrocities of the Mountain party. Several Jacobins were arrested and thrown into prison, and the exasperation of their friends on learning this was extreme. On the night of the 27th of May the Convention received several threatening messages, demanding the abolition of the commission, and the freedom of the imprisoned Jacobins. To enforce this petition, the deputations entered the hall with their usual weapons—pistols and sabres—whilst their friends besieged from

without the palace of the Tuileries, where the sittings of the Assembly were held. This may be said to have been the great turning-point of the Revolution. It was a bold attempt of the violent to crush the moderate party; and all depended on the moderates holding determinedly to constitutional rights. From what ensued, however, it will be seen that they quailed before the monsters who aimed at their overthrow; and from this moment law and justice were at an end.

As the armed wretches who had entered the Convention became more menacing, some of the members endeavoured to show that, by this outrageous proceeding, all freedom of action was gone. But this was denied by Garat, the Jacobin minister of the interior; and, in a fit of timidity, the Girondins assented to a decree for abolishing the commission, and liberating the prisoners. Their proper policy ought to have been to quit the Assembly, unless the officers of the Convention had protected them from insult. But for their apparent pusillanimity the poor Girondins are not without excuse. The principles of constitutional liberty were very imperfectly understood in France; and violence was continually mixed up with peaceful debate.

On hearing that their object was gained, the people immediately dispersed, a large number of them proceeding to free the prisoners, who were liberated in triumph, and who, on seeing what force had done, determined that it should also effect the utter ruin of the Girondins. But the Convention, indignant at what had passed, the next day re-established the commission of the twelve, whose members received orders to examine more strictly than ever into the machinations of the Mountain party.

The exasperation of the Jacobins on hearing this rose to a fearful height. As soon as the news was spread, they paraded the streets in gloomy silence, and with dark and threatening glances. The Girondins received several urgent warnings to be on their guard. In short, both parties were in such a state as when a conflict is daily to be expected. Such was the excitement of the people on the evening of the 30th of May (1793), that several Girondins spent the night in a lonely room, armed and prepared to make a desperate resistance. The sound of the tocsin awoke them in the morning. At six they left their asylum, and proceeded to the Convention. Several times they were on the point of being stopped by groups of ill-looking men, but their arms protected them. One of them, Rabaud St Etienne, a well-meaning, but somewhat timorous man, continually repeated as they went along, "*Illa suprema dies*"—"This is the last day!" The sentence was prophetic.

No disturbances occurred on the 1st of June; yet it was evident that this was but the calm of the coming storm. But on the 2d, threatening rumours were once more afloat. The drum and tocsin might be heard, armed men filled the streets, and it was now evident to all that the ruin of the Gironde

party was at hand. Indeed, on the morning of that day the state of parties was such, both within and without the Convention, that a collision, and one fatal to the weaker Girondins, seemed inevitable. The adherents of the Jacobins armed themselves, and took oath that they would not rest till the accusation and arrest of certain obnoxious Girondins had been effected. Towards evening they gathered their arms and ammunition on the large place before the Hôtel de Ville, and were exhorted by Marat, then one of their leaders, to do their duty. Marat himself rang the great bell or tocsin of the Hôtel de Ville, and, when they had all met, proceeded with them to the Place du Carrousel, near the Tuileries, which they reached a little after ten o'clock at night. Meanwhile the Girondin members who had determined on going to the Convention, found, when they reached the Assembly, that they were much divided. Many, apparently in their interest, advised them to submit, and resign their seats; but this they indignantly rejected.

Lanjumais, one of their leaders, rose, and in an eloquent and vehement speech demanded by what right the Convention was thus insulted, and why the *générale*, or muster, might even then be heard in the streets, and under the very windows of the palace? He was frequently interrupted by loud cries; several of the Mountaineers rose to answer; but before they could speak, and when the last words had scarcely passed his lips, a tumultuous crowd of Jacobins entered the Convention. They demanded, with arms in their hands, and with threats in every word and look, that twenty-two of the Girondins should be accused and arrested. But the majority of the members, who felt that, if they yielded, all would be lost, resisted both their threats and petitions; and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. While the tumult was at its height, an armed mob of 20,000 men surrounded the hall, and by their menaces alarmed even the wretches who had stirred them into rebellion. To the disgrace of the Convention, it tampered with, and yielded to, this illegal force; and, according to order, passed a decree against the twenty-two Girondins. All of this ill-fated party who could be found were immediately arrested.

IMPRISONMENT OF MADAME ROLAND.

During the winter of 1792-3, M. Roland and his wife lived in constant apprehension of being assassinated. Along with all the other Girondins, they were viewed with suspicion, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching in their fate. An attempt was made, by a wretch called Viard, to implicate Madame Roland in a fabricated plot against the nation, said to have been got up in London. The subject being brought before the Convention, it was resolved that Madame Roland should appear at the bar. She readily obeyed the summons. On being asked her name,

"Roland," she answered; "a name of which I am proud, for it is that of a good and honourable man." Several other questions were put to her; such as, "If she knew Viard? When she had seen him; and what had passed between them?" To this she calmly replied that Viard had twice written to her to obtain an interview; that she had seen him once; and after some conversation, having discovered him to be a spy, had dismissed him with the contempt he deserved. Such was the calm dignity of her behaviour, the simplicity of her answers, and the evident falsehood of Viard's accusation, that the president declared her to be entirely free from suspicion; and, amidst the applause of the greatest part of the members, decreed the honour of the sitting to belong to her. But as the public, which consisted chiefly of Jacobins, remained silent, Marat rose, and pointing to them, gloomily observed, "Look at the public; it is wiser than you are." But notwithstanding the efforts of her enemies, this attempt which they had made to bring her into disgrace and contempt, only added new lustre and honour to her untarnished fame.

Roland having resigned his office in January 1793, they lived from that time up to the month of May in retirement and comparative security; but when the ruin of the Girondins seemed unavoidable, they prepared themselves for the worst. It was towards half-past five o'clock on the memorable evening of the 31st of May, that six armed men came to arrest Roland, with an order of the revolutionary committee. Roland protested, and refused to recognise the authority of a body which had not yet received the sanction of law. The men hesitated, and departed without putting the order into execution. Though she was at that time seriously ill, Madame Roland, alarmed for her husband's safety, immediately resolved to go to the Convention, protest against this illegal proceeding of the Mountaineers, and ask for redress. This course was dangerous, but it was the only one which remained; and without even waiting to change her morning gown, merely throwing a shawl over her person, she hastened towards the Tuileries, threading her way through a crowd of armed men, by whom the palace was then surrounded. All her efforts were vain, and she could not succeed in gaining admittance. She hastened back to her husband: he had left the house by a back-door, and was now concealed at the abode of a friend. On consulting with him, she determined to go again to the Convention; but she found that the sitting was over. The people had conquered.

On returning home at midnight, although greatly fatigued by the exertion she had undergone in her weak state, her first care was to write a note to her husband, to be delivered to him early in the morning. She was hardly seated, when a knock was heard at the door: a deputation from the Commune had come to inquire after Roland. She refused to reveal his hiding-place; and they retired much dissatisfied, leaving a sentinel at the door of

her apartment, and a body of guards below. Madame Roland now finished her note, confided it to a faithful female servant, and having taken a slight supper, retired to rest. She soon fell into a deep slumber; but had not slept above an hour, when her servant awoke her, announcing that several men wanted to speak to her. She appeared, and was immediately shown an illegal warrant for her arrest, and in which the cause of her apprehension was not even stated. She was, moreover, informed that the seal of the republic was to be affixed to every closet, cupboard, and piece of furniture in her apartment, the windows not excepted. In his blind zeal, one of the men even insisted on sealing up a pianoforte, and on being dissuaded from doing so, he began measuring it.

Although well aware of the illegality of the warrant, Madame Roland submitted, perceiving in this case the uselessness of resistance. She merely asked, and obtained leave, to take some of her wearing apparel with her, and to put aside some of her daughter's clothing. She was, meanwhile, much annoyed by the presence of all the idle loiterers of the neighbourhood, who, having found the door open, filled the apartment almost to suffocation. Surrounded by this rude crowd, she once more sat down to her desk, and began writing a letter to a friend to whom she meant to intrust her daughter. She was immediately asked for that person's name; but firmly refusing to tell it, she tore up the half-finished missive. At seven next morning she was informed that everything was in readiness, and that she was to be conducted to prison. She calmly bade her daughter and servants farewell, gently exhorting them, as they bitterly wept around her, to bear their affliction with patience and resignation. When she had left her apartment, and reached the street, she found a hackney-coach in waiting: she advanced towards it between two rows of armed men, who followed the coach when she was within.

With the exception of a few women, who cried out after her, "To the guillotine!" the crowd was silent. When they arrived at the prison—the Abbaye—Madame Roland was ushered into a dark room, occupied by several men lying on camp-beds, and from this she was made to ascend a narrow and dirty staircase to the porter's apartment. As there was yet no cell prepared for her, the porter's wife, a kind and compassionate woman, offered her the use of her own room for the day. The commissioners who had brought her, gave strict orders concerning the manner in which she was to be treated. But the porter and his wife, who were both good and considerate people, did not follow them very closely, the instructions being merely verbal. She was accordingly, after breakfast, allowed to write a letter to the National Assembly on her illegal arrest, and was promised the permission of seeing some of her friends. At ten that evening, her cell being ready, she entered it for the first time. It was a

wide, but bare room, with four very dirty walls; it had a small chimney, and a window with double grating, which hardly admitted light; the bed was a mere pallet, with a pillow. Notwithstanding the dismal tolling of the toesin, which might be heard during the whole night, she was so overpowered by fatigue, that she slept until twelve next day.

While in her prison, Madame Roland showed how much the horrors of such a confinement may be alleviated by a cheerful and contented spirit. Her first care on arising was to arrange her cell as comfortably as possible. She covered a small table with a white cloth, and placed it near the window, to serve as her writing-desk. To keep it clean, she resolved to take her meals on the stove. Two large hair-pins, which she fixed in a shelf, were used, instead of pegs, to hang her clothes on. And these preparations Madame Roland made as cheerfully as when superintending the arrangements of her splendid drawing-room in the minister's hotel. This being done, her next care was to get a few books. Thomson's Seasons, one of her favourite works, she already had with her; and she asked for Plutarch's Lives, Hume's History of England, and Sheridan's Dictionary. By thus reading, and writing her reflections on what she read, she contrived to pass her time much more agreeably than might be expected.

She could hear, even in her solitude, that Paris was far from being quiet; the drum, and sounds of tumult from without, constantly reached the prison, and proclaimed that the force of the popular insurrection was increasing. She dined for that day in the apartment of the porter's wife. On entering the room, she perceived her faithful female servant. On beholding her mistress, the poor girl burst into tears; nor could Madame Roland herself, notwithstanding her fortitude, behold her grief unmoved. The next day Madame Roland impatiently waited for the morning's paper. She knew, from the tumult which had taken place without, that something important had occurred, and she feared the worst. On reading the news of the decree of arrest against the twenty-two Girondins, she let the paper fall, exclaiming, in a mingled burst of grief and indignation, that the cause of freedom was now for ever lost. She thought more of France than of her own situation; and even the state of her country was forgotten when she remembered that her husband was now a houseless fugitive in the provinces, whilst for her daughter she had scarcely been able to procure an asylum. But these were thoughts which she strove to banish, and if possible to forget, in the steps which she now took to effect her liberation. Her mode of life in the prison was, after that, the next thing to consider. The regulations were severe enough: five livres (a sum equal to about four shillings) had formerly been allotted to every prisoner for his daily maintenance. When Roland was minister, he found this allowance much too high, and had it reduced to two livres (one-and-eightpence). As government provided the prisoner with nothing—his cell and

some straw to lie on excepted—the porter of the prison received one livre a-day for whatever furniture he might put into the cell; another livre—namely, tenpence—remained for the prisoner's food. This was of course wholly insufficient; but the prisoners were allowed to provide themselves with whatever they chose from their own purse. Madame Roland, however, resolved, with that singular stoicism which led her to accustom herself at once to the worst of any position, to conform as much as possible to the prison allowance. She began by leaving off her breakfast of coffee and chocolate, instead of which she took bread and water. Her dinner consisted merely of the common prison fare—coarse meat and vegetables. That economy was not her object by this singular conduct, is proved by the fact, that the money she thus spared she caused to be distributed among the poorer prisoners. The only indulgence she allowed herself was what in childhood she had most loved, and which still continued to be her only solace—books and flowers.

Notwithstanding the active efforts of the few friends who still remained true to her in her misfortunes, the epoch of freedom seemed very distant. Her letter to the Assembly remained unanswered; similar applications to the minister of the interior, and to the sectional authorities of the neighbourhood to which she belonged, met with a like fate. She was therefore much surprised when, on the twenty-fourth day of her imprisonment, she was unexpectedly liberated. The order for her liberation stated that there was "nothing against her." Madame Roland immediately took a coach, and hastened to her house; but hardly had she passed the doorway, when two men once more arrested her in the name of the law. The cause of this cruel deception was, that her first apprehension being illegal, and her enemies more than usually anxious to secure her, had seen no better means of effecting this than by liberating her, and arresting her a second time. With a heavy heart she submitted, and was taken to the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where she often regretted her room of the Abbaye.

On reaching this new prison, she learned that she must either share the cell of some other prisoner, or be shut up in a room so small that she could hardly move in it. Even the large cell to which she was taken was only about twelve feet long and six wide. Two beds, two small tables, and two chairs, almost filled the apartment. She learned that government gave nothing towards the maintenance of the prisoners, with the exception of brown bread, and a dish of beans daily, either of which she found it impossible to eat. It is not to be supposed that the severe shock she had experienced on finding her dreams of freedom and happiness so suddenly destroyed, was without its effect upon even one of her firm and resigned spirit. Several days elapsed before she regained her wonted composure. When she was somewhat settled in her new dwelling, she resumed her usual occupations—

studying the English language, and practising drawing. Three sincere and devoted friends, Champagneux, Bosc, and Grandpré, visited her in her prison as often as prudence would allow. The first, who knew her privations and her pride, only occasionally ventured to make her small presents of fruit. Bosc more freely gave her beautiful plants and flowers, which he procured from the national garden of plants in Paris. But neither the kindness of her friends nor her own efforts succeeded in making her cell in Sainte-Pelagie tolerable; and after a time, the jailer's wife, taking pity on her, caused her removal to a better and more cheerful apartment, and even procured her a pianoforte, which afforded her many an hour of recreation during the tedious months of her imprisonment.

This change made Madame Roland as happy as she could be in a prison. There was little to remind her of her captivity; and instead of an ill-looking and rude jailer, the head jailer's wife, the gentle Madame Bonchaud, now daily visited her, attending to her wants with the kindest solicitude. Nay, such was the affection she had conceived for her prisoner, that she even offered to facilitate her escape. Although much moved at this proof of devotion, Madame Roland firmly refused; nor could the intreaties of her friend Champagneux, and of Madame Bonchaud herself, induce her to change her mind.

The indulgences which she owed to the kindness of Madame Bonchaud were not permitted her long; they reached the ears of those in power, who, deeming them incompatible with republican equality, severely reprimanded the jailer, ordered the pianoforte to be removed, and Madame Roland to be once more closely confined to her cell. This change she bore with her usual calm fortitude; nor was her resignation lessened by the prospect now held out of her speedy trial and condemnation. Miss H. M. Williams, an English lady then residing in France, thus mentions a visit which she paid to Madame Roland, with whom she was well acquainted.

"I visited her in the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where her soul, superior to circumstances, retained its accustomed serenity, and she conversed with the same animated cheerfulness in her little cell as she used to do in the hotel of the minister. She had provided herself with a few books, and I found her reading Plutarch. She told me that she expected to die; and the look of placid resignation with which she said it, convinced me that she was prepared to meet death with a firmness worthy of her exalted character. When I inquired after her daughter, an only child of thirteen years of age, she burst into tears; and at the overwhelming recollection of her husband and child, the courage of the victim of liberty was lost in the feelings of the wife and the mother."

During her stay in the Abbaye and in Sainte-Pelagie, Madame Roland wrote her admirable Memoirs and "Notes for History." The Memoirs she confided to her devoted friend Champagneux.

She also intrusted some papers to Miss Williams, who was unfortunately obliged to destroy them.

FATE OF THE TWENTY-TWO GIRONDINS.

Meanwhile, though a few of the Girondins had effected their escape, the rest were at first kept prisoners in their own houses, and afterwards removed to the Luxembourg, and thence to La Force. Two of them, on account of ill health, were allowed to remain in the Luxembourg, and there await their trial. These were La Source and Sillery. The first was a Protestant minister of Languedoc, and a member of the National Convention; the latter, a man of about sixty, and better known as the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sillery, Countess of Genlis, shared his captivity. Both were seen in that prison by Miss H. M. Williams (herself then a prisoner), authoress of the interesting "Letters from France," from which we extract the following abridged account:—

"Our apartment, with two others adjoining, was separated from the public room by a little passage and a door, which the officers carefully locked at night. It happened that these apartments were then occupied by two individuals, in whose society we had passed some of the most agreeable hours of our residence in France. These persons were Sillery and La Source, two of the members of the Convention, who had been long in close confinement, and who were now on the point of appearing before that sanguinary tribunal; whence, after the most shocking mockery of justice, they were inhumanly dragged to the scaffold. Sillery, on account of his infirmities, had with much difficulty obtained permission from the police for his servant to be admitted into the prison during the day, together with an old female friend who, on the plea of illness, had implored leave to attend as his nurse. Sillery's friend and his servant being allowed to go in and out of his apartment, the door was not constantly locked, although he and La Source were closely confined, and not permitted to have any communication with the other prisoners. The second night of our abode in the Luxembourg, when the prisoners had retired to their respective chambers, and the keeper had locked the outer door which enclosed our three apartments, La Source entered our room. We were obliged to converse in whispers, whilst we kept watch successively at the outer door, that if any step approached, he might instantly fly to his chamber. He had much to ask, having been three months a close prisoner. In the solitude of his prison, no voice of friendship, no accents of pity, had reached his ear; and after our arrival, he used, through the lonely day, to count the hours till the prison gates were closed, till all was still within its walls, and no sound was heard without, except at intervals the hoarse cry of the sentinels, when he hastened to our apartment. La Source, at his second visit, was accompanied by Sillery, a man of about sixty years of age, but

who had lived freely, like most men of his former rank in France; and from this dissipated life, had more the appearance of age than belonged to his years. The mind of Sillery was somewhat less fortified against his approaching fate than that of La Source. The old man often turned back on the past and wept; and sometimes inquired, with an anxious look, if we believed there was any chance of his deliverance. Alas! I have no words to paint the sensations of those moments. To know that the days of our fellow-captives were numbered—that they were doomed to perish—that the sanguinary tribunal before which they were going to appear was but the pathway to the scaffold—to have the painful task of smothering our feelings, while we endeavoured to soothe the weakness of humanity by hopes we knew were fallacious, was a species of misery almost insupportable. They had, however, in their calamity, that support which is of all others the most effectual under misfortune. Religion was in La Source a habit of the mind. Impressed with the most sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, he reposed, with unbounded confidence, in that Providence in whose hand are the issues of life and death. Sillery, who had a feeling heart, found devotion the most soothing refuge of affliction. He and La Source composed together a little hymn adapted to a sweet solemn air, which they called their evening service. Every night before we parted they sung this simple dirge in a low tone, to prevent their being heard in the other apartments, which made it seem more plaintive. Those mournful sounds, the knell of my departing friends, yet thrill upon my heart.

'Calm all the tumults that invade
Our souls, and lend thy powerful aid.
Oh! source of mercy, soothe our pains,
And break, O break, our cruel chains!
To thee the captive pours his cry,
To thee the mourner loves to fly;
The incense of our tears receive—
'Tis all the incense we can give.

Eternal power, our cause defend!
Oh God! of innocence the friend!
Near thee for ever she resides,
In thee for ever she confides.
Thou know'st the secrets of the breast,
Thou know'st the oppressor and the oppressed:
Do thou our wrongs with pity see,
Avert a doom offending thee.

But should the murderer's arm prevail;
Should tyranny our lives assail;
Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death,
We'll bless thee with our latest breath.
The hour, the glorious hour will come,
That consecrates the patriot's tomb;
And with the pang our memory claims,
Our country will avenge our names.'

"La Source often spoke of his wife with tender regret. He had been married only a week when he was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly, and was obliged to hasten to Paris, while his bride remained in Languedoc, to take care of an aged mother. When the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, La Source was immediately elected a member of the National Convention, and could find no interval in which to visit his native spot, or his wife, whom he saw no more. In his meditations on the chain of political events, he mentioned one little incident which seemed to hang on his mind with a sort of superstitious feeling. A few days after the 10th of August, he dined in the Fauxbourg St Antoine with several members of the Legislative Assembly, who were the most distinguished for their talents and patriotism. They were exulting in the birth of the new republic, and the glorious part they were to act as its founders, when a citizen of the Fauxbourg, who had been invited to partake of the repast, observed that he feared a different destiny awaited them. 'As you have been the founders of the republic,' said he, 'you will also be its victims. In a short time you will be obliged to impose restraints and duties on the people, to whom your enemies and theirs will represent you as having overthrown royal power only to establish your own. You will be accused of aristocracy; and I foresee,' he added with much perturbation, 'that you will perish on the scaffold.' The company smiled at this singular prediction; but during the ensuing winter, when the storm was gathering over the political horizon, La Source recalled the prophecy, and sometimes reminded Vergniaud of the man of the Fauxbourg St Antoine. Vergniaud had little heeded the augur; but a few days previous to the 31st of May, when the Convention was for the first time besieged, La Source said again to Vergniaud, 'Well, what think you of the prophet of the Fauxbourg St Antoine?' 'The prophet of the Fauxbourg St Antoine,' answered Vergniaud, 'was in the right.'

"The morning now arrived when La Source and Sillery, together with nineteen other members of the Convention, were led before the revolutionary tribunal. When the guards who were to conduct them arrived, the other prisoners crowded to the public room to see them pass, and we shut ourselves up in our own apartment. They returned about five in the evening, and we had no opportunity of seeing them till midnight, when they related to us what had passed. The conduct of the judges and the aspect of the jury were calculated to banish every gleam of hope from the bosoms of the prisoners. The judges permitted, with reluctance, anything to be urged in their defence; and the jury listened with impatience, casting upon their victims looks of atrocity, in which they might easily read their fate: yet, in spite of these unhappy omens, our friends returned from the tribunal with their minds much elevated.

"A few days before the sanguinary trial had ended," continues

Miss Williams, "the administration of the police sent orders that the English women confined in the Luxembourg should be removed the next day to a convent in the Fauxbourg St Antoine. With what keen regret La Source and Sillery received this intelligence! A thousand times they thanked us for the danger we had risked in receiving them, and for the sympathy which had soothed the last hours of their existence; a thousand times they declared, that if it were yet possible their lives might be preserved, they should consider themselves for ever bound to us by the most sacred ties of gratitude and friendship; but they felt, alas! how small was the chance that we should meet again in this world. Sillery cut off a lock of his white hair, which he begged I would preserve for his sake, and La Source gave me a similar relic. They embraced us with much emotion. They prayed that the blessing of God might be upon us. We mingled our tears together, and parted to meet no more."

The conduct of the Girondin prisoners confined in the Conciergerie, where they had been transferred from the Force, is not described as less noble or less resigned by the Baron H. de Riouffe, who also happened to be their fellow-prisoner, but who was fortunately forgotten by his enemies, and thus survived the Reign of Terror. They were calm and resigned: hope they had none. Brissot never betrayed the least anxiety for his own fate, but often mourned over that of France. He was thoughtful, but with a grave and dignified demeanour, worthy of the cause for which he had lived, and for which he was now called upon to suffer. Gensonné seemed to feel a noble disdain for the tyrants who oppressed his country: their names never once passed his lips. Vergniaud was the same as ever, grave and gay by turns. At times his fellow-prisoners would gather around him, listening to that impassioned eloquence with which he was gifted, and which was so soon to be lost to the world for ever. On other occasions he would divert their thoughts from their present situation by the inexhaustible fund of mirth and anecdote which he possessed. Valazé seemed to have lost every other feeling in that of the glorious martyrdom which awaited him.

But of all those heroic and hapless men, none excited deeper emotions of pity than the two brothers-in-law, Ducos and Fonfrède. Both had the full enjoyment of their liberty till the act of accusation appeared, in which they had not the least suspicion that they should be included. Ducos might have escaped, but he preferred sharing the fate and prison of his relative. Both calmly submitted to their fate; and yet, by losing life, they lost all that could endear it—an immense fortune, and beloved wives and children. Fonfrède, less resigned than his friend, took one of the other prisoners apart on the last day of their trial. He began speaking to him of his wife and children, and as he uttered the names of those he so tenderly loved, he could not refrain from shedding tears. Ducos saw him, and tenderly con-

soled him, not striving to disguise his own emotion. This happened twenty-four hours before their execution. For the two first sittings of their judges, the Girondins were allowed to speak in their defence, and the impassioned eloquence of Vergniaud had well-nigh won their cause, melting to tears even the fierce assassins present—the same who had taken a part in the massacres of September. This being perceived, he and the other prisoners were forbidden to speak, and, by a bitter perversion of all justice, were condemned unheard.

On hearing his sentence, La Source merely repeated those words of one of the ancients—"I die at a moment when the people have lost their reason, but you will die when they recover it." All behaved with remarkable firmness, embracing one another, and crying out—"Long live the Republic!" One alone amongst them, Valazé, swooned and fell. "Thou art afraid," said Gensonné, raising him up—he was dead! He had stabbed himself to the heart with a small dagger concealed amongst his papers. The court immediately ordered that the dead body should be conveyed on a car to the place of execution, and beheaded like the other prisoners. Vergniaud was provided with poison, but threw it away on hearing his doom, preferring to die with his friends Ducos and Fonfrède. They were condemned on the night of the 30th of October 1793. On their return to the Conciergerie, their fellow-prisoners, who were anxiously waiting to know the result of their trial, might hear the signal they had agreed upon in case they should be condemned—the patriotic songs with which they all at once filled their cell; and throughout the whole of that dreadful night did those songs of freedom break upon the silence of the dungeons of tyranny. They also spent part of the few hours now allotted them in conversing on the future destinies of France. They partook of a light supper, during which the servant of Duprat waited upon them. Duprat, seeing him weep, gently comforted him; thanking him with much kindness for his past services, and confiding his wife to his care. This servant afterwards sold a small annuity which he possessed to relieve the distress into which the wife of his former master had fallen.

The next day they were led to the guillotine. Sillery was executed first. He bowed gravely to the people, and behaved with great firmness. When they had reached the foot of the scaffold, the twenty-one Girondins embraced one another, once more singing the national anthem of the Marseilloise, and crying out aloud, "Long live the Republic!" In a few minutes they had perished; and of those heroic, eloquent, and noble-minded men, nothing now remained—nothing—but an immortal memory.

TRIAL OF MADAME ROLAND.

On the 31st of October 1793, the day of the execution of the twenty-two Girondins, Madame Roland was transferred from

Sainte-Pelagie to the Conciergerie, which her valued friends had just left for the scaffold. She was placed in a bare and miserable dungeon. The bed on which she lay she owed to the kindness of another prisoner, who gave it up to her. Although the weather was very cold, no covering was allowed her. The next day she underwent a long examination before Judge David. She was very strictly questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondins. Without concealing this well-known fact, she strove to clear herself from the calumnies cast upon her; but, not even waiting for her answer, they asked new questions, to which she found it very difficult to reply. This vexatious examination lasted three hours. Although she was obliged to undergo several other examinations like the first, neither her composure nor her resignation forsook her. She never showed or felt greater calmness of mind than at this trying epoch of her life; and the singular contrast which her womanly attractions and appearance offered to the heroic feelings by which she was now more than ever actuated, is eloquently described by Riouffe. Although past the prime of youth, she was still fascinating; her elegant figure had lost none of its dignity, and her large dark eyes were still full of expression and sweetness. She would often speak at the iron grating which divided the part of the prison in which men were confined from that which she inhabited; and the noble and heroic thoughts which then passed her lips, and above all, perhaps, the exquisite melody of her language, would draw the prisoners around her, making them listen, as though entranced by the touching instances of courage and womanly feeling which she daily and unconsciously offered. She often spoke of the Girondins, calling them *our friends;* but she mentioned their names without either sorrow or regret; for she was already purified by her approaching fate from almost every earthly feeling and weakness.

Occasionally her usual resignation failed her. The woman who waited on her one day said to Riouffe, "Before you, she appears strong; but when she is in her room, she will often stay for three hours at a time leaning against the window, and weeping." The prisoners themselves often beheld the traces of tears on her cheeks, although she strove to conceal them. She remained but a week in the Conciergerie, and already her gentleness had endeared her to all. The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to receive her last instructions. Madame Roland drew a ring from her finger, and said—"To-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail aught for me, and would but endanger you, without saving my life. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

When led to the tribunal, she attired herself in white, as a symbol of her innocence. She had been refused the means of

dressing her long dark hair, which fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders, increasing the more than common loveliness of her appearance. Her bearing before the tribunal was firm and full of dignity. Witnesses, by whom nothing could be proved, were called against her. One of these was a lady, her daughter's governess, who, greatly alarmed for her own life, consented to speak against Madame Roland, from whom, whilst attending her daughter's education, she had received every mark of kindness and attention, being, moreover, intrusted with a thousand francs a-month (£40) to distribute to the poor. What she said, although it tended to criminate Madame Roland, was vague and unsatisfactory. But a touching contrast to this base ingratitude was offered by the faithful female servant already alluded to, whom neither threats nor persuasions could induce to say anything prejudicial to her mistress.

Madame Roland's defence, which she composed herself, has been deservedly pronounced by Alison the historian one of the most touching things of the whole French Revolution. "The accusation against me," she remarked, "is founded wholly on the supposition of my being an accomplice with men called conspirators; yet although I cannot be called upon to give an account of my private affections, I may glory in them as I do in the whole course of my conduct, and I have nothing to conceal from the world." Alluding to her refusal to escape, she said, "I was earnestly conjured to escape from my prison, and received offers of assistance to convey me to whatever place I should think proper. I was deterred from accepting these offers from considerations both of duty and of honour. Of duty, because I would not injure those to whose care I was committed; of honour, since in all cases I should prefer exposing myself to the consequences of every possible vexation, rather than incur the appearances of guilt by a flight unworthy of my character. . . . It would have been easy for me to have avoided this trial, which I foresaw; but I thought it more becoming to meet it. I thought that I owed this example to my country. I thought that if I should be condemned, I should leave to my tyrants the odium of sacrificing a woman who had no other crime than perhaps some talents, of which she seldom availed herself; great zeal for the interests of mankind; courage to adhere to her unfortunate friends; and to render homage to truth at the hazard of her life. Those who have true greatness of soul throw away selfish feelings, remember that they belong only to the species, and look to futurity for their reward. . . . I await my sentence. When innocence mounts the scaffold, to which it is condemned by error or wickedness, it reaches the goal of triumph. May I be the last victim that shall be sacrificed! I shall leave with joy this unhappy land, which is destroying the good, and drinking in the blood of the just. . . . God of Heaven! enlighten this unhappy people, for whose liberty I breathe my warmest vows!

Liberty!—to those great souls it eminently belongs who despise death, and who can meet it with courage; but it was not formed for those weak minds who compound with crime, while they conceal their self-love and their cowardice under the name of prudence. It was not formed for those profligate men who, creeping forth from a sink of wretchedness, run and bathe in the blood that streams from the scaffold. But it is the guardian of a wise and humane people, who practise justice, despise flatterers, know their true friends, and revere truth."

The simple eloquent appeal from which the above passages are quoted, availed but little. It proved her innocence. The only crime imputed to her was her friendship for the Girondins—but this did not soften her obdurate tyrants. Finding she could not be implicated otherwise, the president asked her whether she was not aware of her husband's place of refuge. She replied that, whether she knew it or not, she would not reveal it; and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature. Upon this she was condemned. On her sentence being read to her, she rose and said, "You judge me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness upon the scaffold." On her return to the prison, she passed beneath the narrow portal with a rapidity which almost seemed to betoken joy; and, by a sign, she informed the other prisoners of her condemnation. The remainder of the day she spent in great composure and serenity of mind. She had opium in her possession; but although she might, by taking it, have escaped a fearful death on the scaffold, she nobly and rightly disdained to commit suicide, and resolved to submit to her fate, however bitter it might be. Her last-recorded thoughts are full of solemn grandeur and dignity. They conclude by a touching and final farewell to life, and all that she had most loved on earth. Besides this, she wrote several letters; one to her devoted servant, who, at the risk of life, still remained true to her mistress, and gave her the most touching proofs of affection; another to her daughter, and which, though short, is fraught with maternal tenderness and feeling. "Be worthy of thy parents," says she at the end of this letter; "they bequeath thee great examples, and if thou knowest how to profit by them, thine shall not be a useless life." This daughter having succeeded in escaping the notice of the revolutionary tyrants, subsequently married the son of Champagneux, the same who received from Madame Roland her Memoirs, and gave her in her prison every mark of attachment.

On being led to the scaffold, Madame Roland's firmness did not desert her, and she was called upon to give a singular proof of courage and generosity. She was accompanied to the place of execution by a man destined to share her fate, but who evinced an unutterable horror for the fearful death which awaited him.

In her attentions to this hapless man, and in her endeavour to inspire him with courage, Madame Roland was unremitting, and partly successful.

At the guillotine, when more than one person is executed, the first who dies is at least spared the fearful and lingering torture of beholding the death of the others. This was therefore considered a privilege, and had been granted to Madame Roland as a woman. But seeing the terror of her companion, she said to him, "Go first; let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood shed." She then turned to the executioner, and begged that this sad indulgence might be granted to her fellow-sufferer. The man hesitated, telling her that he had received orders that she should perish first. "But you cannot, I am sure," said she with a smile, "refuse the last request of a lady?" Her request was at once complied with. When her turn came to ascend the scaffold, Madame Roland gazed on the gigantic statue of Liberty, which, as though in bitter mockery, had been placed near the guillotine; and bowing gravely before it, pronounced the memorable words, "Ah, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Thus, on the 10th November 1793, died this heroic and hapless woman, worthy, by her talents and virtues, of a better fate. She perished, the victim of tyranny, at the age of thirty-nine, though she appeared much younger.

It is said that, when in the fatal cart, and on her way to the scaffold, such were the unusual emotions which filled her breast, that she asked for pens and paper to write. The request was refused; but Champagneux, who relates this anecdote, says he is convinced that, had it been granted, she would have written at the foot of the scaffold with as much composure and serenity of mind as in her study. Her death filled all those who had known her with deep grief. On learning it for the first time, Buzot the Girondin, and her intimate friend, was delirious for several days. Her faithful female servant presented herself before the revolutionary tribunal which had condemned her mistress, and asked to die on the same scaffold on which she had perished. Such were the transports of her grief, that the sanguinary jury, who daily doomed so many to death, declared that she was mad, and dismissed her as such. A man named Lecocq, who had been employed by Madame Roland in some menial capacity, and who had conceived the most devoted attachment for her, appeared also before the tribunal, and made the same application; but which in his case met with success. He was condemned, and immediately guillotined.

Madame Roland had foretold that her husband would not survive her; nor was she mistaken. He was, at the time of her death, concealed in the house of a friend near Rouen. The news of her fatal end filled him with grief and despair. He immediately resolved to die; nor could the persuasions and intreaties of his

friends dissuade him from putting his project into execution. His first intention was to go immediately to Paris, appear in the Convention, and there, after solemnly upbraiding the Mountaineers with the murder of his wife, either perish by their hands, or die like her on the scaffold. But on reflecting that if he were judicially put to death, his property would become forfeited to the state, and his only child be left destitute, he resolved to perish by his own hand. Not to endanger the safety of those persons to whose kindness he owed his present asylum, he left their house, and, after bidding them a last and affectionate farewell, proceeded alone along the road which leads from Rouen to Paris. Some passengers found him the next morning seated at the foot of a tree, leaning against it, and quite dead. He had stabbed himself to the heart. So calm and composed were his look and attitude, that several persons had passed him, thinking him to be merely asleep. A strange chance ordained that, when he was found, Legendre the Mountaineer should be passing on his way to Rouen. This Legendre, although now a member of the National Convention, had, until lately, been a butcher; and it was in this capacity that he had first been known to Roland, who was one of his customers, and who treated him with great kindness, which several times showed itself by important services his high post left it in his power to render. But, far from feeling any gratitude for this kind behaviour, Legendre, who was a man of a low and sanguinary disposition, no sooner was a member of the National Convention, than he became one of Roland's bitterest enemies.

Instead of showing any feeling of compunction or pity on beholding the dead body of the man to whom he owed so much, he gave vent to the most shocking demonstrations of triumph and exultation. A curate of the neighbourhood, who happened to be present, declared that his actions and language were too fearful to relate. After despoiling the corpse of the unfortunate Roland of all the papers which he found upon him, Legendre went off in triumph. Amongst these papers, which have thus been lost, was a letter addressed by Roland to the persons who might find his body after death, and in which, besides stating that he had been unable to survive the murder of his wife, he earnestly conjured them to respect the last remains of a man who, although he thus now miserably perished, had devoted his life to the rigid exercise of every social duty, and, above all, to the good of his country.

Such was the end of Roland. Although, by committing suicide, it must be confessed that he rendered himself guilty of a highly reprehensible and criminal act, yet some excuse for him may be found in his despair on hearing of the death of his wife—whom he most tenderly loved—and in the excited, if not deranged state of mind, news so terrible might well bring on.

Having thus seen perish the unfortunate Madame Roland and

the Girondins who had been arrested, we turn to an account of those who, having escaped from Paris, were wandering through the provinces in quest of places of security.

THE FUGITIVE GIRONDINS.

After the decree of accusation passed against the Girondins in consequence of the events of the 31st May 1793, those amongst them who had determined to effect their escape remained for some time concealed in Paris, but soon left it, to seek a refuge in the department of the Calvados (Normandy), which they reached after innumerable difficulties. Buzot, Barbaroux, and Gorsas, were now together at Caen, and might be considered chiefs of the insurrection which was preparing in that town, and by which it was hoped to overthrow the tyranny of the Mountaineers. Louvet, Pétion, and Guadet, joined them towards the end of June. Guadet arrived in Caen, disguised as an upholsterer's journeyman: he was greatly fatigued, having walked twenty-two leagues in one day, through fields and by-paths, and thus succeeded in eluding his pursuers.

A number of the departments of France coalesced in favour of the Girondins. They raised troops, and adopted vigorous measures to insure the success of their efforts against the Mountaineers. General Wimpfen was named commander-in-chief of the forces of Brittany and Normandy; but his inaction proved the ruin of the cause he had been chosen to defend. The shameful defeat of the officer Puysaye, who allowed himself to be beaten at Vernon by the Mountaineer forces, discouraged the troops, and it was resolved to disband them, and to discontinue a war in which there was little profit and less glory. This disappointment was not the only one the Girondins were to suffer. On returning one day from a disheartening interview with General Wimpfen, they found affixed to the gates of the Intendance—one of the public buildings of Caen in which they lodged—the decree passed against them on the 2d of June, and which declared them to be outlawed. The regiments of Brittany were then on the point of leaving Caen. They heard of the insult which the Girondins had received, and, thinking rightly that Caen was no longer a safe place for them, they immediately proposed that the Girondins should accompany them, as volunteers, to Brittany, whither they were then returning: an offer which was willingly accepted. They left Caen the next morning, divided into three troops, each of which accompanied one of the three battalions of the regiment. They walked with the soldiers, sharing their humble meals, and putting up, like them, calmly and cheerfully with the many inconveniences of a soldier's life. When they had reached Fougères, the three battalions were obliged to separate: each of them was anxious to keep their persecuted friends; but as this was impossible, the Girondins decided on following the fortunes of the battalion

of the Finistèrre—a course which later events proved to have been the best they could adopt.

After a narrow escape in passing through the town of Dol, where they would undoubtedly have been seized but for the bravery of the battalion, they arrived safely at Dinan, where they were enthusiastically received. It may easily be imagined that, being little accustomed to such violent exercise as they had lately undergone, the Girondins slept soundly that night. They were awakened early in the morning by the noise of a quarrel which had arisen amongst the soldiers. The cause of it was this: some of the volunteers of the Finistèrre becoming alarmed for their own safety and that of their friends, declared to their companions that the Girondins must no longer accompany them; but the others, feeling all the odium which such conduct was likely to bring upon them, energetically refused to consent to this arrangement, and they were at the height of the altercation when the Girondins interfered. On learning the cause of the quarrel, they immediately and unanimously resolved to set out alone from Dinan; and no intreaties could make them change this resolution. All the Finistèrriens united in making them offers of service and money, which the Girondins, although destitute of means, refused to accept. The only offer to which they consented was that which was made for completing their equipment as volunteers; for as this was most essential to their safety, they agreed to it. The best arms of the whole battalion were given them; and they were, moreover, provided with six armed guides, and passes signed by one of the officers. All their arrangements being completed, they set out for Quimper,* a town forty leagues distant, and which they had to reach through bad roads and a tract of country full of Jacobins.

Their little troop now consisted, besides the six guides, of Pétion, Barbaroux, Salles, Buzot and his servant, Louvet, and several others—making nineteen in all. Those who had escaped from Paris, and who were not with them, were Lanjumais, Guadet (who, being a slow walker, and having remained behind, had not left Dinan with them, and proceeded alone to Quimper without being recognised), Valady, and a friend who afterwards joined them, and Duchâtel and Kerveglan, who had preceded them to Quimper, where they were to prepare lodgings for them.

After many vicissitudes and escapes, they approached Quimper, and were taken to a peasant's house in the neighbourhood of that town, where the refreshment they so much needed was procured for them; but as they could not stay in this place, Kerveglan's friend led them to the curate of the neighbourhood, with whom they remained concealed for that day. Towards evening they

* Quimper is a seaport, situated at the juncture of the rivers Eir and Odet, near the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay.

set out for Quimper, and separated, some of them never to meet again. Salles, Cussy, and Girey Duprez, went to Kerveglan's house; Buzot was concealed near the town; Pétion and Guadet somewhere in the country not far from Quimper; whilst Riouffe, Barbaroux, and Louvet entered the town, where they escaped observation until they luckily succeeded in procuring a small brig, the captain of which engaged to convey them along the coast privately, with several of their friends, to the department of the Gironde, where, as Guadet, who was a native of Saint Emilion, near Bordeaux, assured them, they could not fail of being enthusiastically received. Those who acceded to this plan were Barbaroux, Buzot, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Louvet, Valady and his friend.

The brig conveyed them to a place named Bec d'Ambès, in the Gironde, where a friend of Guadet then resided. They were no sooner landed than Guadet called at the house of his friend, who happened not to be at home. Whilst waiting, he proceeded with his companions to the next inn, and imprudently told his name. After taking some refreshment, they returned to the house, into which, being now admitted, they made themselves at home. But whilst at the inn, they had gathered information which, though Guadet declared that it could not be true, seriously alarmed them. It was confidently asserted that Bordeaux was in the power of the Jacobins, and that the town, in which they had hoped to be able to announce themselves openly, was so wholly submissive to the Mountaineers, that there was little if any chance of their finding in it a single place of refuge. Guadet, accompanied by Pétion, immediately resolved to go to Bordeaux, and examine into the truth of this report. He soon came back, to confess that the reality was even worse than they had imagined; but again left them to seek a refuge for all in Saint Emilion, where his family resided. It was agreed that his friends should remain at the country-house, and there wait till he sent for them.

It happened that the innkeeper, their neighbour, was a fierce Jacobin, who, guessing what they were, determined to betray them. The preparations made to arrest them could not escape their notice. They immediately barricaded themselves in their abode, resolved to resist to the utmost. They were six in number, and their arms consisted of fourteen pistols, five sabres, and one gun. The gun and pistols they loaded, and calmly awaited an attack. Louvet and Barbaroux kept watch the whole night, but without being disturbed. The next day passed off, to their great surprise, as peacefully; but towards evening a messenger from Guadet arrived, stating that he had found a hiding-place for *two* only, and inviting them to lose no time in deciding which of their number these two should be. All declared that they would not accept of safety which was not for the whole of them, and immediately resolved to leave the house, trusting to

Providence for the rest. They set out with a guide as secretly as possible, and as they reached the boat which was to convey them up the course of the Garonne, four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, besieged the house they had just left, but found, to their great surprise and disappointment, that their intended captives had escaped.

When they fancied themselves far enough from their pursuers, the Girondins landed, and, after some consultation, separated. Louvet, Barbaroux, Valady and his friend, decided on going back to Paris; Pétion and Buzot trusted for their safety to chance; whilst Guadet and Salles wandered towards the Landes (broad sandy wastes), in the hope of finding some hiding-place. We will follow the first in their adventures.

They resolved to pass for tradesmen travelling on business; a pretence little likely to serve through a whole country which they had to cross, and where Barbaroux was well known by a countenance as remarkable as it was handsome. On the first night they lost their way, from a natural unwillingness for questioning strangers. Whilst they were in this dilemma, Barbaroux perceived a small parsonage, and immediately proposed to knock at the door, and inquire the road to the nearest town. The priest himself opened to them, and, after answering their questions, and looking at them attentively, said, "Come, confess it; you are good people in trouble?" It would have been useless to deny what there was little danger in acknowledging, and, without discovering themselves, they answered affirmatively. The worthy man immediately bade them enter, and when they were within, the tired wanderers experienced such a welcome as the traveller received of yore from the patriarchs. But on learning the names of his guests, both the joy and anxiety of their host increased. He was delighted that Barbaroux, with whose name he was familiar, was one of them; nor could he disguise his uneasiness, much more on their account than on his own. He determined, however, at all risks, to shelter them as long as possible. This, unfortunately, was only for a few days. The rumour that the priest had persons concealed in his house was spread in the village, and soon gained ground. To his grief, he was reluctantly compelled to dismiss his visitors; but, unwilling to do this without at the same time providing them with some other place of refuge, he found means, by interceding for them with a friend, to get them concealed in a hay-loft, which proved but an indifferent abode after the comforts of his own house.

This loft had a few days before been filled with new hay, and in this Louvet, Barbaroux, and Valady (Valady's friend had left them whilst they were at the priest's) were obliged to hide, without even being able to keep their heads free or uncovered; the loft being open to everybody, whilst two persons only were acquainted with the fact of their presence in it. The hay being

newly mowed, it was intolerably warm, and the heat they were obliged to endure, although it was now October, was increased by the want of air. For three days the hapless Girondins were forgotten by their host, and being afraid to go out, they neither tasted any kind of food nor wetted their lips. At the end of the third day they were informed that their presence was suspected, and that they must leave the loft immediately. The night was both wet and cold, and they were obliged to pass it in a wood, where they were drenched to the skin. Early the next morning the good priest came to look for them, and, moved with compassion at the sight of their wretched state, insisted on taking them home with him, where he concealed them in another loft, from which they could easily escape into the fields.

Meanwhile Salles and Guadet, after having been thirty times refused an asylum, found one under the roof of Guadet's sister-in-law, Madame Bouquey, a lady who, with her husband, had left Paris on purpose to afford the fugitive Girondins a shelter. She lived in Saint Emilion, and her house communicated with the extensive caverns and grottos which abound in that place. In one of these grottos—which could only be reached by a kind of well thirty feet deep—Salles and Guadet were concealed. On hearing of the wretched state of Barbaroux, Louvet, and Valady, she immediately said, "Let them come." The only condition she imposed was, that they should not arrive till midnight. They accordingly left the good priest, and passed the night in the house of one of his friends, another priest, by whom they were most kindly received. Their feet, swollen with fatigue, were bathed in warm water; their hair and beards, which had grown long during their wanderings, trimmed and shaved; and instead of that which they had been compelled to wear for many a day, dry and clean linen was substituted, and every other kindness and attention shown to them.

From this house they proceeded to Madame Bouquey's, where they were no less kindly received. In a few days they learned that Buzot and Pétion had, within a fortnight, been compelled to change their asylum seven times. "Let them come," again exclaimed Madame Bouquey, whose generous feelings would never allow her to consider the risk she ran. They came, and once more the whole seven found themselves united. But notwithstanding the efforts of their kind hostess, they were but indifferently fed. She received, as her allowance, a pound of bread a-day, such being then the scarcity in France. They accordingly slept till twelve o'clock, to spare a breakfast, and their dinner consisted of a soup made of vegetables. The day they spent in the grottos; and it was only at night that this generous woman, who, with the exception of Guadet, hardly knew them, could admit them into her own house, then securely closed, and where they found everything which she could imagine to con-

tribute to their comfort, after the cheerless day they had passed. Although surrounded with persons who were dreadfully alarmed at the proximity of the Girondins, and who earnestly urged her to forego her dangerous humanity, Madame Bouquey's generous purpose of saving them was not shaken.

But soon, and to her deep grief, this kind-hearted woman was compelled to part from her guests. The importunities of her family at length prevailed, and once more the wanderers were sent adrift. Buzot, in his memoirs, which he began at Madame Bouquey's house, and which have been preserved, describes their miserable condition. They were not only extremely poor, but were scarcely provided with clothes. Barbaroux, Buzot, and Pétion, went away together, they knew not whither; Guadet, Salles, Valady, and Louvet, were equally ignorant of their destination. Their parting, which many reasons contributed to render affecting, took place in November 1793, a few days after the death of Madame Roland. Soon afterwards Valady resolved to leave his companions, and to proceed alone on his journey. A melancholy foreboding seemed to hang over him. As he slowly departed, his friends often looked sadly back after him, until his form disappeared in the gloom of the night, and the sound of his distant footsteps might no longer be heard. In a few days he was taken, and executed.

It was night, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that Louvet and his companions were soon wet through. Guadet then bethought him of a lady who was deeply indebted to him, and who had ever begged of him to consider her as his best friend. She lived not far off, and they immediately proceeded towards her house. When the servant opened the door to them, he feigned not to recognise Guadet, with whose person he was quite familiar. Guadet sent in his name; the lady refused to see him; he remonstrated, urging the almost fainting state of Louvet from a hurt leg, and begging to be at least admitted for a few hours, that they might warm their limbs. A refusal was once more returned. Louvet, whose anguish was increased by fatigue, now swooned away. Guadet knocked again at the inhospitable door, and in the name of humanity asked for some vinegar to restore his friend. It was also refused. Louvet at length recovered, and, after proceeding a little farther, declared that he would return to Paris, and no longer remain in the Gironde, where they were so ill-used; and all the intreaties of his friends could not change his resolution.

From this moment the fortunes of the Girondins were separated. Guadet, with his friend Salles, found a refuge in the house of his father, but only for a short time. It happened that three Girondins, Biroteau, Cussy, and Grangeneuve, had been arrested some time before in Bordeaux, and executed. This immediately led the revolutionary agents to suspect that the rest were concealed in Saint Emilion. They ordered a search in the grottos; and they

had inhabitants of the place, and even dogs, to assist them; but their search proved ineffectual. They also examined the house of Guadet's father, and in doing this, had reason to suspect there was a hiding-place. The sound of the snapping of a pistol confirmed their suspicions. Further concealment was useless; and Guadet and Salles, who were hidden within, immediately cried out that they would surrender. They were at once arrested, and with them Guadet's father, his brother, and an old aunt who lived in the house. Guadet and Salles were guillotined the next day at Bordeaux. Salles's last letter to his wife, whom he left destitute, and with three children, dependant on the charity of a good priest of Brittany, is most touching, and breathes the tenderest affection. Both behaved with uncommon firmness. Guadet addressed the crowd; but the drums, which were purposely beaten, prevented him from being heard, with the exception of his last words—"Citizens, you behold the last of your faithful representatives." They died on the 19th of June 1794.

Buzot, Barbaroux, and Pétion, were meanwhile in the house of a priest of Saint Emilion; but he being unfortunately unable to conceal them long, sent word to Madame Bouquey that she must find some other hiding-place for her friends. The good lady was much perplexed, until she thought at last of a very humane and honest man, a hairdresser, in whom she knew she could confide. "I daresay," said she, "that Baptiste Troquart (such was his name) would keep them for some time." Guadet's brother—this was before the arrest of Salles and Guadet—broke the subject to the hairdresser, who instantly agreed to receive them. This worthy man readily undertook, without prospect of remuneration, to conceal and attend to the wants of the three fugitives. They remained three months with him, receiving during that time every mark of kindness and attention. After working all day, Troquart would go out at night to find food for them, which, on account of the great scarcity of provisions, was no easy task. After long escaping the vigilance of the local authorities, their host received notice of the death of Guadet and Salles, and of domiciliary visits which daily took place in the neighbourhood. In short, it soon became evident that if the Girondins valued their lives, or his safety, they had no time to lose in effecting their escape. They left his house at night, accepting from him a loaf of bread, which was all that he could give. With this they set forward, ignorant where to go, but resolved never to be taken alive. The next morning, when they were in the vicinity of Castillon, in a corn-field, they perceived a vast crowd, occasioned by a fair in the neighbourhood, but which, at a distance, they mistook for battalions sent to arrest them. Barbaroux immediately endeavoured to blow out his brains, but only wounded himself in the attempt. The sound of the report of the pistol drew a woman to the spot, who gave the

alarm, and Barbaroux, still living, though insensible, was conveyed to Bordeaux, where, his identity having been ascertained before the revolutionary tribunal, he was immediately guillotined, 25th June 1794. Two days afterwards, the bodies of Pétion and Buzot were found in the corn-field, half devoured by dogs. It is gratifying to add that, a few weeks later, the Reign of Terror came to an end in the fall of Robespierre and his miserable companions. When this happy event took place, a general rejoicing prevailed throughout France. The prisons rang with songs, and people embraced each other in a species of intoxication. The activity of the guillotine was now suspended, and calm inquiry succeeded to a period of dire injustice and disorder. Those who had been in dread to speak their mind, even to their nearest relations, now commented freely on the state of public affairs. Unfortunately, before this resumption of reason and order, the excellent Madame Bouquey perished on the scaffold, with almost every member of her family. Her death, however, was to be attributed more to her relationship with Guadet, than to her hospitality towards his companions.

Such was the end of the Girondins. They almost all died on the scaffold: some of them betrayed by treacherous friends, like Rabaud St Etienne; and others, like Valady, through their own rashness. Several, amongst whom was Louvet, survived those eventful times; but few were ever afterwards concerned in public affairs.

The Gironde party became now, in every sense of the word, extinct. France was unworthy of them: it had not the intelligence or the heroism to defend them. Their fate has shown us the *utter folly of trusting to theories in a revolution.* Commencing with the best intentions, they hastened the fall of monarchy, and fanned a flame which finally and remorselessly devoured them. In proportion as the discord of the Revolution increased, their sentiments became more distasteful to the multitude, which, with passions aroused, could not appreciate principles of moderation. After their fall from power, and the execution of twenty-two of their number, the Dantonists, or party next moderate in degree, tried to quell the violence that had been produced; and they also fell, and were exterminated, leaving the Terrorists for a time in unquestioned authority; and it was only when the most extreme likewise perished, that, as above-mentioned, a public calm was restored. We know of no page in history so well calculated to render men patient under real or fancied wrongs, than that which recounts this ferocious struggle. What could afford a more striking lesson of the necessity for keeping in all cases within the bounds of constitutional moderation? Let us, with these remarks, draw a veil over the errors of the Girondins, whose heroic endurance of suffering in the day of adversity may be supposed to expiate failings which, arising from ignorance and good intention, are not without excuse.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

THE colony of Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815. As soon after this event as the state of affairs would admit, the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the newly appointed governor, M. Schmaltz, and other functionaries, civil and military, to take possession of and colonise the restored settlement. The squadron fitted out on this occasion consisted of four vessels —the Medusa, a frigate of forty-four guns, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette—the whole carrying upwards of six hundred individuals, of whom two hundred and fifty were soldiers. On board the Medusa, the chief vessel in the squadron, commanded by Captain Lachaumareys, were the governor and other principal functionaries, along with a considerable number of the soldiers, and a number of women and children: the entire number of individuals on board being four hundred.

Among this large body on board the Medusa, was a family to whom we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel. It consisted of M. Picard, his wife, two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage, both accomplished young women, and several younger children, with a girl their cousin—the whole nine in number, the youngest of whom was an infant at the breast. M. Picard was by profession an attorney; he had been resident in Senegal previous to 1809, and now, on the resumption of French authority, he was returning, for the purpose of occu-

pying a situation connected with the government of the colony. Provided with a small cabin on the main-deck of the Medusa, and with some valuable goods on board, the family formed a happy group, full of bright anticipations of the future, and having every reason to expect a prosperous voyage to the shores of Africa.

Setting out from the port of Rochefort, in the west of France, all the vessels of the expedition were under sail on the 17th of June 1816, and remained for several days together; at length, from the changeableness of the wind, they were separated, each pursuing its course alone, and the Echo only keeping in sight of the Medusa, as if to guide it on its route. Some fine weather which ensued served to confirm hopes of happiness in the Picards, and on the 28th of June they felt interested in contemplating the lofty peak of Teneriffe, which rose on the horizon. The satisfaction which the passengers now generally felt and expressed, was doomed to be of no long duration. Captain Lachaumareys was apparently so unfit for the trust reposed in him, not only from his ignorance of seamanship and general management, but as regards temper and humanity, that it is impossible to understand how he should have obtained the command of the vessel. One day, when the frigate was going before a fine breeze at the rate of nine knots an hour, a sailor boy fell overboard. Several persons were at the moment standing on the poop, witnessing the gambols of seals, but no effective measures were taken to save the poor boy's life. For some time the unfortunate lad kept hold of a rope which he had caught in his fall, but the vessel was making such way, that he soon lost his hold. A sailor now seized him by the arm, but for the same reason he was forced to let go. To communicate this accident to the Echo, a gun was ordered to be fired, but not a single piece was found charged; it required also a long time to lower the sails, when the more simple method would have been to put the helm about. It was at last thought of letting down a six-oared boat; into which, in the confusion and hurry, only three men entered. Every effort was unavailing; the boat returned, after rowing a short distance, without having even found the cork buoy which had been thrown overboard when the accident was first announced. The same want of foresight, promptitude, and regularity on the part of the captain and lieutenants, afterwards led to greater disasters.

On the first of July the Medusa entered the tropics, the seamen on the occasion performing the ceremonies which ordinarily take place in crossing the equinoctial line. In the midst of this fatal merriment the vessel was surrounded by dangers, of which those in command were insensible. For some days the captain had abandoned the entire guidance of the frigate to a person named Richfort, who pretended to a great knowledge of this part of the Atlantic. In vain the passengers remonstrated on this imprudent confidence in a stranger; the commander obstinately persisted in allowing him to steer the vessel in whatever

direction he thought proper. Richfort appears to have been a fool as well as an impostor, for, while risking the lives of others, he also risked his own; and in the face of multiplying dangers, he continued his perilous course. In thus abandoning the ship to Richfort's direction, the captain transgressed the written instructions, which enjoined him to steer due west for sixty-six miles after making Cape Blanco, in order to clear the sand-bank of Arguin; instead of which, after proceeding about half that distance, the vessel's head was set to the southward. During the night which followed, the Echo hung out lanterns to warn her consort of her danger; but they were unavailing; the Medusa was kept on her course, and in the morning the Echo was out of sight.

On the morning of this memorable day, July 2, the sea assumed a sandy colour, and the more reflective passengers and naval officers became seriously alarmed; strong representations of the danger the frigate was in were again made to the captain, but with no better success than formerly. Such was his infatuation, that the vessel was at the time actually standing directly for the low sandy shore which it was his duty to avoid. At noon, the officer of the watch asserted that the vessel was getting near the edge of the bank; but no change was permitted in her course. This obstinacy caused a mournful presentiment among the passengers. A species of stupor, approaching to despair, overspread all their spirits. M. Picard, seated in the midst of his family, gave all up for lost; yet he durst not remonstrate; for already one of the officers had been put under arrest for daring to condemn the fallacy of Richfort's proceedings. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with violence, impelled the vessel nearer the danger which menaced it. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the lead showed that the frigate was in eighteen fathoms water. This startling intelligence for the first time roused the captain. He gave orders to change the ship's course, by coming closer to the wind. It was too late. The lead was again cast, and showed only six fathoms. The captain, now thoroughly terrified, gave orders to haul the wind as close as possible. It was useless. The frigate had touched the sandy bottom, and almost immediately struck with a strong concussion. This disastrous event took place at a quarter past three o'clock afternoon, in 19 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and 19 degrees 45 minutes west longitude. The vessel now lay at the mercy of the winds and waves, in less than four fathoms, and this was during high water; when the tide ebbed, the depth would become less.

When the concussion of striking was felt through the vessel, terror and consternation were immediately depicted on every countenance. The crew stood motionless; the passengers gave themselves up to despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were heard against the principal author of the

misfortune, the greater number wishing to throw him overboard; but some, more generously disposed, endeavoured to calm the excitement, and pointed out how much more fitting it would be to adopt means of safety, than spend time in vengeful and useless criminations. To ease the pressure on the ship, the sails were hastily lowered, the top-gallant-mast and top-mast taken down, and some other means tried to get her off the bank. They were all, however, only half measures; they did little good; and when night came on, the efforts were suspended.

At dawn of day, July 3, new attempts were made to move the vessel. Anchors were carried, with vast trouble, in boats to a distance, and being dropped into the sea, cables from them were pulled at the capstan; but the anchors presented no sufficient resistance, and the effort proved fruitless. Masts, yards, and booms were now thrown overboard, and a number of casks of water emptied; still the frigate continued fixed. Many wished the cannon also to be tossed overboard; but this the captain refused to do, on the plea that they belonged to the king! There was a large stock of provision in barrels, which the frigate was carrying to Senegal; and these barrels the governor, with equal pertinacity, would not allow to be thrown overboard, on the ground that the colony was in want of provisions.

What was now to be done? All was clamour and confusion; in the midst of which the poor Picards shrunk into their little cabin, consumed with grief and apprehensions of a miserable death on the wreck. The superior officers felt the necessity for providing means of escape, in case all attempts to get off the ship should prove unavailing. A council was called. The lives of four hundred persons were to be saved; and there were only six boats, into which it would have been impossible to stow so many. In this dilemma M. Schmaltz, the governor, proposed to save a large portion of the passengers on a raft, of which he exhibited a plan. The raft was to be capable of carrying two hundred men, with provisions for all. The boats were to tow the raft, to which their crews were to come at meal times for their rations. The whole crew were to land in a body on the sandy shore of the desert, and, provided with arms and ammunition, which were to be taken from the vessel, were to form a caravan, and proceed to the town of Saint Louis in Senegal. All this, as events afterwards proved, was practicable; for the land, though not visible from the frigate, was only about forty-five miles distant; yet the plan, in the manner proposed, was not carried into execution.

Next day, the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour of high water, the frigate, being considerably lightened, was found nearly afloat; and it is believed that if the guns had now been thrown overboard, the Medusa would have been saved. Even a tow-line would have brought her round; but it was not thought of. When the tide ebbed, the unfortunate vessel again

sank firmly into the sand, and the hope of getting her off was abandoned.

A raft was now begun to be constructed by means of masts, spars, planks, and cordage, which were thrown into the sea for the purpose: the whole being lashed together, formed a kind of platform, of about a foot and a half in thickness, buoyed up by empty barrels placed beneath the corners. Its length was sixty-five feet; its breadth above twenty. Each end terminated in a point; and these ends were very fragile. The only safe part was in the centre; but even that was sometimes under water.

Night came on while the raft was constructing, and the work ceased till next day. It was a night productive of dire anticipations. The sky became cloudy, the wind blew strong, and came from the sea, causing a great swell of the waves. The vessel now began to heel with violence, and it was every moment expected to see her planks start. This catastrophe at length to a certain extent ensued. The lower timbers bulged; the keel broke in two; the rudder was also unshipped, but still holding to the stern by the chains, it was dashed by the waves against the vessel. From this cause the captain's cabin was beat in, and the water entered in an alarming manner. In this emergency the captain could preserve neither order nor discipline; and indeed his incompetency and inhumanity rendered disobedience a duty. The general feeling throughout the ship was, every man for himself—a scramble for life. Towards midnight a large part of the crew and more active passengers were preparing to leave the vessel secretly in the boats. This selfish and perfidious conduct was, however, checked by the soldiers, who firmly declared they would fire upon whosoever attempted to quit the frigate clandestinely. The threats of these brave men alarmed the governor, who had already formed a scheme for himself. He therefore judged it proper to assemble a council, at which he endeavoured to allay the general distrust. He solemnly swore that, according to the plan which would be adopted, the boats would not abandon the raft, but would tow it to the shore of the desert, where all would travel in a body to Senegal. It was agreed that the embarkation should take place at six o'clock in the morning.

The treacherous promises of the governor, supported by Captain Lachaumareys, served to allay the apprehensions of the more timid passengers, including the unfortunate Picards. A number began to secure their more valuable articles about their persons, while part of the crew and soldiers broke into the cabins and store-rooms, appropriating the articles which struck their fancy, and drinking the wine and spirits, till they fell exhausted and insensible. Amidst an uproar of singing, shouting, groans, and imprecations, day broke, and all prepared to depart. A list had been made out, assigning each his proper place in the boats and raft; but this arrangement was now disregarded, and every one pursued the plan he deemed best for his own preservation. Few

were inclined to go upon the raft, which heaved uneasily on the turbid waves. To compel obedience, an officer, armed with two pistols, stood by the bulwarks, and with furious language threatened to fire on whoever would not go upon it; and thus a miscellaneous crowd of persons were forced to place themselves on this floating tomb. To accommodate so large a number, and keep the raft from sinking, several barrels of provisions which had been placed on it the day before were thrown into the sea. The only provisions left for the support of the large number on it, consisted of a bag of twenty-five pounds of soaked biscuit, which, having been tossed from the vessel, fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered. There were also several casks of wine and of water. On the raft there were no charts, sails, oars, nor compass, everything proper being forgot in the confusion. In all, there were upon the raft one hundred and fifty persons, twenty-nine of whom were sailors; there was one woman, and all the remainder were soldiers. These latter were not allowed to take their muskets; but they retained their swords; besides which the officers saved their fowling-pieces and pistols.

The command of the raft had been assigned to M. Coudin, midshipman. This was not the least of the cruelties perpetrated by Lachaumareys. Coudin had received a severe bruise on his leg before the expedition had sailed from Rochefort, and he was now suffering so severely, that he was incapable of moving. Determined, however, not to flinch from a post which had been assigned to him on the ground of his being the senior midshipman in the vessel, he refused to allow one of his companions to take his place, and accordingly proceeded to the raft. The exertion, however, was almost too much for him: the pain of his wound, aggravated by the heaving of the raft, and the salt water which dashed upon him, rendered him nearly insensible. Information of his condition being communicated to the captain, a promise was made that he should be relieved, and taken into one of the boats; but this, like all other promises, was not fulfilled. The unfortunate Coudin was left on the raft.

The boats were in the meanwhile receiving their lading. The barge, which was commanded by a lieutenant, took the governor, with his wife, daughters, and friends, making in all thirty-five persons; it also received several trunks, and a stock of choice provisions and liquors. The captain's boat received twenty-eight persons, most of whom were sailors, good rowers. The shallop, commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the frigate, took forty-two passengers; the long-boat eighty-three; the pinnace thirty; and the yawl, the smallest of all the boats, fifteen. Such was the final arrangement; but before it was effected, there was much struggling and fighting, some gaining a place only by threatening the lives of the commanders. The boats were to all appearance filled, and putting to sea, without any one casting

a thought on the poor Picards, who, less able to enforce attention than others, were about to be abandoned on the wreck. A place had been promised them in the pinnace; but that boat had put off, and its commander would not return to take the helpless family. Roused by the horrors of his situation, M. Picard lifted a musket from the deck, and hailing the yawl, which was near at hand, declared that he would shoot every one on board, if they would not carry himself and family to the pinnace. The sailors, murmuring, assented, and by this means the Picards reached the pinnace, on which they were, with affected politeness, taken on board.

When all had left the vessel who would go, there remained seventeen persons, some of whom were intoxicated, and incapable of providing for their safety.

For some time after quitting the wreck, five of the boats united in a line, towing the raft behind them by a rope; and as the wind was fortunately favourable, there can be no reasonable doubt that, had they continued to pull, the whole fleet would have reached the shore in from thirty to forty hours. To the everlasting disgrace of the French navy, the commanders of the boats changed altogether the plan to which they had engaged themselves to adhere, and, one and all dropping the tow-line, left their brethren on the raft to their fate. The immediate cause of this most dishonest and inhuman procedure, was an appeal made to them by M. Espiau in the yawl. This gentleman, the only officer who seemed to pity the unfortunates on the Medusa, was the last to quit the wreck, and, in compassion for those left behind, had taken more on board than his boat could well contain. Hastening after the boats in advance, he earnestly besought their commanders to relieve him of part of his crew; but all refused to assist him. In the desperation to which they were put, some of the crew in the yawl proposed swimming after the boats, and, if possible, working on the compassion of their commanders. One sailor put this proposal in practice. Plunging into the sea, he swam towards one of the leading and least-burdened boats; but on reaching, and endeavouring to climb into it, the officer in command pushed him back, and drawing his sword, threatened to cut off his hands if he did not let go. The poor wretch being thus compelled to desist from the attempt, next tried the pinnace; but here he met with no better success. Some of the party on board intreated the officer, M. Lapérère, to receive him; but he refused the request, and the man was left to his fate. M. Lapérère, it appears, got rid of the unhappy applicant for admission not only by refusing to take him in, but by hastening away from him. To put the boat beyond his reach, he caused the tug-line to be dropped, and so made off with all speed from the spot. The commanders of the other boats imitated this execrable example. Wishing to get beyond the reach of the unfortunate being who was floundering amidst the waves, and of the yawl from which

he had precipitated himself, all dropped the towing-rope, and each boat made off precipitately from the dismal scene.

The raft was thus abandoned by all who had sworn to assist in towing it to land. A hundred and fifty fellow-creatures were unscrupulously left in the midst of the ocean—to perish. We question if the whole annals of shipwreck present a case of greater iniquity than this; it must for ever stand unparalleled for heartless inhumanity. At first, when the unfortunate individuals on the raft saw the boats break loose from the line they had been pursuing, they imagined that the towing-rope had snapped, and they raised their voices to make their companions aware of the fact. "The rope is broke—the rope is broke," burst from them with increasing intensity of agony. To their surprise no attention was paid to their cries, and for a moment they imagined that some new tactics advantageous to all were to be practised. Englishmen in such circumstances would most likely have awaited the result in silence. The French, with characteristic vivacity, raised the national flag on the raft, and united in the cry of *Vive le Roi;* trusting perhaps to awaken a sympathising feeling in the bosoms of their retreating companions, and so bring them back to a sense of humanity and duty. If such were their meaning, it signally failed. The commanders of the boats bombastically returned the cry; and Captain Lachaumareys, assuming a martial attitude, politely waved his hat in the air, as a parting testimony of regard. The wretched crew of the raft now too surely saw what was to be their doom. They perceived that, after being treacherously decoyed upon their floating prison, they were left with indifference to die of hunger, or to be drowned in the sea. Wild cries forthwith rent the air—cries of heart-rending despair—cries for justice and compassion—cries also of vengeance and contempt. All were alike unheeded. The boats hastened on their course.

From the narrative of Mademoiselle Picard, we learn that the cries on this melancholy occasion would have melted any but the most obdurate of hearts. "Alas! why do you leave us—why do you leave us?" was wafted to their ears. "I felt," says she, "my heart bursting with emotion. I believed that the waves would speedily overwhelm all these forlorn wretches, and I could not suppress the tears which burst from my eyes. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with indignation at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to express his regret for not having allowed himself to be placed on the raft along with the sufferers. 'At least,' he observed, 'we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the Medusa, and been spared the disgrace of having saved ourselves with cowards.'"

Such is the account given by an eye-witness of this scene of disaster and disgrace. The history of the shipwreck now divides

itself into three parts—the account of the boats and their crews, of the raft, and of the wreck of the Medusa. In the first place, we shall follow the account of

THE BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.

Among the six boats which left the Medusa, two only had a sufficient stock of provisions, and these made off with all despatch from their companions in misfortune. It had been arranged that they all should make for the nearest land; but these two boats taking the lead, proceeded, by orders of the governor, in the direction of Senegal. This unforeseen change of course surprised and alarmed the crews of the other boats; for none of them had provisions for more than one or two days; and to encounter a voyage of longer duration, was altogether hopeless. Undecided, however, they continued to move on in the wake of the boats which were in advance. The provisions on board the pinnace consisted of a barrel of biscuit and a tierce of water; but the biscuit had been soaked in the sea, and was little better than salted paste. A small portion of this nauseous biscuit, with a glass of water, formed the daily portion of each on board. The other boats were in some degree better provided, for they had a little wine.

During the night of the 5th, the day on which the raft had been abandoned, the boats lay to; and on the morning of the 6th, they were again under weigh. The pinnace, according to the account of Mademoiselle Picard, which we shall principally follow, now began to leak fearfully, and the holes in it were stuffed with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to provide. At noon the heat was intense; hot winds blew from the desert, and many thought their last moments were come. In the afternoon a distribution of a little water and biscuit was made; and hope revived of reaching Senegal on the morrow. As evening came on, the sky changed, and then a tempest of wind, thunder, and lightning, which threatened to overwhelm the boat. Again the leaks broke out, and there were stuffed into them old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shawls, anything that came to hand; and for six hours, every one momentarily anticipated death. Towards midnight the atmosphere tranquillised, and once more a gleam of hope passed through the minds of the forlorn crew.

In the morning of the 7th, the shores of the desert were again seen, and a number of the sailors murmuring, and wishing to land, the boat was directed towards the coast. On approaching the land, the hearts of the most courageous failed, on seeing the breakers which it would be necessary to pass through to the shore. Again the pinnace put to sea, and another day was spent under a burning sun, and in a state of intolerable thirst. The freshness of the night-wind revived the spirits of all on board;

but all were becoming excessively weak for want of nourishment; and on the morrow it was determined to attempt a landing. Early in the morning of the 8th, accordingly, after a scanty meal of a mouthful of biscuit and a few drops of water, the boats once more put in-shore, and being cheered with observing a group of persons from two of the boats already landed, they pushed towards a landing-place. It was a desperate struggle. The breakers overwhelmed the boat, and only after weltering in the waves, and being all thoroughly drenched, they got to dry land.

The crews of all the boats were here united, except those on board the governor's and captain's boats, both of which pursued their way to Senegal, which they reached next day, the 9th; that is, four days after quitting the wreck. As soon as they arrived a council was held, to concert measures necessary to be taken on the occasion. It will scarcely be credited that, notwithstanding this apparent activity, nothing was done for some days. At length a vessel, the Argus, was despatched in quest of the boats and of the raft, and what it achieved will appear in the sequel.

Returning, in the meanwhile, to the large party who had effected a landing from the boats—numbering about a hundred and seventy persons—we find them in a dismal plight, on the shore of a barren desert, without food or water, and many nearly naked. All, it appears, had got ashore without material injury, except one person, who had his legs broken, while landing, by a concussion from one of the boats. He was laid on the shore of the desert, and left to his fate, which would most likely be destruction by wild animals on the ensuing night. In this incident alone is seen an inhumanity for which there is no valid excuse.

Leaving the poor wretch on the sands, the party proceeded to consult on measures for proceeding to Senegal; but that involved a march of several days, and great fatigues and dangers, not to be contemplated without dismay. As remaining on the spot, however, would have been worse than madness, all prepared to set out. What ensued will be best told in the unaffected words of Mademoiselle Picard:—

"Shortly after landing, or about seven in the morning, a party was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. Some accordingly was found at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet, and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My step-mother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for

Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, as the general body was called, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

"Early on the morning of the 9th we saw an antelope on a little hill; it instantly disappeared, before any of the party had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which not a blade of verdure was seen. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the general body. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and cruelty. The dispute waxed warm. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene we threw ourselves between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were perhaps less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégnère, captain of infantry, who allayed the dispute by saying to his soldiers, 'My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them.' This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to quit us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us, on condition that we would walk a little quicker. M. Bégnère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

"About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating: no-

thing, however, was procured but poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The party rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They returned in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of a nauseous taste. After this truly frugal repast we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the surf. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day, we had the satisfaction of finding none missing."

At sunrise next morning the party resumed its march, holding a little towards the east, in the hope of finding water. In this they were disappointed; but were gratified in observing that the country was less arid, and possessed a species of vegetation. Some of the travellers having pushed forward to make observations, "they returned and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slightly rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to one of the officers, interpreted between us and the women, who, when they had heard of our

misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of three francs a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, for which twenty piastres were charged. We immediately killed them, and the Moorish women boiled them for us in a large kettle."

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. "We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and, discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water, free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep; because his religion would not allow him to lodge under the same roof with Christians."

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal; and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. "The vessel having approached sufficiently near to the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, pushing before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the Argus, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a cheese. Oh fortunate circumstance! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long time of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when

our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to revive from a state of melancholy and dejection.

"About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words:—'Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.' These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly calmed our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as bitter as the sea. Mr Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp."

The succeeding night passed over without any unpleasant event, and the party were again on the march along the shore at four in the morning. All were hungry, and Mr Carnet left them to procure some provisions. "At noon, the sun's heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves endured it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last moments were come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn; but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting that he could not drink it, and spilt it on the ground. Captain Bégnère, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome that must have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco; but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

"We were on the point of quitting this furnace, when we saw our English friend approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water; but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and, after a bath of half an hour, reposed ourselves upon the beach."

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St Louis, the place of their destination. "During the day we quickened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture pre-

sented itself to our view. The trees, always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, which flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted: he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate. Everything was done to relieve our necessities, and render us comfortable after our dangers and fatigues."

We now turn to the account of the raft, and the unfortunates who had been treacherously deserted on it.

THE RAFT.

Ruthlessly abandoned in the midst of the ocean, and at the distance of five or six miles from the wreck of the Medusa, the crew of the raft, numbering altogether a hundred and fifty individuals, gave themselves up to all the horrors of despair. This feeling, however, was less manifested by the officers than by their companions, who were principally soldiers and sailors. M. Coudin, the nominal commander, was unfit, from illness, to issue orders or exert his influence, and the duty of attending to the general wants and safety appears to have been assumed by M. Corréard and M. Savigny, with one or two other officers. These gentlemen, by putting on a countenance of greater fortitude than they really possessed, endeavoured to soothe the general apprehensions, and held out hopes of succour, of which they had but a feeble expectation.

When tranquillity was restored, and attention could be given to the more immediate condition of affairs, the first idea that occurred to the officers in command, was that of steering the raft by the aid of sails and compass. A search was now made for the chart, compass, and anchor, which, on quitting the wreck, were understood to have been placed on the raft; but they were nowhere to be found, and had never been embarked. In this

emergency M. Corréard recollected that he had seen one of the sailors with a small pocket compass in his hands, and on inquiry, it was still fortunately in his possession. This was a piece of joyful intelligence. The compass was not larger than a crown-piece, and perhaps not very accurate; nevertheless, it would answer the purpose for which it was required, and was accordingly given to the chief in command. Alas! short-lived were the expectations which the possession of the compass had raised. From want of care, it dropped from the fingers of the commander, disappeared between the planks of the raft, and was irrecoverably lost. There was now no other guide across the deep than the rising and setting sun.

In the hurry of leaving the wreck, none had eaten anything, and in the course of the forenoon all began to feel severely the calls of hunger. A meal was now served, consisting of a little biscuit, mixed with three-quarters of a pint of wine. Bad as it was, it was the best meal distributed on the raft. The biscuit was all consumed, and there was nothing left but wine. After this repast, and while all were as yet able to form correct conclusions, it might be supposed that some definite plan would have been executed for navigating the raft, if not to the shore of the desert, at least back to the Medusa, where there were stores of many useful materials, and an abundance of provisions. Except the erecting of a very insufficient mast and sail, nothing of this kind appears to have been done. The raft lay a hulk on the water, at the mercy of every wave. A few of the better-disposed officers preserved a degree of order, and preached patience and hope; and this is the utmost that can be said in their favour. Others employed themselves in canvassing with the common soldiers and sailors plans for taking revenge on those who had deserted them when they should reach the land.

With the shades of evening a better spirit prevailed. To the first feeling of despair, there now ensued a degree of resignation; and religion, with its soothing influence, contributed to the general calm. At times a sanguine spirit would try to impart hopes of succour on the morrow. Perhaps the boats would land their crews on the island of Arguin, and return to carry away those on the raft; perhaps they might return after reaching the desert; perhaps they might give intelligence of their fate to one of the vessels of the squadron with which they might fall in. These attempts at comfort were only of momentary avail. Night set in, darkness enveloped the raft, the wind rose, and the agitated sea dashed its waves and spray over the cowering mass of sufferers. The uneasy motion of the raft, and the shifting of the spars, likewise added to the horrors of the scene. With feet entangled amidst the planks and cordage, many were thrown down, and deprived of the power of moving, by others falling above them. As the storm increased, numbers were obliged to lash themselves to the beams, to prevent the waves from washing

them off. Cries of pain, of renewed despair, and of bitter lamentation, again rose on the blast. The faculties of many became temporarily impaired; they fancied that vessels were approaching, and, by way of holding out a signal, they fired off pistols, and set fire to small heaps of gunpowder. Amongst the whole on board during that awful night, there were few who did not expect that the raft would perish in the storm before morning. But these anticipations were not realised. The morning at length broke, and found the raft still buffeted on the surface of the water. It was reserved for greater horrors.

As the second day dawned, the storm gradually ceased, and the ocean calmed. When there was sufficient light, the spectacle which presented itself was most dismal. Wet, battered, sick, and wounded, the wretched sufferers were huddled confusedly together in heaps. On giving out rations of wine by way of a meal, it was found that twenty persons were missing; a greater number, however, were probably washed overboard during the night; for several, in order to increase their allowance, took rations for their dead companions. That twenty out of the hundred and fifty were gone, was at least certain. Death had taken his first instalment.

During the day, which continued fine throughout, tranquillity prevailed, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the boats would shortly appear; none of them, however, made their appearance, and hope once more gave way to gloomy despair. A mutiny now broke out; the orders of the officers were disregarded, and there was reason to expect that next night, for want of the precautions hitherto adopted, many lives would be sacrificed. Night at length came, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, there was every appearance of a fresh storm approaching. The sky became covered with heavy clouds, the wind, which had been rather high all day, now rose to a gale, and the waves, again excited, rolled upon the raft in continuous masses, driving it before them as if to immediate destruction.

In this dismal condition the hearts of the mutineers quailed, and all tried to seek safety in being calm. But rest was impossible. Terrified for the fury of the waves, the mass of sufferers clung to the centre of the raft, where some were actually stifled by the weight of their companions. Those who were outside, and exposed, were rolled over from side to side, and of these a number were swept into the sea. So little was the hope of surviving, that a body of sailors and soldiers resolved to drown the sense of their situation in wine, and so die while in a stupor of intoxication. The officers, clinging for safety to the mast, could offer no effectual opposition to this mad and cowardly scheme; and accordingly a wine cask was opened, and from it the mutineers drank a considerable quantity—and would have drunk more, had the sea-water not entered the cask by the opening which had been made in it, and caused them to desist. Now maddened

with liquor, the folly of the mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow. Roused by the proposal, the officers endeavoured to avert their impending fate by more vigorous measures than they had hitherto dared to put in practice. When one of the ringleaders in the revolt made the first move to cut the ropes with a hatchet, the officers rushed upon him, and, after a desperate struggle, despatched him, and threw his body into the sea. He was an Asiatic, of extraordinary size; and, having been troublesome and overbearing in demeanour, few lamented his loss. There was now an expectation of a battle between the two parties. The mutineers drew their swords, and were on the point of commencing an attack, when another of their number was killed, and they retreated; only, however, to make a fresh attempt to cut the ropes. One of the officers succeeded in preventing this being done, and in a scuffle which ensued, struck down a soldier and sailor, whom he threw into the sea, where they were drowned. Their exasperated comrades now rushed to the mast, and began to cut down the ropes which supported it. The mast fell with a crash on the leg of an officer, which it nearly broke; and, far from pitying this misfortune, the enraged crowd threw the poor man into the sea, whence, however, his friends rescued him. No sooner was he on board the wretched raft, which, during the commotion, was tumbling about among the waves, than he was seized on a second time, and an attempt made to put out his eyes. Rendered desperate by these barbarous cruelties, the officers, and those who supported them, made a charge on their antagonists, and put a number of them to death.

While the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board. M. Corréard, distressed at seeing two unoffending individuals perish, and affected by their cries for help, seized a large rope which he found on the fore part of the raft, fastened it round his waist, and plunged into the sea. He was thus able to save the female when she was in the act of disappearing below the water. Her husband was at the same time rescued by M. Lavillette. The two exhausted beings were laid on the dead bodies, and their backs were supported by a barrel: in this situation they shortly recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did, was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her from drowning, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill-expressed her feelings, she recollected she had in her pocket a small quantity of snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with her gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, who derived a solacement from it for three or four days. It is impossible to describe a still more affecting incident—the joyful recognition of the

husband and wife when they discovered that both were alive; they could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. This woman was quite a heroine of humble life. For twenty-four years she had travelled as a soldier's wife along with the French armies, in their campaigns in Italy and other places. In this vagrant life she acted as a suttler, supplying the men with articles; and often was exposed to the greatest dangers on the battle-field, in carrying assistance to the wounded soldiers. In telling her story to M. Corréard, she said—"Whether the men had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories." Unfortunate woman, to have sailed in such a miserable expedition! Little was she aware of the fate that awaited her!

Returning to the position of affairs on the raft: the mutiny was quelled by the determined attitude of the officers; nor was the humanity shown to the woman and her husband without its effect in restoring better feelings. Overcome with a momentary sense of shame, the mutineers went the length of asking pardon on their knees for their conduct. This was granted; and the officers returned to their post at the centre of the raft, still, however, watchful of the movements of their infatuated companions. Towards midnight the old grudge again broke out with increased fury. Rushing on the officers, they attempted to kill them with their weapons; and those who had no arms, actually bit their adversaries in a shocking manner. One of their drunken delusions was, that Lieutenant Lozach, an officer on board, was a M. Danglas, who had deserted them on quitting the frigate; and this gentleman was with the greatest difficulty preserved from their fury. Brandishing their arms, reeling to and fro, and stumbling against each other, they continued to cry for Danglas to be delivered up to their vengeance, and by no power of reasoning could they be convinced that they were in error.

Defeated in getting hold of M. Lozach, the wretches now turned their rage upon the unfortunate M. Coudin, the wounded and distressed commander of the raft. Coudin appears to have been a young man worthy of a better fate than that of sailing among such a crew. During the scuffle we have been describing, he had seated himself on a small barrel, supporting in his arms a young sailor boy of twelve years of age, in whom he took an interest. Suddenly he was seized by the mutineers, who threw him into the sea, along with the barrel on which he sat, and the little boy whom he held in his arms. The other officers rushed to the rescue of their friend, and keeping off the mob with their swords, they fortunately got hold of him, and dragged him, still holding the little boy, on board. Towards morning the mutiny

was finally quelled, the maddening effects of the liquor having worn off, and left the rioters dispirited.

Great suffering, and the hopelessness of their situation, had contributed, as well as wine, to render the men deranged during this eventful night. Even the strongest minded of the officers felt themselves affected with strange illusions. M. Savigny had visions of a most agreeable kind: he fancied himself in a rich cultivated country, surrounded by happy friends, and although reason ever and anon pointed out the fallacy, he could not divest himself of the impression. Some appeared full of hope, told their companions not to fear, and, saying that they were going to fetch succour, plunged headlong into the sea, and perished. Others thought that their companions mocked them, by holding out temptingly the wings of chickens and other delicacies, and for this they rushed on them with drawn swords. Some believed they were still in the frigate, and asked where was their hammock, for they wanted to go below to sleep. A few imagined they saw ships, or a harbour, with a noble city in the background. M. Corréard at one time was under the illusion of being in Italy; and another officer mentioned gravely that he had sent off a letter to the governor describing the state of affairs on the raft, and that he would certainly send boats in the morning to take every one ashore. Such were some of the fancies of which those on board the raft were the involuntary victims; and nothing could convey a more striking testimony of their bodily and mental sufferings.

When day returned, and a reckoning could be taken, it was found that sixty-five had perished, and that the entire number was now reduced to sixty. Of those who were missing, the greater number had fallen a sacrifice to intemperance, or to ill-regulated minds. The officers were surprised to find that only two of their number were gone; and this, on consideration, they could only attribute to the comparative strength of mind they had possessed. This circumstance is a proof of the power which every man has of resisting misfortune, if he remain temperate in habits, and do not give way to panic or despair.

With the return of daylight the storm abated as formerly, and when order was restored, and a reckoning of the numbers taken, attention was directed to the stock of provisions on board. It sent a shock of fresh despair into the bosoms of the more intelligent, when it was found that the mutineers had thrown overboard two casks of wine, and the only two casks of water which remained. The loss of the water was felt to be a calamity greater than that of the wine; and the distress on the occasion was augmented by the reflection, that it was a loss caused entirely by drunken folly. Nothing now remained but one cask of wine, and it was arranged that this should be carefully served out in half allowances. The sea being calm, the solitary mast and sail were again raised, and an attempt made to direct the raft towards

land. The effort was not successful; the wind drove the unruly platform hither and thither as it listed, and it was impossible to say whether the raft approached or receded from the spot where land was believed to be.

During the day the gnawings of hunger suggested the idea of catching fish, and an attempt was forthwith made. Hooks made of tags from the soldiers' clothing were tied to lines, and with baits (it is not mentioned of what) were thrown into the sea; but the current drew them under the raft, where they got entangled. A bayonet was bent to catch sharks, but a shark bit at, and straightened it; so this also failed. Fishing, in short, proved an unavailing resource; and when it was abandoned as hopeless, some tried to feed on the dead bodies of their companions, while others gnawed the soldiers' belts and cartridge-boxes. Fortunately the day was calm. The sun shone placidly on the face of the deep. Amidst the torments of hunger, therefore, hope again stole across the minds of the most desponding. They expected to see the boats make their appearance on the horizon, and with fainting eyes they looked forth to catch the first token of deliverance. Noon passed, the sun sunk beneath the world of waters, and yet relief came not. The gloom and misery of another night presented themselves.

This night was less terrible than the preceding. The weather was calm, and there was no new mutiny on board. In the darkness, nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of the sufferers, intermingled with the gurgling of the sea between the planks. The silence, broken by such sounds, was perhaps more appalling than the raging of the tempest. When the morning of the fourth day dawned on the spectral scene, it showed the dead bodies of twelve persons, who had expired during the night; and all these, with the exception of one, were thrown into the sea. The number on board was now reduced to forty-eight.

This day passed like the preceding. The weather continued fine, and despondency again gave way to feelings of hope. About four o'clock in the afternoon a joyful event occurred. A shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and a great number got entangled in the spaces between the timbers. All threw themselves eagerly upon them, and captured about two hundred, which they placed in an empty cask, removing only the milts. These fish were about the size of a herring, and, to men who were famishing, they were delicious. Several of the party returned thanks to God for the relief. To render the fish fit for eating, an attempt was made to boil them by means of a barrel, which served as a pot; fire being procured by a flint, steel, and a little dried gunpowder. This was the last meal they were able to cook, for the barrel took fire; and though it was soon extinguished, they were not able to save as much of it as would answer the purpose again. There was also no more gunpowder.

Night again came on, the sun set, and still there was no appearance of relief. The calm having continued, there was a prospect of a little rest, even although the greater number stood or sat constantly in water. It is distressing to know that human passions again interfered to render the scene of misery a battle-field. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had hitherto taken no part with the mutineers, and who had been inclined to the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw all into the sea; the negroes persuading them that land was near, and that if once there, they could conduct them in safety through Africa. It is not improbable that a wish to get possession of a small bag of money, which was tied to the mast as a common fund, to be made use of on landing, tempted them to the crime. The officers, and some sailors who refused to join the conspirators, were now obliged to take arms. They seized the Spaniard who was the ringleader, and threw him into the sea; another, when he saw that all was discovered, plunged into the water, and was drowned. The remaining conspirators now rushed forward to revenge their comrades: a desperate combat ensued; and the raft was strewn with the dead and wounded. It was evident, during the fight, that the mutineers were affected by the same delusions as before; they were, in fact, partially deranged in mind. They called for Lieutenant Danglas, in order to kill him for having deserted them, and they could not be persuaded that that person was not on the raft. During the fray the woman was again thrown into the sea, but was a second time rescued by the intrepid Coudin, assisted by some workmen. At length the battle ceased; the mutineers were repulsed; and the remainder of the night was passed without disturbance.

The morning of the fifth day dawned, and revealed the slaughter that had taken place. Since the previous morning, eighteen had, by one means or other, perished, and their number was now reduced to thirty. Among the dead were five sailors, whom the officers deeply lamented, for they were trustworthy and tractable. Of the thirty who remained alive on the raft, only twenty could stand upright or move about. The sea-water had stripped the skin from the feet and legs of nearly the whole, and every one was in a state of deplorable emaciation. If no vessel came to their assistance, they did not expect to survive more than four days, for there was wine only for that time, and scarcely a dozen fish. The fifth day passed over in melancholy mood; night came, and still there was no relief. The sixth day passed, and so did the succeeding night, in a condition equally disconsolate.

The seventh day was more eventful. Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine clandestinely from the cask by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized, and thrown into the sea. One of them was a sergeant, who had fomented the last con-

spiracy, and had contrived to escape detection; his fate, therefore, did not cause any regret. In the course of the day died also the young boy Leon, to whom M. Coudin had shown so much kindness. Exhausted from hunger, and delirious, he could no longer support the dreadful fatigues to which he was exposed. Before his death, his mind took the direction of his home in France; he thought his mother was near him, and till the last he cried to her for food and water. He died in the arms of his kind friend M. Coudin.

The party were now reduced to twenty-seven; of these, twelve were so ill, that there was no hope of their surviving even a few days; they had almost entirely lost their reason, and were covered with wounds; nevertheless an equal ration of the declining quantity of wine was served out to them. A consultation was now held respecting these unfortunate beings. It was represented that, as they could not possibly survive, and as their consumption of wine was daily diminishing the stock, already too low, it would be no crime to put an end to their sufferings by throwing them into the sea. This was a horrible and painful expedient, and such it was felt to be, for those who proposed and assented to it had not the cruelty to put it into execution or see it done. Three soldiers and a sailor were commissioned to act as executioners; and while they cleared the raft of their dying companions, the others turned their backs, not to witness the afflicting spectacle. Among those thrown overboard were the woman and her husband already mentioned. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and the stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. In terminating the existence of these hapless individuals, M. Corréard observes that all felt themselves to be under a terrible necessity which knew no law. "Ye," he continues, "who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, who had placed us in this awful situation." The expedient of throwing overboard their apparently dying comrades, reduced the number on the raft to fifteen, and gave the means of subsistence for a few additional days. When the dreadful sacrifice was completed, all cast their swords into the sea, reserving but one sabre, for cutting a piece of wood or cordage that might be necessary.

We have now the afflicting spectacle of fifteen wretched beings in the depth of despair on this floating tomb, seated or standing constantly in water, the sun beating down upon them with tropical intensity by day, and darkness enshrouding them by night. The eighth day passed, night came, and still no friendly sail rose on the horizon. Then came the ninth day, with its aggravated hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. While hope was sunk in the feelings of the unhappy party, the eyes of all were startled on seeing a butterfly, of a kind common in France, fly over their

heads and settle on the sail of the raft. This trifling incident once more raised a bright gleam of hope; the butterfly was accepted as a harbinger of deliverance, and was taken under the protection of the forlorn group. On the succeeding days more butterflies visited them, and gave rise to the belief that the land could not be far distant. While cheering with new hopes, these insects also roused the party to fresh exertions. "We had recourse," says M. Corréard, "to every expedient which might lessen the miseries of our situation. We detached some planks from the raft, and made a sort of platform, on which we might lie down; this raised us above the water, which had always been from one to two feet above the surface of the raft; the waves, however, still washed over us at intervals, and frequently covered us completely. Here we endeavoured to beguile the time, by recounting our different adventures. Lavillette related the various scenes he had passed through, which were indeed extraordinary; but none, he said, had brought with them such sufferings from fatigue and privation as those we now endured.

"Our situation was now most distressing: the waves, which almost constantly washed over us, caused intolerable pain; and our excessive thirst, which we felt was increased by the intense heat of a tropical sun. To relieve this thirst we tried several expedients; we bathed our hands, faces, and even hair in salt water, and some even drank considerable quantities of it. One means of slaking our thirst was never thought of by us, though it has often been adopted by persons in our situation with great success. When Captain Bligh made his perilous voyage in an open boat over three thousand miles of the ocean, he and his companions used to dip their clothes in the sea, and wear them damp; the pores of the body, it is supposed, imbibing part of the moisture, and thus allaying their desire for drink. Unfortunately, we had never heard of this expedient. An officer found a small lemon, which he resolved to keep for himself: for a long time he refused it to the intreaties of those around him, till their threats and rage obliged him to share it. We had also a serious dispute about thirty cloves of garlic, which had escaped notice in the bottom of a sack; at another time we contended for two small phials of a liquor for cleaning the teeth; we never came, however, to extremities. This liquor was husbanded with the greatest care, two drops of it producing a delightful sensation; indeed it is difficult to conceive the agreeable effect which the most trifling relief of this kind produced. One of us had found an empty bottle, which still retained some scent of the perfume it had formerly contained; to smell at this for an instant appeared the highest enjoyment. Some kept their wine, and sucked it slowly from the goblet through a quill; the intoxication, however, it produced upon their debilitated frames was remarkable, and often produced angry disputes, and sometimes was near causing more serious consequences. On the tenth day, for ex-

ample, after the wine had been distributed, MM. Clairet, Coudin, Charlot, and two others, resolved, in a fit of intoxication, to destroy themselves, and were with considerable difficulty prevented by the intreaties of their companions. Perhaps all our arguments would have been unavailing, if a number of sharks had not surrounded the raft, and turned their attention to this new danger. They came so near, that we were enabled to strike at them with the sabre; but notwithstanding all the exertions of M. Lavillette, who gave them several blows, we could not kill one: the size of several appeared enormous, some of them being above thirty feet long.

"Three days now passed away in intolerable torments. We had become so careless of life, that we bathed even in the sight of the sharks, which were swimming round the raft; others were not afraid to place themselves naked on the fore-part of the machine, which was then entirely under water; and though it was exceedingly dangerous, it had the effect of taking away their thirst. On the 16th July, eight of us resolved on trying to reach the coast, to which we imagined ourselves to be now very near; for this purpose we nailed some boards across a few spars, which we separated from the raft, fitted it with a mast and a sail, and made oars of barrel staves; a certain portion of the wine remaining, which consisted but of fifteen bottles in all, was to be given to us, and our departure was fixed for the next day. Our machine being finished, however, it was necessary to try if she was able to bear us. A sailor went upon it, when it immediately upset, and showed us the rashness of our design; we therefore gave it up, resolving to wait upon the raft for the approach of death; which, unless we were immediately relieved, could not be very distant, our stock of wine being so low, and our disgust at the loathsome food we ate hourly increasing.

"On the morning of the 17th July the sun shone brightly, the sky appearing without a cloud; we addressed our prayers to God, and distributed the rations of wine. Whilst each person was taking his portion, a captain of infantry discovered a ship in the horizon, and with a shout of joy informed us of it. We saw that it was a brig, but at such a distance, that we could discern no more than the tops of her masts. It is impossible to describe the joy which we felt at the sight; each looked upon his delivery as certain, and returned repeated thanks to God. Still, in the midst of these hopes we were apprehensive that we should not be seen. We straightened some hoops, and fastened some handkerchiefs of different colours to the end. We then united our efforts, and raised a man to the top of the mast, who waved these flags. For half an hour we were suspended between hope and fear: some of us thought that the vessel was coming nearer, whilst others, with more accuracy, asserted that she was making sail away from us. In fact, in a short time the brig disappeared. We now resigned ourselves to despair; we even envied those whom

death had taken away from the suffering we were now to undergo. We determined to seek consolation in sleep. The day before, we had suffered exceedingly from the rays of a burning sun; we now made an awning to screen us from the heat, and lay down beneath it. We agreed to carve our names on a plank, along with a short recital of our adventures, and to hang it to the mast, in the hope that it might reach our government and our families. We had passed two hours in these desponding reflections, when the master gunner went from under the awning, in order to go to the fore-part of the raft: he had scarcely, however, put his head out, when he turned towards us and uttered a loud cry. Joy was in his countenance, his hands were stretched out towards the sea, and he scarcely breathed: he could only utter, 'We are saved; the brig is near to us!' We rushed out, and found that she was in fact only a mile and a half distant, and was steering directly towards us under a press of sail. Joy now succeeded to despair; we embraced each other, and burst into tears. Even those whose wounds rendered them incapable of more exertion, dragged themselves along to the side of the raft, in order to enjoy the sight of the vessel which was to deliver them. Each laid hold on a handkerchief, or a piece of linen, to make signals to the brig, which neared us fast: a few returned thanks to Providence for their miraculous preservation. We now recognised the vessel to be the Argus, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing her shorten sail when she was within half pistol shot. The crew, dispersed through the shrouds and on the deck, waved their hats, to express their pleasure at having come to our relief. A boat was now lowered, commanded by M. Lemaigre, who ardently wished to be the person who should take us from the fatal raft. He removed the sick first, placed them beside him in his boat, and showed them all the care and attention which humanity could prompt. In a short time we were all in safety on board the brig, where we met some of our shipwrecked companions who had been saved in the boats.

"All were affected to see our miserable condition: ten out of the fifteen were scarcely able to move: the skin was stripped off our limbs, our eyes were sunk, our beards long, and we were in the most emaciated condition. As soon as we had been discovered, they prepared some excellent broth for us, and mixed in it some wine, to recruit our exhausted strength. Our wounds were dressed; and, in short, we received every attention which our miserable state required. Some became delirious; but the care of the surgeon, and the kind attention of every one on board, soon wrought in us the most favourable change."

The Argus, as has been already mentioned, had been, after some delay, sent from Senegal, with instructions to afford assistance to the crews of the boats, and afterwards to look for the raft. In her course she had become aware that the crews in the boats had been saved, and had rendered them some succour while

coasting the desert. Her search for the raft was at first fruitless, and after cruising about for a number of days, she had turned helm to proceed to Senegal. It was while returning that the party on the raft had seen and lost sight of her. Having reached to within forty leagues of the river, the wind veered to the south-west, and the captain said that he would steer for a short time in that direction; he tacked accordingly, and was standing towards the raft for about two hours, when those on board descried the vessel on the horizon. This change of course, as we have seen, saved the fifteen unfortunate beings, who at the time did not expect they could hold out four-and-twenty hours longer; for the last two days had been spent without food, and only a small quantity of wine was left.

As soon as the party were removed to the Argus, that vessel steered for Senegal, which it reached next day. In the evening it moored close to the shore, and on the following morning, the 19th July, anchored in the roads of St Louis.

Thus were fifteen, all who remained alive out of a hundred and fifty individuals left on the wreck, rescued from the death which seemed to await them. Of the fifteen, five died in a short time of the injuries they had sustained; and the remainder carried on their wounded and emaciated bodies the lasting effects of their protracted sufferings on the raft.

THE WRECK.

It will be recollected that, at the disgraceful scramble in leaving the Medusa, seventeen persons, some of them in a state of intoxication, did not depart with their companions in the boats. Lachaumareys, on quitting the vessel at one of the port-holes, promised to send out succour to them as soon as he should reach the land. To fill up the measure of his depravity, the captain falsified this as well as all his other promises; and it is not less distressing to know that neither the party generally who escaped in the boats, nor those who afterwards were taken from the raft, gave themselves any concern about their less fortunate brethren in the wreck. It does not appear, from the narrative of M. Corréard, that they would have been thought of, but for the governor Schmaltz wishing to save the specie and provisions which were on board. To secure these articles, a schooner was fitted out, commanded by a lieutenant, and manned by some negro traders and a few passengers. She set sail from Senegal on the 26th of July, that is, seven days after the party saved from the raft had been landed, and seventeen from the time the governor and captain had reached Senegal; but having provisions for only eight days on board, she was obliged, when that stock was exhausted, to return without having got sight of the frigate: she was afterwards furnished with a sufficiency for twenty-five days, but, being ill-found, she returned into port a second time, after

having been fifteen days at sea. A delay of ten days now occurred, when she made a third attempt, with a new set of sails, and reached the Medusa fifty-two days after it had been abandoned. From the time which had elapsed, it was confidently believed that all who had been left on board the frigate would be dead; what, therefore, was the astonishment of those in the schooner, to find that three of the miserable beings had outlived all their sufferings, and now appeared like spectres to welcome the approach of their countrymen.

The following is the account which these unfortunate men gave of what had occurred on the wreck. When the boats and the raft had left the frigate, the seventeen had collected a sufficient quantity of wine, biscuit, brandy, and bacon, for their subsistence during a certain number of days. Whilst this stock lasted they were quiet; but forty-two days having passed without the arrival of the expected succour, twelve of the most resolute constructed a raft, and, endeavouring to make the land without oars or sails, and but a small quantity of provisions, were drowned. That this was their fate there is no reason for doubting, as the shattered fragments of their raft were some time afterwards thrown on shore by the waves, and picked up by the Moors. Another seaman, who refused to trust for safety to the raft, adopted the strange resolution, a few days after, of placing himself on a hencoop, and in this way tried to reach the shore; at the distance of half a cable's length, however, the coop upset, and he was drowned.

Four now remained on the wreck, resolved to await death or succour, rather than brave dangers which appeared to them insurmountable. One of them had lately expired when the schooner arrived, and the others were so weak and emaciated, that in a very short time death would have put an end to all their sufferings. They lived in separate corners of the vessel, which they never quitted but to look for food, and this latterly consisted only of tallow and a little bacon. If on these occasions they accidentally met, they used to run at each other with drawn knives; so completely had selfishness and ferocity stifled that sympathy which fellow-sufferers are generally disposed to feel for one another. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, worthy of being made known, that as long as these men abstained from strong liquor, they were able to support the hardships of their situation in a surprising manner; but when they began to drink brandy, their strength daily and rapidly diminished. How these unfortunate beings should have been driven to extremities for food, is not easily accounted for. The Medusa contained a large cargo of provisions, and why this store was not reached, is not explained in the original narrative. Perhaps the men did not know of there being barrels of provisions on board; or they might not have possessed sufficient strength to reach them below other articles in the hold.

On being discovered and removed by the schooner, the three survivors received all the attention which their situation required. This having been attended to, the crew of the schooner proceeded to remove from the frigate everything that could be taken out; and after having loaded their own vessel with wine, flour, and everything else that was removable, whether public or private property, though without discovering the money, they returned to Senegal.

Those who had been rescued by the boats, and also from the raft, expected that the schooner, besides fetching the public property from the wreck, would bring many articles which they could claim as their own. The crew of the schooner, however, though in the service of the king of France, acted on this occasion the part of pirates: they not only kept and made sale, in the market of St Louis, of articles of value found in the wreck, but robbed the miserable victims whom they had rescued.

The report they gave of the state of the wreck, induced the governor to permit merchants to send vessels to bring off more of the goods on board—the proceeds to be equally divided between the government and the adventurers. Four vessels thus set sail, and in a short time brought back a great quantity of flour, salt provisions, brandy, cordage, and other articles, of which there was a fair division.

In concluding this melancholy recital, we almost feel it necessary to assure our readers that what we have been telling them is no dressed-up fiction, but a narrative drawn from authentic sources, and true in every particular. We need scarcely repeat, what must occur to every mind, that nothing in the whole annals of shipwreck equals in infamy the conduct of Lachaumareys, the captain of the Medusa, or of the governor Schmaltz, with whom he appears to have acted in concert. Neither, we believe, did ever any disaster by sea or land present such a series of blunders, such want of concert or management, or such a deficiency, among nearly all concerned, of the common feelings of humanity. Shortly after its occurrence, the shipwreck of the Medusa created a considerable sensation in Europe; and especially in France. The general feeling was that of horror; but in France, this sentiment was mingled with shame, and every effort was made to prevent the publication of the details by Corréard, as well as belief in them after publication. But all was unavailing. The narrative remains trustworthy in all respects—a sad memorial of human suffering and depravity.

THE PICARDS.

The account we have been presenting would be in some measure incomplete, without a notice of this unfortunate family; and this we are fortunately able to supply, from the account of the shipwreck written by Mademoiselle Picard. As soon as M.

Picard had recovered from the fatigues of his journey across the desert, he expected to be installed in the situation to which he had been appointed before leaving France. An unforeseen difficulty, however, now presented itself. The English resident governor had as yet received no intimation to give up the colony of Senegal to the French. This information distressed the Picards very much; and their affliction was at its height, when Schmaltz, the French governor in expectancy, ordered them to quit the colony, and go and reside at the French establishment at Cape Verd until further orders. From this indignity they were saved by the kindness of the English governor, who, pitying their misfortunes, permitted them to remain; whilst a number less fortunate proceeded to Cape Verd, and there miserably died.

In a short time the French authority was established, but with no advantage to Picard. Of warm and impetuous feelings, he had given deep offence to Schmaltz and other officers of the Medusa, by the freedom of his remarks on quitting the wreck. These sayings were now meanly remembered against him; and everything that a despicable nature could suggest was done to ruin his prospects. He was, in short, deprived of his situation; and, with barely the means of subsistence for his family, he took refuge in a small island, his own property, in the Senegal river, which he proposed to cultivate for the sake of a livelihood. The island was laid out chiefly in crops of cotton—an article more suitable to the climate than were the constitutions of this unfortunate family.

For the space of two or three years the Picards struggled manfully with their fate. Living in a wretched hut, in the midst of a tropical vegetation, they were exposed to continual irritations from insects, and to the more formidable attacks of snakes and wild beasts, which lurked about the neighbourhood. Towards the middle of July 1817 Madame Picard became alarmingly ill, and died. Mademoiselle Picard, who seems to have been a young woman of an energetic and persevering mind, was now the consoler and chief support of the miserable family: she was the educator of her young companions, the manager of the domestic establishment, in which she wrought with her own hands, and, in her father's frequent absence, superintended the labours of a few hired field negroes. Irksome as this mode of life was, mademoiselle did not repine; her principal distress was a severe headache, which she suffered almost daily from the great heat. At night, after the out-of-door labours of the day, she retired with her two younger brothers into the cottage, and the working negroes brought the cotton which had been collected during the day, after which she set about preparing supper. Assisted by the children, she lighted a fire in the middle of the hut, and kneaded the cakes of millet flour which were to be the family supper, as well as what were to be used next day.

These cakes were baked on an iron shovel, and were usually ready in half an hour: they were far from pleasant to persons who had been accustomed to better fare; but hunger rendered them palatable. Occasionally, they were eaten with a little butter or sour milk.

In the morning, all were early at work in the cotton-fields; and the only relaxation from toil was at noon, when the heat of the sun was greatest, also a short period in the evening. From this unvarying round of duties, it was delightful to find relief in the rest of Sunday. On this day all the family would assemble under the shade of a large baobab tree, while mademoiselle or her sister read a chapter from the evangelists, or from some book likely to inspire them with cheerfulness and resignation. At such times M. Picard almost forgot his misfortunes, and anticipations of brighter days yet in store would flit across his imagination. His daughters likewise were happy in these family reunions. They began to discover that every condition of life has its peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed them by its calm and its recreations. If life was spent in rustic occupations, there was at least no struggle to keep up appearances: the labour of the fields, the simplicity of dress and manners, all seemed like a return to the primitive ages of the world.

But all this rural enjoyment, if so it might be called, came unexpectedly to an end. The plantation failed to realise the outlay upon it. Wild beasts carried off all the live stock in a single night; and various other losses occurred, sufficient to depress minds much more hopeful. To bring the family disasters towards a climax, the younger children fell victims to the climate; and this blow was succeeded by a still greater misfortune — the death of M. Picard. The remaining members of this ill-fated family were now only mademoiselle and her sister Caroline; their cousin having already returned to France. At this melancholy juncture M. Dard, a person who had done many acts of kindness to the Picards, and who had for some years followed the profession of a teacher in St Louis, with the greatest delicacy offered his hand and his fortune to mademoiselle; and this amiable young lady, who had been a pattern to daughters in affliction, was, in accepting his offer, rewarded for all her sufferings. Her sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, a botanist who was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with her husband, Madame Dard arrived in France at the close of the year 1820. After a residence in Paris for two months, they reached M. Dard's native place at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where madame had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoled her in part for the loss of those whom death had taken from her in Africa.

VOLUNTARY DISTORTIONS—TIGHT LACING.

THE human form, at birth, may be said to come from the hand of God in a state progressive towards perfection; and to this desirable point it attains when fully matured in youth. The limbs are flexible and well-formed, the head elevated and round, the person at ease and erect, the feet expanded and suitable for freedom of movement, and if in a state of health, the whole internal parts of the system are performing their appointed functions. In general, unless the body is afflicted with age or disease, or injured by intemperance or excessive labour, it is pleasing in all its outlines. Nature has not done her work clumsily, or by halves; has not left anything to be desired in the way of personal change or improvement. Of course there are accidental malformations, but these are exceptions to a general rule, and do not here require to be taken into account. It may also be allowed that, by tastefulness in dressing, it is possible to remedy small defects in personal appearance; and every remedy of this kind we hold to be reasonable and legitimate. For example, nature has in some instances given a scanty and insufficient covering of hair to the head; and art, to supply the deficiency, has invented the peruke—the wearing of which is necessarily unobjectionable, if not commendable. So, likewise, when teeth decay, it is consistent with good taste to supply the defect by artificial means.

Improvements of appearance, therefore, when useful, and governed by good taste, can meet with no reprobation. The case, however, is very different when the effort to improve has a tendency to torture the frame, violently alter the shape, or impair the action of the muscles. Efforts of this kind can be spoken of as not less impious than fantastic and foolish. Yet, influenced by custom or fashion, and without one plea in point of taste, it is marvellous how universal have been the attempts to amend the shapes and appearances which nature, as well as judgment, have pronounced to be unimprovable.

Almost all dark-coloured nations puncture or tattoo the skin—some the face, others the arms and limbs, and many the whole body; the object being to impress indelible marks which shall render the individual conspicuous. The practice is attended with great pain, mars the functions of the skin, and renders the countenance hideous or ridiculous.

The Esquimaux wear heavy ornaments of wood, bone, or of walrus'-teeth, in the lower lip. For this purpose the lip is pierced, and the ornament, as it is thought to be, drags it down, so as to show the teeth and gums. The sight of this disfigurement, as may be supposed, is particularly offensive to a cultivated taste.

Many rude nations—the South Sea islanders among others—similarly disfigure their countenances by suspending bones, or other objects, from the cartilage of the nose. The ancient Syrians followed a practice of this barbarous kind.

Some of the African tribes file their teeth, so as to give them a jagged or scalloped appearance; their object being to make the teeth of the upper fall into those of the lower jaw, like the teeth of a rat-trap. The hideousness of this disfigurement, combined with the naturally thick and open lips of the negro, may easily be conceived.

Religious fanatics in India, under the notion of performing meritorious acts of piety and devotion, hold their hands above their head so long, that their arms stiffen in that position. Others close the hand, and hold it in that posture till the nails grow into the flesh, and the fingers become rigid. A third class consider it meritorious never to cut the nails of their hands or feet, but to let them grow like the talons of birds.

In China, long nails are a mark of high fashion; for they indicate that the party does not need to work for a livelihood. A similar folly seems to prevail in England, where many denizens of fashion pride themselves on the length of their nails, and the unserviceableness of their hands. Those who entertain such notions ought to be aware that the Chinese quite outdo them in these respects. The nails of the Chinese fop are suffered to grow to the length of five or six inches, and require to be supported by slips of bamboo projected from the ends of the fingers.

The tight strapping down of trousers among young men in France, and in our own country, is producing not only a stiff style of walking, but a greater evil. The knee and ankle joints not being fully exercised, become affected with *anchylosis*, or stiffness; which, though perhaps not troublesome at the time, may be painfully apparent in advanced years. Trouser straps, if worn at all, should be so easy, as not in the least to prevent the free action of the joints. Nature did not intend that the legs of young men should be inflexible stumps.

The easy motion and exercise of every muscle and joint, so conducive to health and vigour, are greatly impeded by military discipline. The stiff unnatural drill of soldiers gives them an unbending and bolt-upright gait, which is at variance with permanent activity. Retired military men can rarely cope in strength or agility with civilians of the same age. The "military air" is thus, to a certain extent, a deformity. Nature and good taste alike suggest an upright, but yet an easy, flexible carriage—the back ready to bend, and the head ready to turn gracefully and promptly on its pivot the neck.

The New Zealander, who ignorantly deforms his countenance with tattooing, on the supposition that he is making it beautiful, is less blameable than the educated European lady, who ruins her complexion and her health with the dangerous trash sold as

cosmetics. It should be known, that every kind of eruptive mark on the skin is a symptom of some species of disorder in the system, of which nature takes this means of relieving itself. All attempts, therefore, to banish marks from the skin, are exceedingly hazardous to health, and cannot be sufficiently reprehended. The disorder, whatever it be, ought to fall under regular medical treatment. The powder called rouge, which some ladies employ to give a delicate red tinge to the complexion, is very injurious to the skin, and always leaves a haggard appearance.

The dyeing of the hair, with the view, generally, of concealing grayness, is scarcely less objectionable. The dye is a chemical drug, of a mineral basis, and invariably injures the hair it is designed to improve. Much good sense is beginning to be shown by ladies wearing their own gray hair, instead of resorting to injurious dyes.

From these miscellaneous deformities of the person and "human face divine," we turn to a class of voluntary distortions which demand a more detailed description; commencing with an account of the methods which have been adopted by certain nations to improve, as they imagine, the form of the head.

DISTORTION OF THE HEAD.

The head is naturally spherical. From the eyebrows, the skull rises with a roundish swell towards the crown. In some nations the brow recedes more than in others; but all participate in the general roundish character. According to the accounts of ancient authors, it appears that certain rude nations in western Asia were in the habit of compressing the skulls of their infants, in order to lengthen them in shape. Hippocrates, in speaking of a people living near the Euxine Sea, styles them *Macrocephali*, from the length of their heads. "At first," says he, "the length of their heads was owing to a law or custom, but now nature herself conforms to the usage, it being an opinion among them, that those who have the longest heads are the most noble. The custom stood thus: As soon as the child was born, they immediately fashioned its soft and tender head with their hands, and, by the use of bandages and proper arts, forced it to grow lengthwise, by which means the spherical figure of the head was perverted, and the length increased. This at first was the effect of custom, to make nature operate in this way; and in process of time it became so natural, as to render the practice useless."

Of the truth of the hypothesis, that nature in time sent the children into the world with long instead of round heads, we may be permitted to doubt; it is certain, however, as far as can be learned from concurrent testimony, that there were nations of antiquity with heads remarkably long in figure: such being the fashionable shape of the skull at the time.

When the Spaniards settled in the West India islands and

South America, they found that certain tribes and nations practised the unnatural custom of compressing and lengthening the head. A practice so cruel and barbarous shocked the Spanish ecclesiastics; and in one of the synods of the diocese of Lima, in Peru, a decree was passed prohibiting the custom, and inflicting punishments on those who should afterwards be found guilty of it. From the appearance of several skulls which have been found, it is put beyond a doubt that the custom was common in Peru previous to this ecclesiastical injunction.

In those parts of America not visited by the Spaniards, the practice continued longer in use; and till the present day, it is a universal usage among certain tribes of North American Indians. The district in which it is most common is within the Oregon territory, on the north-west coast, and in Vancouver's island. The tribes in this quarter have a great similarity in their habits, language, and appearance. Travellers describe them as living in miserable hovels, depending chiefly on fish for their food, and generally less bold and enterprising, though not less intelligent, than the tribes who inhabit the prairies.

In the course of a journey performed by Mr J. K. Townsend, an American naturalist, down the banks of the Columbia, in 1834, he visited a tribe of Klikatat Indians, who flatten the head in a very hideous manner. The following are his observations on this subject:—

"About two miles below the cataract [on the Columbia river] is a small village of Klikatat Indians. Their situation does not appear different from what we have been accustomed to see at the fort. They live in the same sort of miserable loose hovels, and are the same wretched, squalid-looking people. Although enjoying far more advantages, and having in a much greater degree the means of rendering themselves comfortable, yet their mode of living, their garments, their wigwams, and everything connected with them, is not much better than the Snakes and Bannecks, and very far inferior to that fine, noble-looking race, the Kayouse.

"A custom prevalent, and almost universal amongst these Indians, is that of flattening, or mashing in the whole front of the skull, from the superciliary ridge to the crown. The appearance produced by this unnatural operation is almost hideous, and one would suppose that the intellect would be materially affected by it. This, however, does not appear to be the case, as I have never seen (with a single exception, the Kayouse) a race of people who appeared more shrewd and intelligent. I had a conversation on this subject, a few days since, with a chief who speaks the English language. He said that he had exerted himself to abolish the practice in his own tribe; but although his people would listen patiently to his talk on most subjects, their ears were firmly closed when this was mentioned: 'they would leave the council fire, one by one, until none but a few squaws and children were

left to drink in the words of the chief.' It is even considered among them a degradation to possess a round head; and one whose caput has happened to be neglected in his infancy, can never become even a subordinate chief in his tribe, and is treated with indifference and disdain, as one who is unworthy a place amongst them.

"The flattening of the head is practised by at least ten or twelve distinct tribes of the lower country: the Klikatats, Kalapooyahs, and Multnomahs, of the Wallammet and its vicinity; the Chinooks, Klatsaps, Klatstonis, Kowalitsks, Katlammets, Killemooks, and Chekalis, of the lower Columbia and its tributaries; and probably by others, both north and south. The tribe called Flat-heads, or *Salish*, who reside near the sources of the Oregon, have long since abolished this custom.

"The mode by which the flattening is effected, varies considerably with the different tribes. The Wallammet Indians place the infant, soon after birth, upon a board, to the edges of which are attached little loops of hempen cord or leather, and other similar cords are passed across and back, in a zig-zag manner, through these loops, enclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper edge of this board, in which is a depression to receive the back part of the head, another smaller one is attached by hinges of leather, and made to lie obliquely upon the forehead, the force of the pressure being regulated by several strings attached to its edge, which are passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there.

"The mode of the Chinooks, and others near the sea, differs widely from that of the upper Indians, and appears somewhat less barbarous and cruel. A sort of cradle is formed by excavating a pine log to the depth of eight or ten inches. The child is placed in it on a bed of little grass mats, and bound down in the manner above described. A little boss of tightly-plaited and woven grass is then applied to the forehead, and secured by a cord to the loops at the side. The infant is thus suffered to remain from four to eight months, or until the sutures of the skull have in some measure united, and the bone become solid and firm. It is seldom or never taken from the cradle, except in case of severe illness, until the flattening process is completed.

"I saw to-day a young child from whose head the board had just been removed. It was, without exception, the most frightful and disgusting-looking object that I ever beheld. The whole front of the head was completely flattened, and the mass of brain being forced back, caused an enormous projection there. The poor little creature's eyes protruded to the distance of half an inch, and looked inflamed and discoloured, as did all the surrounding parts. Although I felt a kind of chill creep over me from the contemplation of such dire deformity, yet there was something so stark-staring and absolutely queer in the physiognomy, that I could not repress a smile; and when the mother

amused the little object, and made it laugh, it looked so irresistibly, so terribly ludicrous, that I and those who were with me burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, which frightened it, and made it cry, in which predicament it looked much less horrible than before."

Fig. 1.

Dr Scouler, an eminent naturalist, who has devoted much attention to this subject, gives, in the Zoological Magazine for 1829, a similar account of the compression of skulls among the Oregon Indians. The annexed wood-engraving, fig. 1, is copied from a sketch which he offers of an infant skull compressed in the manner which has been described. What a melancholy picture of tasteless ignorance does it present!

DISTORTION OF THE FOOT.

The foot is composed of a number of small bones, united by joints and ligaments, and forming, from the heel to the ball of the great toe, a finely-shaped arch, which has an elastic motion in walking. Every time the foot is pressed to the ground, it is to a certain degree extended by the weight of the body and the force we employ in pushing ourselves forward. To prove that such is the case, first measure the length of the foot while sitting, and then measure it standing, keeping it, for instance, on a sheet of paper, which we can mark at toe and heel, and it will be found that the measure while standing is about half an inch longer than while sitting.

To accommodate this extension of the foot in walking, it is important that shoes should be sufficiently roomy and elastic. If space is not allowed by either of these plans, the foot is cramped in its motions, and great inconvenience and pain are felt. Young persons, from the vanity of wishing to have a neat foot, often do themselves serious injury by wearing boots or shoes which are too small. At one time there was a fashion among ladies of wearing shoes with very high heels, by which the weight was thrown forward on the front part of the foot, causing much unnecessary pain, besides an awkwardness in walking. This absurd practice is now fortunately gone, and the high heels are now only seen in the boots of a class of young men, much to the detriment of their gait. All such extravagant heightening of the heel is a violation of nature, which designed that the heel and the ball of the toe should be on a level; and, as in all violations of the natural economy, the transgression is sure to be visited with pain, distortion, or some other species of punishment.

In China, the feet of the women are distorted on a systematic principle. It appears that in that country the perfection of beauty in a female foot is a dumpy ball, not unlike a hoof. How such a horrible deformity should have come to be viewed as a trait of beauty, has never been explained. Like follies of fashion in our own country, it sets reason and investigation alike at defiance. All that can be learned of it is, that it is not of great antiquity. There was a time when the feet of the Chinese women were permitted to grow freely, like those of the other sex. Some place this period at the distance of eight or nine hundred years ago; and it is at least certain that the custom is several centuries old. As nearly all monstrosities of fashion originate in the court, it probably began with some peculiarity in the feet of a lady of fashion and influence at the court of the Chinese emperor; and, first followed from slavish adulation, it may have continued from a mere vitiation of taste.

When or how this custom commenced is of little consequence. It is sufficient for us to know that it exists as a wide-spread usage; and that, with the enduring nature of all Chinese customs, it is likely to continue long without abatement. The accounts presented by medical and other travellers of the process of distortion and its results, are almost too distressing for perusal.

Soon after the birth of a female infant of the higher ranks, the mother addresses herself to the duty of compressing the feet. This is done by folding the toes down on the sole of the foot, and binding them in this position by a strong band passed over them, which keeps the whole foot as in a vice. Every day the binding is renewed, but is never relaxed except at the moment of dressing with fresh bandages. The compression, of course, produces great agony, but that does not cause any intermission of the torture. The child may cry, faint, go into convulsions, or die; all, however, is unheeded. As the parts continue to grow, notwithstanding the pressure, the pain is not momentary, but lasting. For five or six years a torture is endured which tends to impair the temper of the child. In proportion as the foot ceases to grow, the pain diminishes; and when the mutilation in the fifth or sixth year is completed, the feet are found to be two crushed and wrinkled stumps. The toes are shrivelled and pressed into the sole; and the upper part of the foot—the top of the arch—is a soft mass, in which the leg seems to be inserted.

When the unfortunate female who has been so treated attains maturity, her feet are not longer than from three to five inches: she in fact walks, or rather waddles, on a pair of stumps. Feet of this small stumpy form are considered to be very beautiful. "A foot two inches in length," says a writer on this subject, "is the idol of a Chinaman, on which he lavishes the most precious epithets which nature and language can supply. But its beauties are altogether ideal; for, when stripped of its gay investments,

it is a piteous mass of lifeless integument, which resembles the skin of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a maceration in soap and water. But fancy has played her part so well, that this piece of ruined nature, which is seldom or perhaps never seen by men, is treated as the prime essential element of all feminine beauty. 'The foot of a native woman,' said I to a Chinese acquaintance, 'is very handsome, so that it is a great pity to spoil it.' He smiled with much satisfaction at the compliment, but would only allow that it interfered with the gait. 'They cannot walk so well,' was the amount of his concession in my favour. He was so blessed as not to know the real state of this organ, and therefore his admiration had no alloy. To show that there is something like masonic secrecy about this small foot, I need only mention that on one occasion the servant, when her mistress proceeded to unwind the bandages, blushed, and turned her face to the wall. In walking, the body of females reels from side to side, so as never to appear upright. When seen in the streets, they are generally supported by a little girl, or have the assistance of a walking-stick."*

This odious custom of compressing the feet prevails principally among the higher classes in China. It is not followed by families of the Tartar race settled in the country; nor is it much practised by the lower order of people. In the middle and more humble classes, it is not unusual for one daughter of a family to be so treated, with the view of increasing her matrimonial value.

DISTORTION BY TIGHT LACING.

In one of the annual reports of the Registrar-General on births and deaths, the following passage occurs:—"In the year 1839, thirty-one thousand and ninety Englishwomen died of consumption. This high mortality is ascribed partly to the in-door life they lead, partly *to the compression preventing the free expansion of the chest* by costume." By this report, which is not inclusive of Scotland and Ireland, it would appear that perhaps not fewer than fifteen thousand lives are annually sacrificed amongst us through the agency of one distinct error in costume—*tight lacing*. In North America, this folly of fashion is carried by females to as great a height as it is in the United Kingdom; and this, we presume, will add a few more thousands of lives to the general sacrifice. No species of voluntary distortion that we are acquainted with, is productive of such a disastrous loss of health and life as is caused by this monstrous practice. The compression of the heads among the Indians is not usually injurious to health, however much it may add to hideousness of appearance. And the compression of the female feet in China, though causing fretfulness in infancy, is not said to impair the constitutional energy.

* Langdon's Ten Thousand Things Relating to China.

It has been left for Englishwomen to discover and practise the most deadly of all the means of personal discomfort and distortion.

The object of tight lacing is the same as that given for compressing the Chinese female foot—an idea of securing beauty in form. A small waist is thought beautiful, elegant, the perfection of figure. This idea originates in no correct perception of beauty, and is in violation of nature. It has its foundation in caprice and ignorance. In all probability it began with some fashionable lady of the court, whose waist was admired for its handsome shape; and, to have waists equally neat, all the other ladies would commence lacing and squeezing themselves, without any regard to proportion or bulk of figure. Be this as it may, tight lacing has been followed as a fashion by all classes of females, from the highest to the lowest; and now it may be spoken of as a universal frenzy, ruinous to comfort, and destructive of health. How it should be injurious, may be understood from the following explanations.

The interior of the body consists of two cavities, one above the other. In the uppermost, termed the chest, are contained the heart and lungs, as marked in the annexed engraving, fig. 2. H is the heart; R L the right lung; and L L the left lung. The use of the heart is to act as a force-pump for sending the blood through the various channels of the body. The lungs are the organs of breathing, and contain a vast number of minute cells and tubes, into which the air is drawn at every inspiration. The cavity of the chest is separated from the cavity beneath by the diaphragm, marked D D in the engraving. In the lower cavity are the stomach, marked Stm.; and the intestines, marked I I I; these constituting the alimentary organs, or organs for

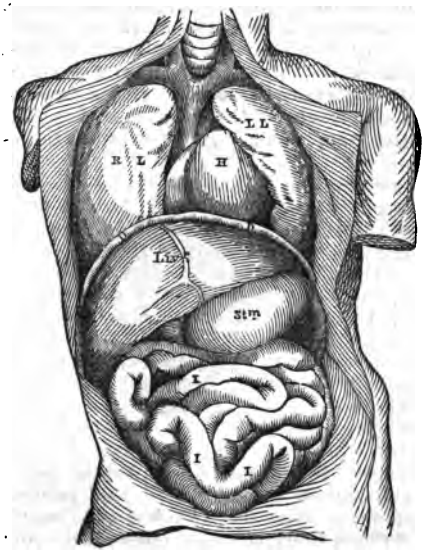


Fig. 2.

receiving and digesting the food. Immediately over the stomach is the liver, marked Liv.; and the duty of which is to secrete the bile. Within this cavity there are some other vital organs, not expressed in the engraving. The whole of this beautiful apparatus, for circulating the blood, inhaling and expiring air, receiving and digesting food, and otherwise keeping the animal economy in motion, may be observed to be neatly packed together, leaving no space unoccupied or to spare. Neither, however, is there any undue pressure of one part on another. All the parts are provided with exactly that degree of room which they require—no more, and no less. On considering this ingenious arrangement, the mind must be struck with the folly, if not impiety, of any kind of undue compression from without. We can see at a glance that pressure must have the effect of forcing the organs out of their proper place, and of crushing them on each other. This crushing of course prevents freedom of action; the heart cannot get properly wrought, the lungs cannot freely breathe, the blood does not circulate healthily, the stomach cannot rightly digest, and the liver and other viscera are put equally out of sorts—the whole machine is deranged.

The internal parts of the body, thus briefly referred to, are, as every one must know, sustained by a framework of bones—composed of the vertebræ or back-bone, the shoulder and breast bones, and the ribs. External compression, in the first place, discomposes and distorts this system of bones. In the annexed engravings, figures 3 and 4, are shown the appearance of the ribs and chest before and after compression. In fig. 3, which repre-

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

sents the frame in its natural state, it will be observed that the ribs increase in the bulge or expansion from the higher to the lower, affording room for the heart and lungs in the chest, and space beneath for the liver, stomach, and bowels. By lacing the waist tightly, we produce the effect observable in fig. 4. The

lower ribs are forced in upon the liver and stomach; and these members, to escape the torture imposed on them, press partly down upon the bowels, and partly up against the diaphragm, which in turn presses against the heart and lungs. Although the lacing may be relaxed at night, the repeated daily pressure gives a permanent set to the bones, and the ribs are found irrevocably distorted—tapering towards a point where they should bulge out, and bulging out where they should taper.

This alteration of shape in the ribs is the earliest and least distortion. Other and greater calamities to the bony structure ensue. Jammed out of their natural position, the heart and lungs press upon and make an effort to expand the chest and shoulder bones: this effort is partly restrained by the external pressure; and there are thus two pressures contending against each other. Nature outraged, has her revenge: *one shoulder becomes higher than the other, and the spine is bent.* Distortion is also going on beneath; very frequently *one hip becomes larger than the other.* The whole body is twisted. As our own testimony on this subject is of little value, we beg to present that of an able medical writer, Mr Samuel Hare.* "The usual mode of attack in this species of disease [spinal curvature, represented in fig. 5] is as follows:—After long-continued pressure upon the chest and abdomen, occasioned by the instrumentality of tight lacing, a perceptible deterioration of health ensues, the rapidity of which will depend much upon the previous state of the constitution. This derangement of health naturally produces a softening of the bones, accompanied frequently by disordered functions of the lungs, in which the heart and abdominal viscera participate; and unless arrested in its progress, deformity will be established, producing a scene which terminates in suffering and calamity, and, often through neglect, in premature dissolution. A very little reflection will show the reader the mode in which lateral curvature of the spine is generally produced. The upper part of the stays are brought close under the arms, and being

Fig. 5.

* Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvature of the Spine. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon. Longman and Co. 1838.

tightly girt behind, they cause excessive pressure on the scapulæ or shoulder-blades; these, in their turn, press upon the ribs and spinal column, and by this pressure the free use of the arms is obstructed. The various avocations of life unavoidably tend to a much greater use of the right hand and arm than of the left, by which means the former are enabled to emancipate themselves in some measure from the unnatural and disagreeable restraint in which they are held, whilst the latter continue comparatively motionless: this is the immediate and constant cause of that elevation of the right, and consequent depression of the left shoulder, so common amongst females in the middle and higher classes of society. The disproportion in the size of the shoulders, which is so evident, is not occasioned by any material enlargement of the right shoulder, in which little or no difference takes place; the disparity arises from the diminution in size of the left, occasioned by the injurious pressure and confinement to which it has been subject. This more frequent use of the right hand and arm, which custom has rendered almost universal, combined with the injurious effects of pressure by stays, the consequence of tight lacing, is productive of the general prevalence of lateral deformity in young females, especially when of delicate constitutions. By the general use of one arm and side, as already stated, and the feeble resistance offered by the other to the confinement and pressure of stays, the left scapula is forced against the ribs, and these, in turn, against the spinal column, which is thus pushed towards the right side; and, in severe and long-continued cases, some of the vertebræ, generally a part of the dorsal, are so far displaced, as to be driven under the heads of the ribs on the right side, which, being bent at an acute angle, form a ridge, that, upon a superficial examination, may easily be mistaken for the prominence of the true spine, more or less curved, the convex side being towards the right shoulder. In such instances the upper dorsal vertebræ give way so completely, as to become almost horizontal; the hips also appear exceedingly disproportioned in size, the left one being much more prominent than the other."

Distortion of the ribs, distortion of the shoulder and chest bones, distortion of the lower or hip bones, and distortion of the spine, are thus seen to be almost inevitable results of tight lacing. As these distortions are not, for the most part, very conspicuous, some may be inclined to doubt their existence; but the cause of their being generally concealed from observation, is the mode of fashionable dressing, in which, by means of padding, the balance of the figure is externally preserved.

Other bodily deformities, or at least unpleasant appearances, are known to arise from tight lacing. Among these may be mentioned the displacement of the breast, the shrinking and hardening of the nipples (which leads to very serious consequences), and the swelling and flushing of the neck. Sometimes

this reddening appearance reaches the countenance, and imparts an inauspiciously glowing tinge to the point of the nose. Thick legs and swollen feet are also pretty common results.

The internal disorders caused by this pernicious practice are so numerous, that we could easily fill several pages with a mere catalogue of their names. From a list presented from different medical writers by Mr Coulson, in his popular work on the Deformities of the Spine,* we select the following complaints and diseases, all caused by tight lacing:—Headache, giddiness, pains in the eyes, earache, apoplexy, bleeding at the nose, inability to suckle, scirrhous and cancer in the breast, adhesion of the lungs to the diaphragm, asthma, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart, water in the chest, cough, abscesses in the lungs, consumption, loss of appetite, squeamishness, flatulence, rupture, sickness, bad digestion, fistula, jaundice, calculi, diseases of the kidneys, hysteria, eruptions. To these consequences are added, in respect to mothers, unhealthy children, ugly children, and monstrosities, besides some other horrors; for which we must refer to Mr Coulson's summary.

The more common and obvious complaint of young females, subject to tight lacing, is derangement of appetite. The digestive organs being deprived of the due space required for the performance of their functions, the appetite for food fails, or becomes depressed, and occasional faintness ensues. A sickly fainting feeling is also caused by the loosening of the corsets at night. "For as soon as the thorax and abdomen are relaxed, by being deprived of their usual support, blood rushing downwards, in consequence of the diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occasions fainting."† The feelings of sickness, faintness, and general weakness, accompanied with lowness of spirits, so variously caused, too frequently tend to demoralise the mind. To restore and sustain nature, the young victim of fashion *has recourse to artificial stimulants.* By the connivance of domestics, she purchases brandy, laudanum, or opium, in which she secretly indulges, at once allaying the unnatural craving of the stomach, and throwing her into an agreeable fit of good spirits. In many instances eau de Cologne, and other distilled waters, are employed as stimulants, instead of drams of more vulgar materials. Habits of tippling may thus be added to the list of evils, individual and social, arising from tight lacing.

On the unfortunate young females who too often fall victims to this vicious practice, the blame ought, we believe, in few cases to fall. Mothers are, in most instances, the guilty cause of the desolation. Throughout British society, an insane anxiety is manifested in families about the marrying of daughters. There

* Longman and Co. London: 1839.

† Soemmering, a German medical writer.

is a constant dread among mothers that their daughters will not get a good match; and to secure this important desideratum, they oblige them to submit to a variety of tortures, considered essential by that most senseless of all things—fashion.

First as to *carriage*. From some ill-defined notion, that nature is unable to impart that degree of straightness in the person, and ease in walking, which are consistent with gracefulness, the mother begins strapping up her daughter's shoulders, and binding her body with a harness of corsets; if these manœuvres fail, she causes her to lie, for a certain length of time daily, on a hard board, or to sit bolt upright on a form. If she allows her to sit on a chair, it is only under the express injunction that she shall not lean upon the back. All this must be charitably considered to arise from ignorance. Strength of frame cannot be secured by artifice. Nature has prescribed but one law for strengthening the muscular system, and that is contained in three words—AIR, EXERCISE, and DIET. To impart gracefulness in walking, cheerful sports and recreations are chiefly desirable. No man walks so gracefully or is so erect as the North American Indian; and he roams free as the antelope from childhood. The error in civilised society consists in first depriving nature of the exercise she demands, and then attempting to remedy the defect by artificial means.

Were mothers fully instructed, by previous education, in this law, they would probably give themselves much less trouble about the carriage and fine figure of their daughters. In some continental countries, the folly of attempting to supersede nature has been long exploded. "From 1760 to about 1770," says Soemmering, "it was the fashion in Berlin, and other parts of Germany, and also in Holland a few years before, to apply corsets to children. This practice fell into disuse, in consequence of its being observed that children who did not wear corsets grew up straight, while those who were treated with this extraordinary care got by it a high shoulder or a hunch. Many families might be named in which parental fondness selected the handsomest of several boys to put in corsets; and the result was, that these alone were hunched. The deformity was attributed at first to the improper mode of applying the corsets, till it was discovered that no child thus invested grew up straight; not to mention the risk of consumption and rupture which were likewise incurred by using them."

Not aware of these consequences, or defying them, the mother, as we have said, too often compels her child to submit to a constriction of the waist. If she happen to have two daughters, one more robust than the other, she endeavours to bring the robust one to the same degree of tenuity as her sister by the corset apparatus. Cries and tears are alike disregarded; the poor girl is forced to submit. In one instance within our knowledge, a mother violently beat her daughter to make her submit to this

process of compression. The girl's health was ruined, and she became a habitual dram-drinker.

With respect to *beauty of form*, the greater number of women surely entertain very extraordinary opinions. The human figure, in its perfect models, has no great hollow at the waist, nor does it swell out to enormous proportions in the lower and upper parts. It is, in a word, not shaped like a wasp. In the adjoining cut, fig. 6, the female waist is represented according to the most

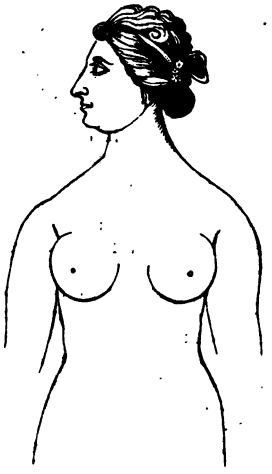


Fig. 6.

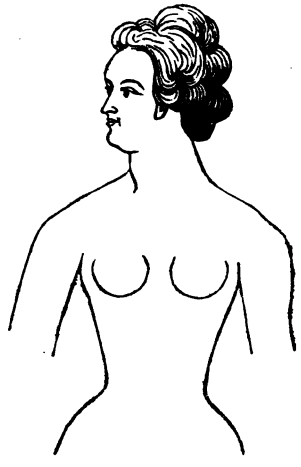


Fig. 7.

perfect known model, that of the Venus de Medici; and in fig. 7, it is shown as fashion makes it. Perhaps, indeed, fig. 7 is not squeezed so tightly as it is occasionally seen in fashionable assemblies, where young ladies may sometimes be observed with waists of less than fifteen inches in circumference.

Enough has now been said on the dangers of tight lacing, and we conclude with the following practical observations on corsets.*

Corsets are designed partly as under-clothing, and partly to display the general contour of the figure, or, it may be said, to give effect to the bust. These legitimate objects of their use may be gained without recourse to tight lacing. The corsets should be composed of the smoothest and most elastic materials; should be accurately adapted to the individual wearer, so that no point may receive undue pressure; and should never be drawn so tight as to interfere with perfectly free breathing, or with

* The word corset is originally French, being from *corps*, the body, and *serrer*, to squeeze.

graceful attitudes and movements. It is obvious that such corsets should be entirely destitute of steel and whalebone, or other barbarous inventions. By selecting a material proportioned, in its thickness and elasticity, to the size, age, &c. of the wearer, and by a proper employment of quilting and wadding, they may be made of any proper or allowable degree of stiffness. If it be then accurately fitted to the shape of the individual, and laced no tighter than to apply it comfortably, all the advantages of the corset may be fully obtained.

In the case of girls approaching their majority, the utmost care should be taken not to restrain the growth by corsets. If there be a tendency to obesity, it may be checked by air, exercise, and a simple kind of diet; and should these fail, violent compression must on no account be employed. So far from external pressure making a fine form, the tendency is directly the reverse, since the restraint of the corsets detrimentally interferes with the perfection of the frame. The muscles, being compressed, and held inactive, neither acquire their due size nor strength; and a stiff, awkward carriage, with a thin, flat, ungraceful, inelegant person, is the too frequent result of such injudicious treatment.

On the subject of *displaying the figure*, a writer in the Conversations Lexicon makes the following judicious observations, with which we may close the present tract:—

"A certain degree of display of the female form is not incompatible with correctness of manners. But there is a limit which, we believe, cannot be exceeded without immediate detriment to public morals, and positive offence to delicacy. There was a time when a mode of dressing to display every personal charm was peculiar to an unfortunate class of beings, regarded as lost to all the modesty and dignity of the sex; but it is a melancholy truth, that this distinction between the lost and the reputable no longer exists in our great cities, where leaders of fashion and celebrated beauties, claiming the highest rank and character, are most remarkable for the solicitude with which they prepare their lovely persons to be gazed at and admired, in all their proportions, by the passing crowd! We should not have alluded to this subject, did we not hope that a slight animadversion upon its evil tendency would help to produce its correction. It has an immediate influence in lowering the sex in the estimation of men, since it lessens their reverence for beings they would otherwise always look upon with deep respect; and surely the fair sex have not yet to learn, that modest reserve and retiring delicacy are among the most potent auxiliaries of their charms. That they should rush into the extreme we have deprecated, appears to result merely from inattention; and we sincerely hope that but a short time will elapse before they will strictly respect the boundaries established by good sense and good taste, united with the lovely purity inherent in their sex."

THE SCULPTOR OF THE BLACK FOREST.

I.

THE STORY BEGINS.

IN the upper part of the Rhine, on its eastern bank, lies the district of country called, from its woody character, the Black Forest, forming part of the grand-duchy of Baden. It is impossible to traverse this part of Germany without being struck with the peculiar character of the scenery. The wild abruptness of the mountain ridges contrasts effectively with the luxuriant softness of the lovely valleys that extend between them towards the Rhine; and the whole is characterised by such perfect harmony, that one might fancy it a vast park, planned out by God himself, and combining all that is beautiful in nature with every diversity of landscape. On the borders of the Black Forest, the scene becomes still more grand and impressive; for there the valleys contract themselves into narrow gorges; whilst the majestic forest itself, stretching far away in the distance, crowns the heights, and winds round the mountains, leaving here and there a bald summit, or a snow-capped peak, towering over the undulating expanse.

Within the Black Forest exist several interesting branches of manufacture, productive of comfort and a reasonable amount of wealth to the industrious and ingenious inhabitants. Wooden clocks are made, to a large extent, for the supply of neighbouring, as well as distant countries. Of toys there is likewise a large manufacture; these, like the clocks, being made from the native

timber, and executed within the dwellings of the artist peasantry. The toys are carved with much neatness, and some degree of taste, and find a ready sale in all lands to which they are transported. The success of the meritorious workers in these articles affords a pleasing example of what may be done under great disadvantages as to means and situation. It shows that all difficulties melt away before a willing heart. Ever blessed and honoured be the spirit of honest industry, wherever it is found; but doubly blessed be the industry which bears up against the influence of untoward circumstances, such as those under which the poor peasantry of the Black Forest are known to labour! It is of one of these humble but ingenious sculptors in wood that we propose to tell a little story. The narrative, which is told very much as it was related by the pastor of Badenwiller, includes no mighty or moving incident; but it possesses the charm of truth, and, addressed to the young, it may not be without its moral.

In one of the wild mountain passes of the Black Forest lived, some years ago, Herman Cloffer, one of the most industrious and contented of the rustic manufacturers of the district. Herman was the son of a schoolmaster, who had communicated to him the little learning he possessed. He knew something of Latin, spoke the French language with ease, and could play tolerably well on the violin; and these advantages over the surrounding rustics procured him the appellation of Master Cloffer.

Like the other children of the forest, Herman had taken delight in carving rude forms from the wood of the fir-tree; and having produced some toys more highly-finished than those of his companions, he persevered in his attempts, until, from a mere childish amusement, it became a cherished pursuit, to which all his spare time was devoted. During a visit to Basle, in Switzerland, he happened to see some Gothic carving, which awakened him to a higher sense of the beautiful in art than he had hitherto enjoyed. Acute in observation, he perceived that the craft to which he had devoted himself was capable of producing objects of the greatest elegance in design. From the day on which Herman had feasted his eyes on the fine carvings at Basle, he was influenced with new feelings; and his future course was fixed.

Returning home to the parental cottage, he set about a species of work different from anything that had as yet been executed in the forest. Abandoning the toys that had hitherto amused him, he applied himself earnestly to the reproduction in wood of whatever object in nature struck his fancy, going into the most minute details; finishing to begin again, and beginning to finish more carefully; leaving no difficulty unconquered; and working with all the enthusiasm of a newly-awakened consciousness of talent. This unwearying application could not fail to produce the desired success. Herman's attempts, at first incorrect and unmeaning, soon became more true to nature, and

his touch freer and bolder: the difficulties of execution vanished, to give place to those of art. He had succeeded in the form; he now sought to give life to his productions: he had attained to science; it remained to be proved whether he possessed genius: and then commenced for the young artist that struggle between the creative power and inert matter—a joyful struggle when the expressive feature and speaking attitude proclaim that it has been successful.

The wood seemed to obey all Herman's fancies; he moulded and fashioned it to his every wish. His whole soul was engrossed in the work, and he endeavoured to render it as beautiful as his imagination pictured it. It became, as it were, a portion of himself; animated by his hopes and aspirations, and a medium for the expression of his thoughts and feelings. Nothing was done systematically, or by previous arrangement: every stroke was the result of an impression.

His sculptures, which had at first been confounded with the ordinary products of the forest herdsmen, soon began to be noticed and admired. They first became in request at Baden, and ere long were eagerly sought after at Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. The dealer to whom he had sold the first for a mere trifle, urged the young man to supply him with more as fast as it was possible, promising him a better price; and Herman, who, since the death of his father, had been the sole support of his widowed mother, was overjoyed at the prospect of being able to secure to her an independent and comfortable old age. Their humble dwelling began to exhibit comforts and conveniences to which it had hitherto been a stranger; several articles of furniture were purchased; the holiday suit was more frequently renewed; and when a friend or neighbour dropped in at evening, some pleasant refection was generally produced. At such times Herman would take his violin, and accompany his mother in some of the old Suabian airs, or one of Schiller's ballads, which she had learned from his father the schoolmaster.

Thus the young sculptor's days passed tranquilly away, divided between his loved occupation and the innocent relaxations of their simple mode of life. Leaving to Dorothy, his mother, the care of all their little affairs, and undisturbed by any contact with the world, he retired into the sanctuary of his inspirations, as a saint in his holy meditation, and lived in an ideal world, from which at times no inducement could draw him.

One summer's evening he was sitting at the door, and passing his hand carelessly over the strings of his violin, when a stranger on horseback turned up the path leading to the cottage. He was apparently about forty years of age, and his stylish attire and easy address announced a man of the world. He stopped on seeing Herman, and asked him, in an almost unintelligible attempt at German, if he could direct him to the dwelling of Herman Cloffer the sculptor.

"I am he," said Herman, rising.

"You?" cried the stranger; "that is fortunate;" and quickly dismounting, he threw the bridle to a servant in livery who had followed him.

"I have been seeking you, Master Cloffer," he resumed in a familiar tone; "I am a Frenchman, as no doubt you have perceived by my pronunciation of German. I have seen your sculptures, and I wish to purchase some."

Herman, in polite consideration of the stranger's difficulty in speaking German, replied to him in French, and invited him to enter the cottage.

Much pleased, the stranger entered, but started with surprise on glancing round the humble apartment, which served for kitchen and parlour, as well as work-room, to the artist.

"Is it possible that you work here?" he asked, on looking round the smoky walls.

"Near that window," replied Herman, pointing to a long table, on which were several sculptures in various stages of progress; underneath were piled up prepared blocks of fir; the finer tools were hung against the wall.

"And you have no other work-room?"

"No, monsieur."

"Wonderful!" he muttered; "to produce such masterpieces of art in a hovel like this. But, Master Cloffer," he continued aloud, "do you know that you lack everything here? You can have no incentives—no encouragement."

"I endeavour to imitate what I see in the best possible manner," replied Herman simply. "Here are some goats, copied from nature; a bull, and a child."

"Exquisite!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking the figures presented to him. "What delicacy! what expression! I must have them: what is your price?"

Herman mentioned it.

"Agreed," said he, surprised at the sculptor's moderation. "Do you know, Master Cloffer," he continued, "that I have had the greatest possible difficulty in finding you? Those who sell your productions in Germany are ignorant of your name, or conceal it designedly, and I could never discover the few who purchase from yourself. I was obliged at length to apply to our ambassador at Vienna, who discovered your name and residence by means of the police; and as I had occasion to pass through Badenwiller, I resolved to come and see you."

Herman bowed for the compliment.

"You can form no idea," continued he, "of the fame you have already acquired in Germany; your sculptures are in demand everywhere. I have seen some even in Prince Metternich's cabinet. Of course you do not intend remaining here?"

"Pardon me, monsieur; I have no intention of quitting the forest."

"But are you aware that, by continuing to vegetate here, you sacrifice all your future prospects—fortune, fame, everything in short!"

"I am happy and contented, monsieur."

"Happy!" repeated the Frenchman, glancing at Herman's coarse attire; "that is a proof of your philosophy, but not of your taste. Why, you have not even a work-room, but are obliged to carve within three steps of the fireplace, where your smoked bacon is cooked. No other than a German could lead such a life, and call himself happy."

"What should I gain by a change?" asked Herman.

"In the first place, celebrity; for though your works are admired and valued, you yourself are unknown. You must take your standing in society; and, what is of more importance, you must make your fortune."

"My fortune!" exclaimed Herman; "and pray by what means?"

"By means of those figures of yours to be sure. The artists of our day live like lords, and you also must advance with the age. Come with me to Paris; I will introduce you to a society of journalists, who will represent you as a Michael Angelo in miniature; and I venture to predict that, in less than two years, you will ride in your own carriage."

"Is this possible?" murmured Herman.

"Certain, Master Cloffer; and since we have chanced to meet, you shall be a gainer by it. Your light must no longer be hid under a bushel. Believe me, and come to Paris."

"I must not think of it," said the young sculptor, shaking his head mournfully. "I should have to change my habits, to leave my friends, and, above all, to part from my mother."

"The pleasures of Paris will more than compensate for all you leave behind."

"Never."

"Consider," said the stranger—who, in endeavouring to persuade Cloffer, had himself become convinced—"consider that if you remain here you will never be anything but an obscure rustic. You appear to me like a prince who has been brought up in retirement, and who is ignorant that a crown awaits him elsewhere. I offer you this crown: you have only to exchange your coarse coat for a better, and forsake your old roof, and you may obtain fame, pleasure, and wealth."

Herman hesitated, and was just about to reply, when, raising his eyes, he saw his mother gazing earnestly at him; she had entered some minutes before, and though she could not understand the language in which they spoke, the unusual emotion displayed by Herman gave the alarm to her maternal feelings.

"What does the stranger say to thee, my son?" she asked in German.

"He is telling me about his country."

"And he wishes thee to accompany him thither, doth he not?"

Herman nodded affirmatively.

"Remember," said she earnestly, "that all who love you are here."

"I shall not forget it," he replied.

"Well, what is your decision?" asked the stranger, who had vainly endeavoured to understand their discourse.

"I cannot leave my mother," replied Herman gravely; and seeing the Frenchman was about to remonstrate, he added, "I have determined; nothing shall make me change."

"Well, please yourself," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "but you sacrifice your fortune. At all events you will not refuse to accompany me to Badenwiller? I left some ladies there who were too much fatigued to come farther, but who will gladly purchase some of your sculptures. Bring all you have; we shall still be in time for dinner."

II.

SOARING IDEAS.

Herman accepted the invitation of the stranger. Taking with him what sculptures he had finished, he went to the inn, where he was received with the greatest attention by the party who were waiting for his arrival. He was invited to dine, and during the repast was charmed with the discourse of his new acquaintances. Everything they said was so new and piquant, that it stimulated his wonder, and served to undermine his previous notions. What the stranger had at first told him, was now confirmed by others. One of the party, a lady, did more; she cited her own case as an example of rising in the world. Poor and unknown as Herman a very few years before, she was now in the possession of fame, wealth, and every luxury; and all this she owed to the exercise of her vocal powers. "I receive," said she, "a thousand francs for singing a single song. All Paris is in raptures when I open my mouth. Nor is my case at all singular. Another lady, at one time living as obscurely as I did, who has a faculty for dancing, receives as much for cutting a few capers on the stage as I do for singing. This accomplished danseuse makes more money by a single night's dancing, than is the annual stipend of any of your German clergy!" Gossip of this kind opened up to Herman a new view of human affairs. He would not consent to the Frenchman's proposition to quit his native valley in search of the fortune said to be awaiting him in the great city; but he was dazzled and bewildered, and returned to his mother's cottage in a far from enviable state of feeling. To his mother's anxious questions he replied briefly, and with evident impatience; and, pleading fatigue, retired immediately to rest.

It was Herman's custom to rise early, and, after a short devotional exercise, commence his cheerful labours, the sun shining blithely into his cottage window, while his mother busied herself with preparations for the morning meal. This morning he resumed his occupation with a sad and heavy heart; he scarcely spoke during the day; and instead of his usual pleasant chat, and the cheerful songs that enlivened the cottage, a vacant look, or an abstracted reply, was all that his mother could obtain from him. She hoped that, as the impression of the stranger's visit wore off, his sadness would disappear; but, on the contrary, it appeared to increase. The peaceful serenity of his mind was gone for ever; the stranger's words had sunk deep into his heart, and effected a revolution in his thoughts and desires. Whilst he had only associated with the neighbouring peasants, knowing nothing better, he was content to live as they did—devoid of ambition, and limiting his wishes to the simple and innocent enjoyments within his reach; but now that other modes of life had been unfolded to his view, and allurements held out to him of which he had never even dreamt, the pleasures of those around him became insipid and wearisome, and their retired life dull and monotonous. In vain a still small voice within warned him against giving way to these seductions. All the passions that had hitherto lain dormant within him were roused into activity. "Thou shalt have riches and fame!" seemed to be continually whispered in his ear. Paris, of which he had heard such flattering accounts, was always before his eyes, like a dark cloud interposing between him and the sunbeams of cheerfulness and content. His once beloved occupation became distasteful to him; he commenced fifty things, and flung them away in disgust. At length his health failed under this constant feverish irritation of mind, and a slow fever gradually undermined his constitution. Until now, his mother had observed it all in silence; but when she saw her son sinking into a state of languor far worse than despair, she hesitated no longer.

Finding, from pressing inquiries, the nature of the communication that had been made to him, she endeavoured to represent the danger which might lurk under the prospects held out to his eager fancy. "These strangers," said she, "showed you only one side of the picture; they kept the other in concealment. They did not tell you of the cares which beset a course of ambition. You should remember the old proverb, 'High soar, great fall;' and, if possible, forget all the tempting offers that were deceitfully placed within your grasp." With such-like homely wisdom, Dorothy tried to reason her son out of his dream of greatness. It was all in vain. Herman allowed that what she said was not without force; still his imagination brooded over the splendours which he might secure.

Observing that he became daily more moody and restless, the

good mother addressed him in language of the warmest affection, and bade him no longer hesitate. "May God forgive those strangers for the harm they have done thee!" said she to him; "The evil is done now—thou canst not remain here; go then, my son, since we no longer possess that which will render thee happy."

Herman made some objections, which were at once overruled by his mother with that courageous self-denial which women often show us, but cannot teach us. She immediately began to busy herself in preparations for his departure; washed and repaired his linen, and put all his things in such order, that it might be long before he felt the need of a mother's care. She then gave him the best part of their little savings, enjoining him not to impose any privation on himself. "The remainder is equally yours," she added; "send for it if you require it, and be happy if you can; I have no other wish."

Herman was grateful for her kindness and attention to his comfort; but the joy he could not contain at the thoughts of going, struck her to the heart. His health and spirits improved rapidly, his cheerfulness returned, and his favourite ballads were once more gaily sung, as he resumed his work with renewed ardour. He would not go to Paris empty-handed, he said; and he exhausted his art on the production of a group of children he wished to take with him as a specimen of his powers.

The day of departure arrived, and a sad parting it was between the widow and her only son. Twice did Herman fling away his staff, and declare he would remain; but his mother restrained her grief, to lessen his regret, and with forced composure bade him go, and prosper.

The novel scenes that surrounded him, and the incidents of travel, soon banished the last traces of sorrow from his mind. With a stout oaken staff, and a wallet flung over his shoulder, he pursued his way with diligence, asking, at the close of each day, how far he was from Paris. The journey was a long one; but he felt no fatigue, no weariness. The bright future of his anticipations cheered and inspired him; and he went on, building one air-castle after another, with all the enthusiasm and sanguine expectations of youth and conscious talent. If a splendid carriage, drawn by swift horses, rolled rapidly past, he would say to himself, "Ere long, I shall travel in the same manner:" if he saw a pleasant country mansion, half buried in the acacias, he would murmur, "Yet a little while, and I shall take my mother to such a home." And thus he journeyed on, happy in his joyous anticipations—the imaginary possessor of everything desirable that attracted his attention.

At the close of the twentieth day he saw a mass of white buildings lying in the broad valley of the Seine. It was Paris—the goal of all his hopes. On entering the city, how his eyes were ravished with the height and beauty of the structures, the

handsome colonnades, the elegant fountains, and the concourse of carriages which rolled along the streets! "Some of these things will soon be mine," said he to himself, as he toiled along, staff in hand: "I am glad I resolved to come to Paris!"

III.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GREAT WORLD.

When the stranger parted from Herman at Badenwiller, he gave him his address, telling him to make use of it if ever he came to Paris; accordingly, the young German hastened to the Rue St Lazare, where Monsieur de Riol dwelt.

"You here, Master Cloffer!" exclaimed the latter in amazement. "Has your mountain tumbled into the valley? Have the charcoal-burners of the forest set fire to your dwelling? Or have you been constrained to flee from political motives?"

"My cottage stands securely in its place," said Herman, smiling; "and the duke has not a more loyal subject than myself."

"What, then, has worked such a miracle?"

"Your own words, monsieur, and the hopes you held out to me." And he told the astonished Parisian all that had taken place since his departure.

"In short, Master Cloffer," said De Riol, when Herman had finished—"in short, you are come to Paris to make your fortune?"

"I am come to make myself known."

"It is the same thing. Well, I shall do what I can to help you. In the first place, you must be introduced to our artists; several of them will dine here to-morrow: will you join us? But come late; for we dine at the hour you Germans sup."

"At seven to-morrow then?" said Herman.

"Exactly; and bring a specimen of your work with you."

From thence Herman went to seek a lodging, and afterwards found his way to the public gardens, where the monuments and statuary struck him with rapture and amazement. The following day he was punctual to his engagement, and found Monsieur de Riol surrounded by about a dozen gentlemen, to whom he was presented as a brother artist. His group of children, which he had brought with him, was warmly praised and admired. An artist said it might be the work of Benvenuto himself; a sculptor compared him to Domenichino; and a journalist, shaking hands with him, said he would introduce him to the public as the Canova of the Black Forest. At table the conversation turned chiefly upon painting and sculpture, and Herman was strangely surprised at all he heard. The artists, with one voice, complained of the decline of art, and of the general want of taste, which obliged them to pursue a false path. "If the old

masters were so great whilst we are so little," said they, "the fault is not in us, but in the difference of the times. Genius is no longer understood or appreciated, and talent is crushed in the bud." And all repeated in melancholy tones, as they tossed off the sparkling champagne, "Art is dying! art is dead!" As for the causes of this lamentable decline, some found them in civilisation, others in a constitutional form of government, and a few in the public journals.

"It is only themselves they will not accuse," said the journalist in a low tone to Herman. "They forget that the taste of the public is formed upon what is supplied to it; and if it is indeed so bad, whose fault is it but theirs, whose duty it is to guide and elevate it? You would imagine that all those who discourse so fluently of art, are its fervent followers and worshippers, when, in fact, not one of them would become a Corregio with the condition of working and dying as did that great painter. If art is so much on the decline, it is because artists no longer live for it, and with it; because they have more vanity and ambition than true enthusiasm; and because they have sacrificed the beautiful to the useful."

On returning to the drawing-room, Herman's group was once more examined and commended; but all regretted he had not chosen a different subject. Children, they said, were no longer in fashion; there had been some recent successes in that way, which precluded all hope of competition; and Herman was advised to represent some scene from the old ballads of his country.

"This surprises you?" said the journalist with a smile.

"It does indeed," said Cloffer; "until now, I thought it was perfection that gave value to a work of art."

"That is a notion of the Black Forest, Master Cloffer; we are in advance of you, you see. It is no longer perfection that stamps its value on any production; it is public caprice. Ten years ago, an artist acquired celebrity by painting a hat upon a rock in the form of a cheese. It was most absurd; but people ran to see it; and the artist's fortune was made."

"In that case, art need not be studied so much as the caprice of the public?"

"Exactly so; painters, sculptors, authors, are nothing but venders of novelties. If their style take, their fortune is made; if not, they must try something else."

"Alas! that is not what I had been led to expect," said Herman; and he returned to his lodgings much disappointed and discouraged.

Monsieur de Riol kept his word. He introduced the young German everywhere, and brought him into contact with dealers and collectors, who gave him large and profitable orders. Herman had never been so rich; but his riches cost him his freedom. Until now he had followed the wanderings of his fancy,

portraying with the chisel the impressions of the moment; producing, without knowing it, the reflection of his thoughts and feelings, and seeking only to give expression to that which was within him. Like a bird on the wing, he had been free to fly wherever he would; and now he must submit to keep within a fixed and narrow circle, till his once-loved pursuit was looked upon as a wearisome task.

IV.

A CUSTOMER APPEARS.

One morning, as Herman was busy finishing a small figure which had been ordered, Charles Duvert, the young journalist with whom he had become acquainted at Monsieur de Riol's, called on him, bringing the paper which contained the article he had promised him.

"I do not know if you will be pleased with it," said he, "but it has created a great sensation."

"I feel curious to know what you can have said of a poor carver of fir like me," replied Herman, as he unfolded the paper.

"I think I have placed you in a good light at all events; but read, and judge for yourself."

Herman went to the window, and glanced rapidly over the article in question. It was a fanciful composition, in which, under pretence of accounting for the young sculptor's rare and peculiar talent, his life was represented as a complete romance, full of extraordinary and improbable adventures, as new to Herman as they were to the public. Charles Duvert saw the young man's astonishment, and said laughingly, "You did not expect such a biography, I am sure. I have made a hero of you after Hoffman's manner."

"You have indeed; and I cannot imagine why you have done this."

"It was absolutely necessary, my great man, to suit the fancy or folly of the public, who like nothing so well as fairy tales. No one would give themselves the least concern about an artist whose life resembled that of everybody's else; he must have a story that will interest and amuse, if he wishes to be noticed. If I were to begin the world again, I would give myself out as a Gaspard Hausser, or as an Orinoco savage, rather than as the son of my father. Think of Paganini's success: of the thousands that followed him, scarce one-third went to hear the musician, the rest flocked to see a man whose marvellous adventures filled all the papers, and whose genius was said to be the result of a contract with Satan."

"I am then to understand," said Herman, "that a sacrifice of truth is the first step to glory?"

"To celebrity, Master Cloffer; glory is a seeker who does not

need all this noise; she can discover a great man in the most obscure retreat, or even in the grave. She might have passed by your forest to-morrow, or a hundred years hence, and would perhaps have inscribed your name on her tablets. But it is present success and fortune that we want; we make a traffic of art as well as of other things; and a seller's first care is to display such a sign as will be most likely to attract buyers: the effect of yours will soon appear."

They were interrupted by the porter of the hotel, who came to say that Monsieur Lorieux wished to see the sculptor. "Lorieux!" repeated Duvert; "it is as I said; he has seen my article, and is come to order something."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it; but mind your interest: the more you make him pay, the better opinion he will have of your talent."

The dealer was introduced. He had come with the intention of purchasing or ordering some of Herman's sculptures; but the sight of his modest apartment and simple furniture seemed to give him an unfavourable impression. He looked carelessly at the figures Cloffer presented to him, and was about to withdraw, when Duvert, who had read his thoughts, said, "It is a pity you show those things here, Master Cloffer; the light is so bad that it is impossible to judge of the delicacy of the work. You had better take the gentleman to your studio."

"Oh, Master Cloffer has another place?" observed the dealer.

"Yes, but it is not quite ready yet; and that is the reason he works in this miserable hole. In a few days, however, he will be more splendidly lodged than any artist in Paris: quite an Italian gallery, opening on a garden. The rent is most extravagant; but artists live like princes now-a-days."

"And we are their bankers," said the dealer with a coarse laugh.

"Their stewards—their brokers rather, monsieur; for, in passing through your hands, their productions enrich you. But excuse me. Master Cloffer, we must not forget our engagement; you had better finish your business with monsieur."

All this had been said with so much ease, that Herman had listened like one in a dream. The dealer, whose manner had undergone a complete change, made his proposals, which were accepted, and he withdrew with obsequious politeness. No sooner had he disappeared, than Duvert threw himself into a chair, laughing heartily.

"What on earth can you mean by joking in this way?" asked Herman, much hurt.

"I was not joking," replied the journalist; "for if you have not the studio I described, you must find one without delay."

"And why so?"

"Did you not perceive the effect your apartment produced on the honest dealer's mind? Seeing you so poorly lodged,

he was on the point of leaving without giving you the order he intended."

"But what has the lodging to do with it? He saw my sculptures: could he not judge of their merit?"

"My dear Cloffer, you really are too German in your notions. Do you not see that this man wants judgment and taste to understand and appreciate works of art? Talent is nothing to him; all he wants is the sculptor most in vogue, whose productions will be the most profitable; and in our day, the best criterion of an artist's success is his wealth. You forget you are no longer in the Black Forest, following your own wild fancies; but at Paris, where you must work to suit the fancies of others."

"It is true," said Herman with a sigh.

"This is only your apprenticeship," pursued Duvert; "and let me tell you, that it will not do for you to lead such a solitary life; you must be seen in the world. One evening passed in certain drawing-rooms will do more for your fame than the production of a masterpiece."

"Is it not enough that I have lost the freedom of my inspirations?" said Herman bitterly. "Must I also renounce the manner of life most congenial to my taste?"

"You must be successful," returned Duvert; "everything depends upon that; and the aim and end of all your exertions must be to acquire a name in the world."

V.

THE STRUGGLE.

Herman followed Duvert's advice, and found he was right. In the course of a few months his fame increased beyond his most sanguine hopes, and the price of his sculptures rose accordingly. Duvert's article had been received as a true history of the young German, whose name and romantic adventures were thenceforth in everybody's mouth. Whenever he appeared in public, he was pointed out as an extraordinary man, and his peculiar talent and imputed opinions formed the chief topic of conversation; and Herman suffered himself to be thus gently borne along the stream of public favour, with little or no exertion on his part. The latent pride that had so long lain dormant within him was gradually roused, he heard his genius and talents so highly extolled, that at length he believed it all, and received the admiration of the crowd as an homage due to his superior merit.

But his rapid success had raised up enemies as well as friends; envy and jealousy soon took up arms against him: until now, he had only tasted the sweets of success; he was about to experience all its bitterness. An article, inserted in a rival paper to that conducted by Duvert, commenced the attack by a pretended criti-

self in doing everything she thought would make him comfortable, and restore his tranquillity of mind.

With the ingenious tenderness of a woman and a mother, she surrounded him with all the loved and familiar objects of his earlier days: a small chamber was prepared for his sole use, and furnished with every comfort within her means; and she requested all his old friends to visit him frequently. In the evening she often assembled the young girls of the hamlet around her hearth, hoping that their songs and merry chat would rouse him from his profound melancholy. It was all in vain; the simple pleasures of the mountaineers had lost their charms for him; his thoughts ever turned towards the gay tumult of Parisian life, and those brilliant assemblies in which his name had so often resounded; and he compared the momentary splendour he had enjoyed whilst his fame was at its zenith, with the obscurity to which he had returned. His mind had lost its simplicity as well as its peace; and though undeceived with regard to the false pleasures of the world, he could not return to the innocent enjoyments of home.

Dorothy, perceiving that his melancholy and weakness increased, and that he was sinking so fast as to be no longer able to leave the cottage, requested the pastor to visit him. He came next day, as if to order some piece of sculpture; but the young man smiled sadly, for he knew that he was dying, and that his visitor was also aware of it. He opened his heart to him, and told the story of his disappointments, as we have related it. The pastor endeavoured to console him, but Herman interrupted him. "My grief is cured, sir," he said with emotion. "At the point of death, truth has unveiled herself to me. I wished to exchange the pure enjoyments of art for the temporary advantages of fortune and the vanity of fame. I sacrificed my happiness and my affections to ambition, and sooner or later, I must have felt the consequences of my folly. May my fate be a warning to others! When you see a young man, tempted by empty promises and allurements, about to quit our hills and valleys for the city, tell him my story; tell him what success costs; tell him to cultivate his mind and talents from a sense of duty, but not for gain; for happiness belongs only to the simple-hearted."

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following pieces have been selected, with some degree of care, from the various poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, with the view of placing in the hands of the less opulent classes a pleasing specimen of productions once so deservedly popular, and still highly esteemed for their beauty of language and sentiment. The works principally selected from are the LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, MARMION, and the LADY OF THE LAKE, which were originally published between the years 1805 and 1810. The leading quality of these productions, as may be observed from our extracts, is fidelity in describing objects and appearances in nature and rural imagery, along with a charming softness of versification. Some of the lyrical pieces are also much admired.

SCOTLAND—MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

Oh Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn:
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

TIME.

[From "The Antiquary."]

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?

"Knowest thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out;
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about;
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall 'tangle me again;
No more I'll pay so dear for wit;
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
  Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
  To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
  The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
  I'll rather dwell alone.

LOVE.

And said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

DEATH OF A POET.

Call it not vain—they do not err
  Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
  And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail

Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all!

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all!

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all!

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!
So perish all would true love part,
  That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine;
  So Love was still the lord of all!

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
  For Love shall still be lord of all!

BALLAD OF ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
  No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
  That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
  And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
  Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
  To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
  Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view
  A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
  Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
  To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my Ladye-mother there
  Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
  And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
  If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

* Isle.

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

NOVEMBER—ETTRICK FOREST.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,

And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

ST MARY'S LAKE.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,

Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in its gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen!
She's o'er the border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:

His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their wo,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry,
His native hill notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM BRAID HILL.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreathes, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

LOCHINVAR.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,

And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;

Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But O! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

DEATH OF MARMION.

CLARE drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
"Drink, weary, pilgrim, drink, and pray.
For, the, kind, soul, of, Sybil, Grey.
Who, built, this, cross, and well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a deathbed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted—"Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" . . .
Were the last words of Marmion.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,

Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,

Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

ELLEN.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—

The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh need I tell that passion's name?

HIGHLAND BOAT SONG.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane then
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banachar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
Oh that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

LOCH KATRINE—MORNING.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SERENADE.

[From "The Pirate."]

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;

For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

* * *

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung on Hare-head shaw,
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

HELLVELLYN.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark-green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming—
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE LADY'S ISLE.

The Stranger viewed the shore around:
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground:
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared;
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gaily to the stranger said,
"On Heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

* * *

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otters' fur and seals' unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
  From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing,
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,*
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

* Or *corri*. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

SONG.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

ALICE BRAND.

MERRY it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"Oh, Alice Brand! my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

Oh, Alice! 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

" Oh, Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and the oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody elfin king,
Who woned within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

" Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our elfin queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairy's fatal green?

Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands!"

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood—
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in fairy land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

And gaily shines the fairy land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way;
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire;
'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare-thee-well!

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